1892

# The Morning Watch.

EDITED BY
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.,
GREENOCK.

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# The Morning Watch,

1892.

# Contents.

## What the Missionaries are Doing Over the Seas.


1. About Captain Yang, who served the Emperor, and then became a good soldier of Jesus Christ, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 9
2. About the little maid Shin-Ku, and how her light shone in the Village of Han-Chwan, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 19
3. About Neesima Simata, who knocked till the Beautiful Gate was opened to him, - 30
4. About the Widow Radhabai, and how her Midnight was changed to Noonday, - 43
5. About Sodpa Gjalzan, to whom Christ gave a White Stone, and in the Stone a New Name Written, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 53
6. About Fatima, and the Stories the Sunbeams told her, - - - - - - - 68
7. About the Good Ship Mireinbe, and what strange sights she saw, - - - - - 76
8. About Rasamoelina, and the Church in his Father's House, - - - - - - 100
9. About Amina, and how she saw Mr. Standfast pass joyfully over the River which has been a terror to many, . - - - - - - - - - - - - 117
10. Home Thoughts from abroad, - - - - - - - - - - - 135


## Illustrations—


Bats, - - - - - - - - 8, 9
Cat, . - - - - - - - 46
Columbus' Ship, - - - - - - 109
Corncrake, - - - - - - - 92
Crocus, Anemone, Violet, - - - 33
Daffodils, - - - - - - - 42
Ducks, - - - - - - - 116
Ewe and Lamb, - - - - - - 25
Fishing Boat, - - - - - - 57
Fox, - - - - - - - - 97
Fox-Glove, - - - - - - - 79
Gilmour of Mongolia, - - - - - 82
Gordon, Jeanie, - - - - - - 137
Hares, - - - - - - - - 22
Hen and Chickens, - - - - - 32
Hips, - - - - - - - - 130
Huss' Monument, - - - - - 133
Lily of the Valley, - - - - - 68
Lucknow Residency, - - - 121, 125
Marguerites, etc, - - - - - - 103
May Blossom, - - - - - - 56
Mole, - - - - - - - - 49
Nelson's Ship, - - - - - - 85
Nelson's Signal at Trafalgar, - - 88
Nicholson, Brigadier - - - - - 1
Savonarola, - - - t - 61
Skobeloff, - - - - - - - 13
Snail, - - - - - - - - 116
Snowdrops, - - - - - - - 18
Spring Scene, A - - - - - - 40
Squirrel, - - - - - - - 66
Stockdove, - - - - - - - 128
That Thou givest them they gather, - 8
Thistle, - - - - - - - 113
Tomtit, - - - - - - - 139
Wesley, Mrs., - - - - - - 29
Wild Roses, - - - - - - 73


## Autographs, &c.—


Boston, Thomas - - - - - - 4
Grant, General - - - - - - 39
Grenville, Sir Richard - - - - - 112
Hampden, John - - - - - - 100
Moore, Sir John - - - - - - 89
Napier of Merchiston, - - - - 53
Tennyson, - - - - - - - 126

# International Sabbath School Lessons—


The Kingdom of Christ, - - - 2
A Song of Salvation, - - - - 2
Overcome with Wine, - - - - 2
Hezekiah's Prayer and Deliverance, - 2
The Suffering Saviour, - - - 2
The Gracious Call, - - - - 14
The New Covenant, - - - - 14
Jehoiakim's Wickedness, - - - 14
Jeremiah Persecuted, - - - - 14
The Downfall of Judah, - - - 26
Promise of a New Heart, - - - 26
The Blessings of the Gospel, - - 26
The Way of the Righteous, - - 38
The King in Zion, - - - - 38
God's Works and Word, - - - 38
The Lord my Shepherd, - - - 38
The Prayer of the Penitent, - - 50
Delight in God's House, - - - 50
A Song of Praise, - - - - 50
Daniel and his Companions, - - 50
Nebuchadnezzar's Dream, - - - 50
The Fiery Furnace, - - - - 62
The Den of Lions, - - - - 62
Messiah's Reign, - - - - 62
The Ascension of Christ, - - - 74
The Descent of the Spirit, - - - 74
The First Christian Church, - - 74
The Lame Man Healed, - - - 74
Peter and John before the Council, - 74
The Apostles' Confidence in God, - 86
Ananias and Sapphira, - - - 86
The Apostles Persecuted, - - - 86
The First Christian Martyr, - - 86
Philip Preaching at Samaria, - - 98
Philip and the Ethiopian, - - - 98
The Lord's Supper Profaned, - - 90
Saul of Tarsus Converted, - - - 110
Dorcas Raised to Life, - - - 110
Peter's Vision, - - - - - 110
Peter at Cæsarea, - - - - 110
The Gospel Preached at Antioch, - 110
Peter Delivered from Prison, - - 122
The First Christian Missionaries, - 122
Paul's First Missionary Sermon, - - 122
Apostles Turning to the Gentiles, - 122
Work among the Gentiles, - - - 134
The Apostolic Council, - - - 134
The Birth of Christ, - - - - 134


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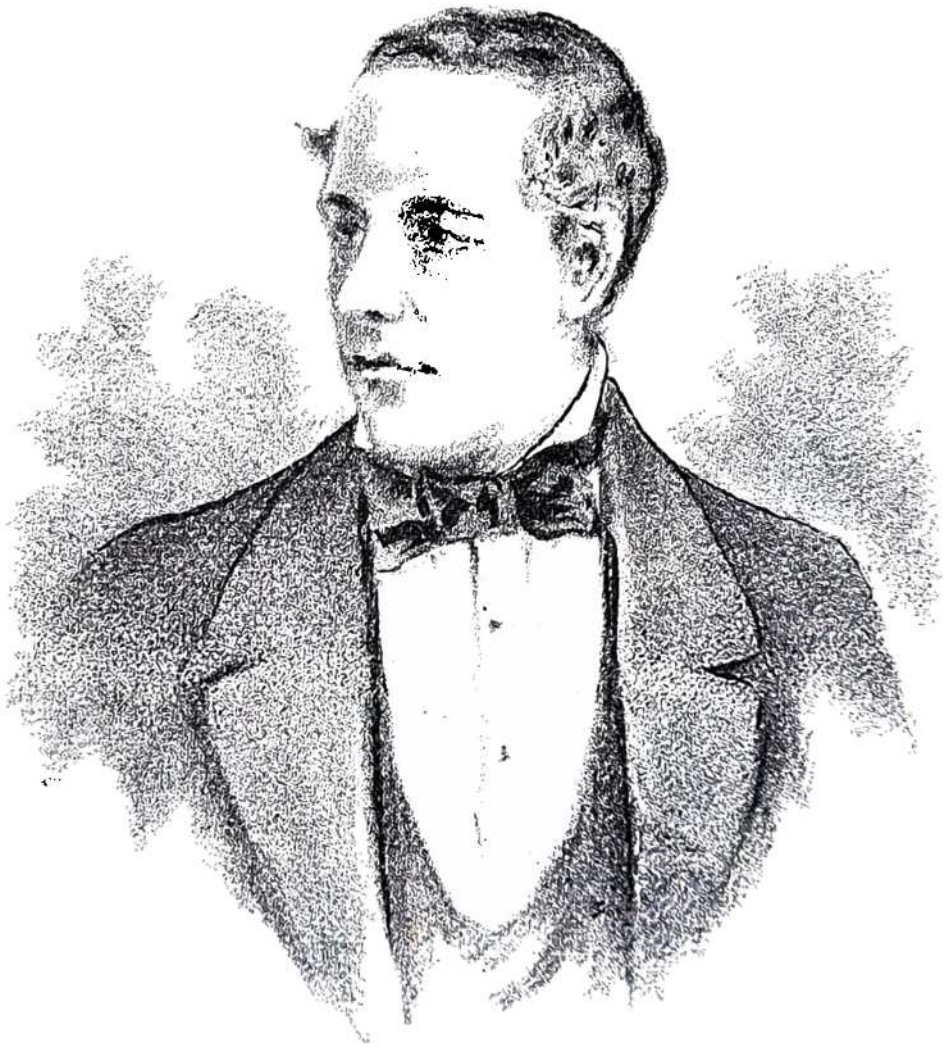
Arnold, Dr. - - - - - - 75
Augustine, - - - - - - 15
Bat's New Year, A - - - - - 8
Bird-Life, Joy of - - - - - 95
Birthday, One's - - - - - 67
Boston, Thomas - - - - - 3
Cabinet, A Sleeping - - - - 90
Christ's Coming, - - - - 84
Christ's Promises, - - - - 96
Cobblers, - - - - - - 72
Colours, Regimental - - - - 120
Columbus, - - - - - - 114
Courage, True - - - - - 117
Creeping Things, - - - - 117
Cry quietly, - - - - - 28
Custom, - - - - - - 108
Dick, John, Student, - - - - 36
"Die Hards," The - - - - 48
Drink and Yellow Fever, - - - 34
Duty, - - - - - - 113
Edison, - - - - - - 75
Fox, The Merciless - - - - 105
Fraser, Little Jessie - - - - 80
Galileo, - - - - - - 51
Gilbert, Sir Humphry - - - 15, 34
Gilmour of Mongolia, - - - 81, 93, 129
Grace and Glory, - - - - 36
Grant, General - - - - - 39
Grenville, Sir Richard - - - - 111
Guthrie, William - - - - 39
Hampden, John - - - - - 99
Hare, The Clever - - - - 21
Henry, Matthew - - - - - 27
Korniloff, Admiral - - - - 60
Laidlaw, Lindsay - - - - 57
Lawrence, Sir Henry - - - - 123
Life, A Man's - - - - 120
Life, The Rule of - - - - 126
Lilburn, Noisy John - - - - 129
Lindsay, Mrs. - - - - - 127
Lord's Host, The - - - - 34
Lucretius, - - - - - - 28
Mackellar, Mr. D., - - - - 134
Mill, Walter, The Martyr, - - - 48
Moltke, - - - - - - 87
Moore, Sir John - - - - - 89
Mother of Newman Hall, - - - 95
Nicholson, Brigadier - - - - 5
Obedience, Habit of - - - - 132
Pope and England, The - - - 105
Prayer for Others, - - - - 107
Quarrelling about Gold, - - - 129
Quarrelsome Man, A - - - - 129
Quito, - - - - - - - 129
Retreat! No - - - - - 60
Scaurus, M. Aemilius - - - - 132
Self-help - - - - - - 35
Shilling, The Bad - - - - 93
Skobeloff, General - - - - 16
Sky, The - - - - - - 72
Slanderers, Punishment of - - - 67
Speckled Hen, The - - - - 45
Squirrel, The - - - - - 64
Stars, New - - - - - 34
Superb, The - - - - - 41
Swearing, - - - - - - 120
Trifles, Hiding - - - - - 129
Undergraduate, The Repentant - - 90
Upton, Dr. - - - - - 104
Visitors, Troublesome - - - 132
Waiting of the Wicked, - - - 96
Washington, George - - - - 27
Women, Japanese - - - - 41
Youth, Dangers of - - - - 67

January, 1892. One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*



**Brigadier-General Nicholson,**

**The Hero of Delhi.**

*The Volume of "The Morning Watch" for 1890 may be had from the Publishers, price Tenpence; or by post One Shilling.*

*The Volume for 1891 is also ready.*

**Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.**

# International Sabbath School Lessons.

*January 3.*—The Kingdom of Christ.—Isaiah 2, 1-10. Text, Psalm 72, 8. Quest. 53. Psalm, 59, 16, 17.

THE first five verses describe Christ; the second five, Christ's Kingdom. The proud kings of the world are like the forests on Lebanon (chap, x. 34); but God's King is a lowly plant, a green twig growing up from the root of a tree that has been cut down. Compare 53, 2. Though thus lowly, God gives Him His Spirit with all its powers; He is the protector of the poor and the meek.

In Christ's Kingdom all is peace, for He is the Prince of Peace. Even the wild beasts are not wild any more. A little child drives the young lion with a switch, as he drives the calves to the field; the baby puts its little hand on the bright eyeball of the serpent. Christ Himself becomes very great; the little sprout grows so high that all nations can see it; and they come to it in streams, as the most glorious place in the world.

*January 10.*—A Song of Salvation.—Isaiah 26, 1-10. Text, Isaiah 26, 4. Quest. 54. Psalm 61, 1, 2.

THE security of a good man is compared to dwelling in a fortified city. The Lord is a wall around him, and the only state of mind worthy of him is perfect peace. The "lofty city" is the pride of the world, and the humble saints who have been despised and persecuted by it will now have their path made plain (not "weighed," v. 7) over its ruins. "The meek shall inherit the earth."

God's people have waited till He should show Himself in such judgments that sinful men might be convinced that the Lord reigned. He had borne long with evil men and prospered them, but "favour" had not moved them. They would only learn from His judgments.

*January 17.*—Overcome with Wine.—Isa. 28, 1-13. Text, Prov. 20, 1. Quest. 55. Psalm 61, 3, 4.

DRUNKENNESS is an old curse. Ephraim, not for the first time, is charged with it here. The crown of pride is Samaria, its capital, which was ready for judgment because of its vices. But there is a residue (v. 5) even there who will escape the storm. The vicious who seemed so gay will be withered like a faded flower, the godly who lived their quiet, dull-looking lives will be a diadem of beauty. It is the contrast between saints and sinners in the test of judgment. The same sin is chargeable (v. 7) against Judah. Even priests and prophets have fallen disgracefully before it. All classes are corrupted, and they mock the messenger of God, as if he could teach them by his commonplaces about righteousness and judgment. His continual prattle was only fit for children. "Verses 9 and 10 should be within inverted commas for they are the reply of drunkards over their cups." But the mockers would be answered by one who was a stammerer indeed, the Assyrian, who could not speak their language but would beat down the refuge of lies, *i.e.*, their hopes through diplomacy of foreign help, and as the instrument of the Lord would fulfil the despised warning of the prophet.

*January 24.*—Hezekiah's Prayer and Deliverance.—Isaiah 37, 14-21 and 33-38. Text, Psalm 34, 17. Quest. 56. Psalm 61, 5, 6.

GOD likes us to show Him all the letters we get and all we write. Letters have been, and are, the most important documents in the world. V. 36. If even one angel can do so much, how safe are God's people.

*January 31.*—The Suffering Saviour.—Isa. 53, 1-12. Text, Isaiah 53, 6. Quest. 57. Psalm 61, 7, 8.

THIS chapter is holy ground; the reading of it has been the turning-point in many a life. Yet it was written almost in despair, v. 1.

# How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
# How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

*Continued from last Volume.*

At the age of 43

The Rev. Thomas Boston published his *Fourfold State*, a book which looks at man in his four conditions, unfallen, fallen, redeemed, glorified. It used to be found in the houses of all godly people in Scotland. I knew a good old woman who told me that, in her youth, she found a leaf on the street one day with which she was 'so much taken up,' that, having learnt from a bookseller that it was out of 'a Mr. Boston's *Fourfold State*,' and that the book was to be got in Edinburgh, she ordered a copy of it. It cost her six shillings; her wages at the time were £6 a year.

Mr. Boston's *Autobiography* is a delightful book, full of curious things, having many passages of rare beauty, and as honest, from the first line to the last, as a book can be. His father, these being the days of persecution, was fined and put in prison for refusing to attend the Episcopal Church, and little Thomas lay in Duns jail with him to keep him company. Here is another incident of his boyhood: 'When I was very young, going to a neighbour's house, with a half-penny, or some such reward of divination, in my hand, to a fortune-teller, after entering the outer door, I was suddenly struck in my mind, stood musing a little between the doors, durst not go forward, but came stealing away again. Thus the unseen Counsellor preserved me from that snare.'

After a hard struggle he succeeded in entering Edinburgh University. His expenses during his whole college course came to £10 14s. 7d., his food and clothing being supplied from home. For some time he was tutor in a gentleman's family. The lady of the house being careless about holy things, he seems to have had an up-hill fight with her and her household. 'On a Lord's day,' he says, 'word being sent me that my pupil was not going to Church that day, I went and inquired into the matter, and he was caused to rise out of his bed; and both the mother and son went to Church that day.'

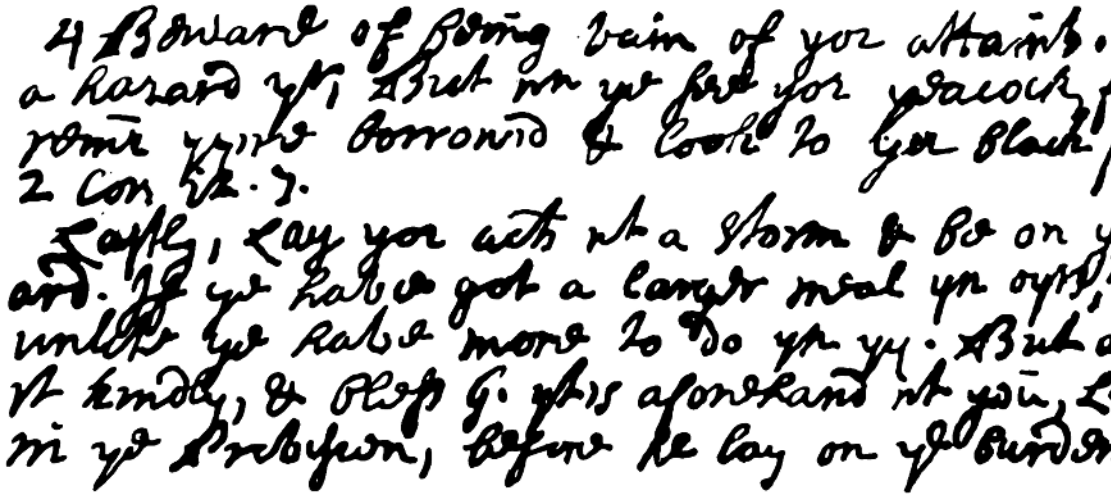
He was very happy in his marriage, his wife, Katharine Brown—whom he had dedicated to God in covenant before their marriage—being as remarkable for her prudence and beauty as for her godliness and cheerfulness amid long-continued ill-health. She was bed-ridden for many years. Here is a story from his diary: 'Dec. 21, 1719. My wife brought me in mind of a story of one of my daughters which I had forgot, that happened in the beginning of the 1712. A poor boy came into the house begging, having such a defect in his speech that he pronounced the words *father* and *mother fea* and *moa*: at which my wife and others smiling, desired him to speak over again what he had said. In the meantime the child stood looking on, with the tear in her eye, in great distress; and at length came to her mother and said, "Mother, did God make that laddie?" She answered, "Yes, my dear." Then she replied, "Will He not then

be angry at you for laughing at him? for my book says, 'He that mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker.'" And the boy being very naked, she was in mighty concern to get old clothes for him.'

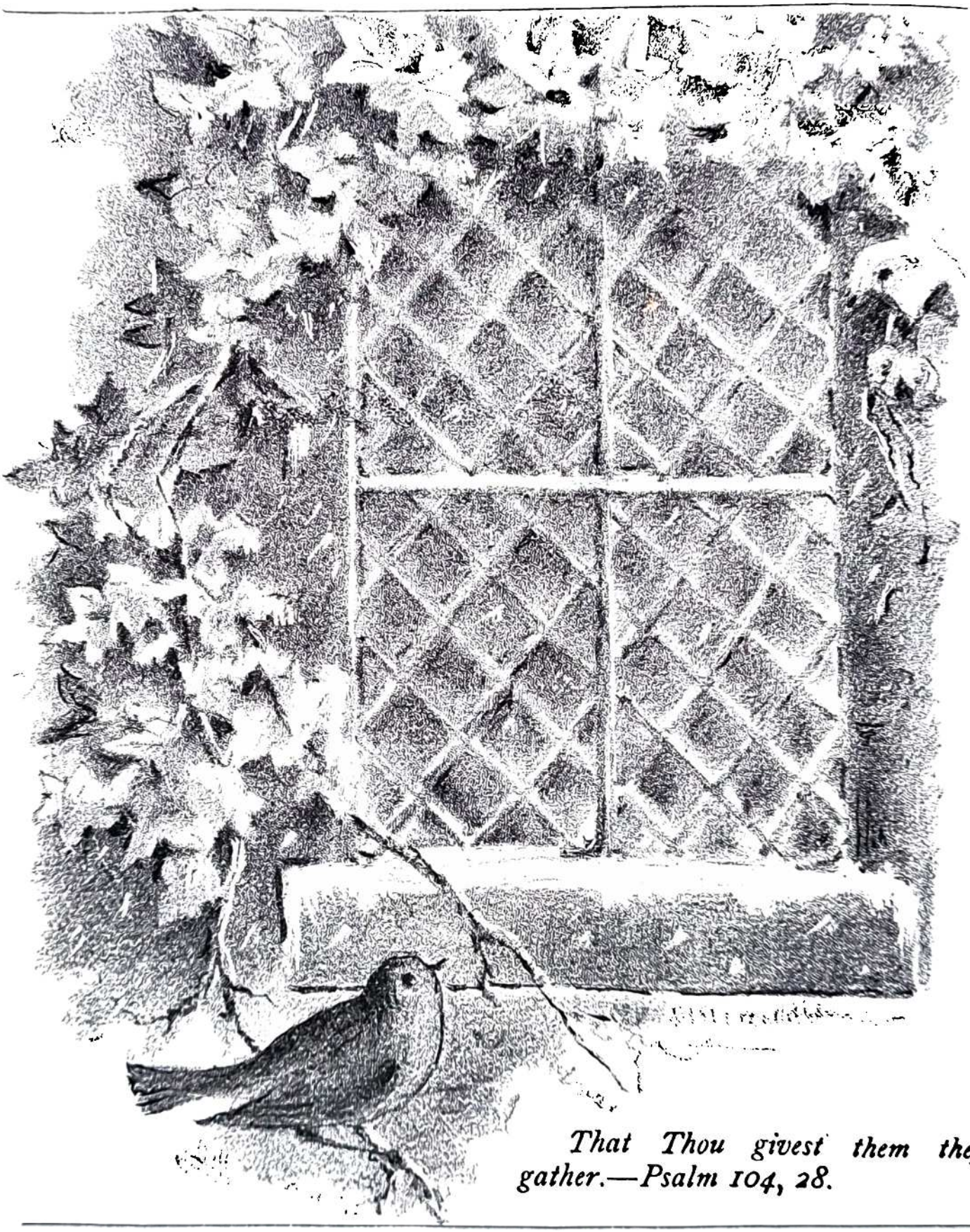
Mr. Boston was himself a sore sufferer, with many a crook in his lot, but he was a hard student to the last. He was fond of music. In his youth he and another lad had attended school for the study of it, and got on well, 'pressing forward our teacher and pursuing it in our chamber, so that by that means we had the tenors, trebles, and bases of the common tunes, with some other tunes, and several songs.' He liked to precent after he became a minister. He died May 20, 1732, at Ettrick. Towards the end, being unable to go to church, he preached to the people from his manse window.

Never rich, he was always generous, keeping a certain sum of money for the poor 'in his left-hand pocket.' The book that, next to the Bible, most influenced his life was *The Marrow of Modern Divinity*, which he had noticed by chance on a little shelf over a window in the house of an old soldier whom he was visiting. His greatest friend, next to his wife, was a Dr. John Trotter, 'a good physician,' 'useful, by his advice and converse, not only to the bodies but to the souls of his patients.' To him it was owing that the *Fourfold State* was written. The writing and publishing of it gave Mr. Boston many an errand to the throne of grace. When the first bound copy of it came into his hand, he 'spread it before the Lord in prayer, for His blessing to go out with it, and be entailed on it while I live, and when I am gone.'

Mr. Lawson, in his *Sacred Places of Scotland*, says that Mr. Boston's walking-stick and his wife's pocket Bible are still to be seen in Ettrick. To a friend in Greenock, who has a number of his manuscripts, I am indebted for the accompanying fac simile of his hand-writing. It is from a Communion address given over 160 years ago. There are a good many contractions, it will be seen.



"4. Beware of being vain of your attainments. There's a hazard there. But when ye see your peacock feathers remember they're borrowed and look to your black feet. 2 Cor. 12. 7. Lastly, lay your accounts with a storm and be on your guard. If ye have got a larger meal than others, 'tis no unlike ye have more to do than they. But accept it kindly, and bless God that's aforehand with you, laying in the provision, before He lay on the burden."



*That Thou givest them they gather.—Psalm 104, 28.*

AT Delhi, on New Year's Day, fifteen years ago, the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India. The durbar, or gathering, on that occasion was one of the most wonderful sights the world has ever seen. There were British heroes there whose names are household words; a multitude of Indian princes,

many of them wearing crowns, but all blazing with priceless diamonds; rows upon rows of elephants—one row had over two hundred—each having its head and trunk painted; many of them with silver anklets and trappings of solid gold; while some had even played a part in history! One of the most famous died only six weeks ago.

I see, from letters written at the time, that the salvoes of artillery and volley-firing of the infantry were "grand," so grand that two natives were killed through the bolting of some elephants. I barely remember, however, the firing of the guns, but I often think of the sweet music the four English and four native heralds made with their silver trumpets. It reminded me then, as it does still, of Bunyan's description of Christian and Hopeful's ascent to the gates of the Celestial City: "There came out also to meet them several of the King's Trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious noises and loud, made even the heavens to echo with their sound."

And I still think I hear the reading of the Proclamation by Major Barnes. He was chosen for the task, not only for his gigantic stature—he was 6 feet 6 inches in height—but for his voice, which was believed to carry further than that of any other man in India. Every word rang over the plain, but how can I describe the mighty and, it almost seemed, unearthly cry with which he uttered the two last words—

VIVAT IMPERATRIX,

*Let the Empress live for ever.*

Yet the events and scenes of that New Year's Day were paltry compared with what Delhi had witnessed during the Mutiny, twenty years before.

My favourite haunt, the eight days I spent at Delhi, was the Cashmere Gate. On a slab beside it are recorded the names of six "mighty men": Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, Sergeants Carmichael, Burgess, and Smith, and Bugler Hawthorne. For it was they who, the morning of that ever-memorable 14th September, 1857, when Delhi fell, carried, and laid down, and kindled, the powder-bags that blew down the Cashmere Gate. Home laid the first bag; Carmichael, coming forward with the second, was shot dead by the Sepoys on the wall, but Smith, taking the bag up, placed it, and also his own, in position; Salkeld, with the slow-match in his hand, was struck down as he was lighting it, but, falling, handed it to Burgess, who, falling likewise, handed it to Smith; Smith lighted it; there was a roar and a crash; the gate was shattered; the bugles sounded, and the assaulting columns came rushing on.

Burgess died in a few minutes, Salkeld in a few days; Smith, Hawthorne, and Home escaped, the last only to be killed sixteen days after by the premature springing of a mine.

There was one other spot I loved to go to—the grave of Nicholson. It was he who commanded the assaulting force, himself leading the first column, that day. He fell, a few hours after, as he was leading a body of volunteers on a desperate

enterprise through a narrow street whose windows and flat roofs bristled with riflemen. Eleven hundred out of three thousand fell that day, but the greatest of them all was John Nicholson. He lingered for nine days, and then died.

He was only thirty-five, but was already famous all over India. There his memory is still green. One had no difficulty, I remember, in finding his grave in the English Cemetery; there was a beaten path straight to it.

He was born in Dublin in 1821, the eldest son of a doctor, who died eight years afterwards of fever caught on duty.

He was but little over sixteen when he set sail for India. His mother's last words to him were, "Never forget to read your Bible," and he obeyed her faithfully. His career was unusually chequered, but ever more and more brilliant. I am sorry I have not space in which to tell you of his feats of arms. From the beginning he was worth, as Lord Lawrence said at the time, the wing of a regiment. Yet he was not without his faults, obstinate, imperious, and haughty in his manner. Men did not take to him at first, but once they knew him, their love and reverence had no bounds. His stature, his noble bearing, his sonorous voice, his promptness in action, made a lasting impression on the native mind. Riding through a village once, a single soldier with him, he noticed that the priest of a Mohammedan mosque, instead of salaaming to him, made a gesture of contempt. When he got home he sent his orderly to fetch the priest, and then and there shaved off his beard! The first words visitors to the battle-fields of Goojerat and Chillianwallah used to hear from the country people were, "Nikkul Seyn stood just *there*." There was a brotherhood of Fakirs, too, who literally worshipped him; he flogged them for it, they only adored him more. When news reached them of his death, two of them killed themselves, a third, says Mr. Bosworth Smith, "with truer instinct resolved thenceforward to worship nothing but the God whom Nikkul Seyn had served." The natives on the North-west frontier think they still hear the ringing of his horse's hoofs at night; as long as that sound is heard, they feel that India belongs to Britain.

When the Mutiny broke out—May, 1857—Nicholson was at Peshawur. "If there is ever a desperate deed to be done in India," a famous officer had said a short time before to Lord Canning, the Governor-General, "Nicholson is the man to do it." The events of the next four months more than fulfilled that prophecy. I have but room, however, for one little incident that occurred during the march of the famous Movable Column to Delhi. I take it from "The Life of Lord Lawrence."

When the sun was at its fiercest, and men were falling exhausted or dead, the Column neared a grove of trees. Some of the officers, seeing the sad plight their men were in, proposed to halt an hour or two. "No," sternly answered Nicholson; "we must press on." But he

yielded to more urgent expostulation, and in a moment the worn-out men were asleep beneath the trees. After an interval, it occurred to one of them as he woke from sleep, to ask where the general was. Not seeing him amongst the sleepers on the ground, he looked back to the road which they had left, and there, in the very middle of it, in the full glare of the sun, sitting bolt upright upon his horse, and perfectly motionless, he saw John Nicholson waiting, as, unknown to them all, he had been waiting from the beginning, with impatient patience, till his men should have had their rest!

Is not that just like God? He giveth His beloved sleep, but

He that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

## How a Bat Spent the New Year.

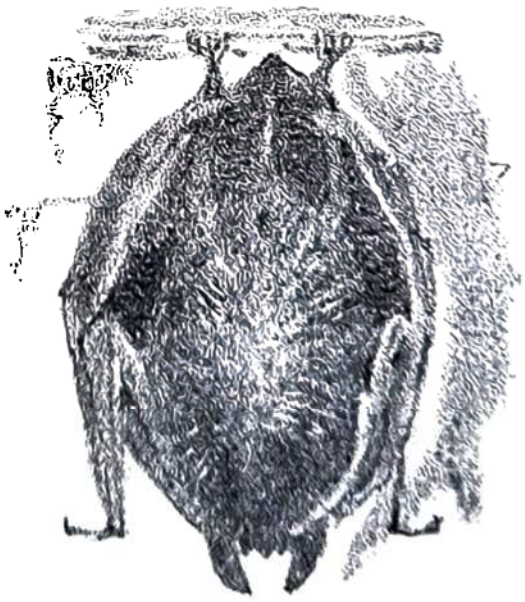
BATS have few friends. Neither birds nor beasts have many dealings with them. Their wings separate them from beasts, yet they are not birds. Men, too, rarely get a right look at them and often dislike them. Yet God sends them in the cool of the day, at the hour for meditation, that it might be a kind of rest to us to look at them.

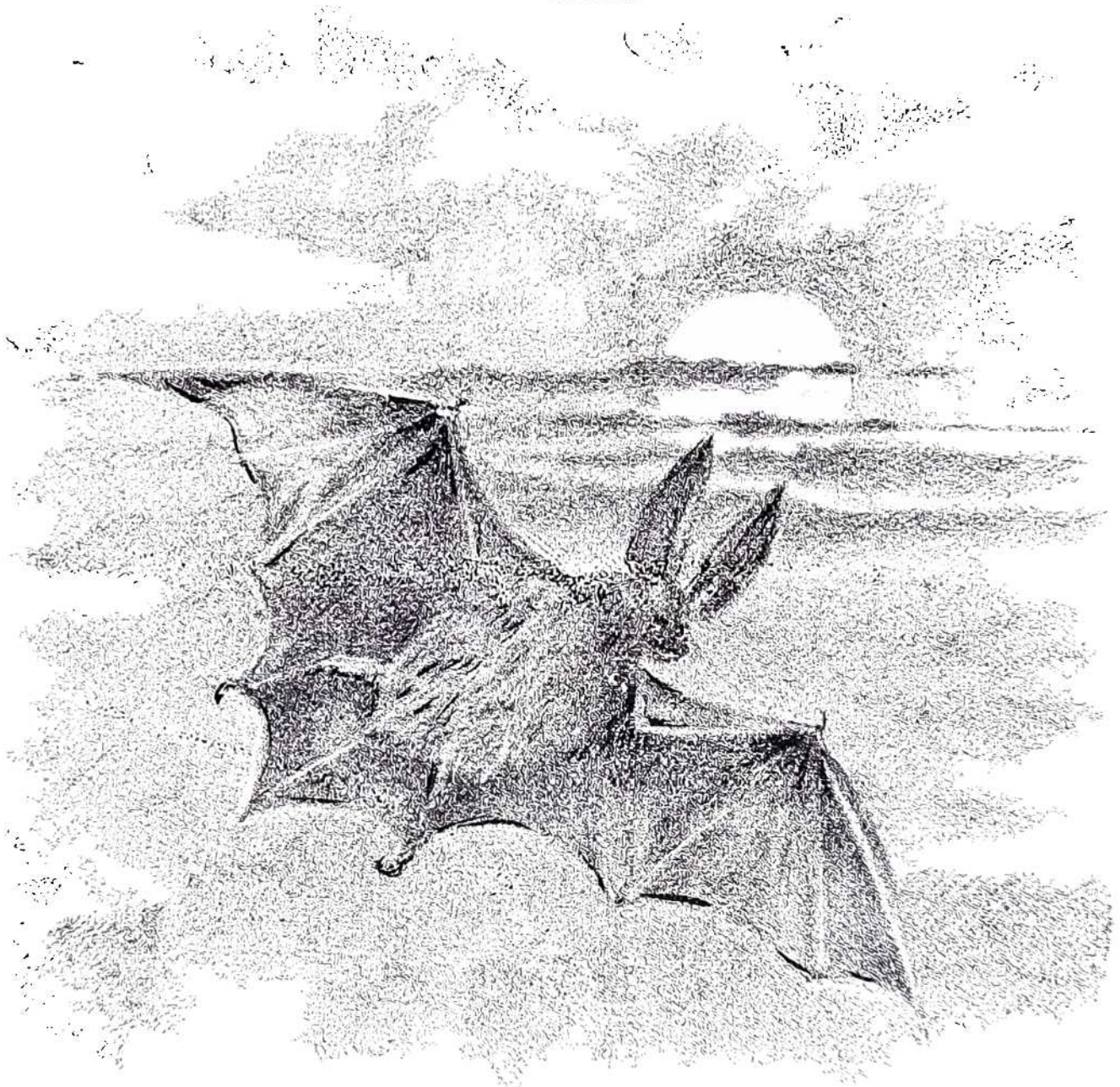
The bat I speak of, hearing other creatures talk of frost and snow, wondered how it was to live in winter.

"My dear," said its mother, "God, Who gave us wings and ears so keen in sense that, even when blind, we fly swiftly through the

smallest openings without fear, can make us live through winter without food. Before you know it, winter will be past and spring be come again."

And so it came to pass. One autumn morning, it felt strangely drowsy, tucked its ears under its arms, suspended itself, as is the custom, by its hind feet, head downwards, from a ledge in the wall in the old tower near by us, and there it was this New Year morning, and scores beside it, all still sound asleep, trusting in God.





# What the Missionaries are doing over the Seas.

## Chapter I.

*About* Captain Yang, *who served the Emperor, and then became a good soldier of Jesus Christ.*

HE was scarcely a Chinaman at all, though for many years he was a soldier in the Chinese army. His forefathers were not born in the province of Hu-nan, where most of the Chinese braves come from. Like the Emperor who reigns at Peking, he was by descent a Tartar from Manchuria, far away to the North. It is strange how Time changes the meaning of words, for Tartar means "tributary," or "subject," or "slave." And now a Tartar Emperor rules all China, with its eighteen provinces and three hundred millions of people; and in almost every large city he has a Tartar garrison to overawe the citizens. The servants have become the masters, you see.

Captain Yang was well educated. He had been at school longer than most boys in that great Eastern land. When they go out to the world they can perhaps manage to read, with much stumbling and many mistakes, the notice of the opening of a new shop or bits of a Mandarin's proclamation. But he was a *Siu-tsai*—a Bachelor of Arts; he could repeat by heart some of the famous books of China; his friends looked on him as a very learned man. For a long time he was careless about religion. If you had asked him what his faith was, he would have replied, like so many Chinamen: "I am Iu-To-Hut," meaning that he belonged in an easy-going way to all the three religions of China—Confucian, Taoist, Buddhist — though no amount of reasoning can ever make these three different creeds agree with each other. In those days, too, shortly after he got his commission, he went away into the far country of sin. He became an opium-smoker, and he had a very violent temper; so that his men were afraid of him, and not one of them all loved him.

But God works even in the hearts of Tartar soldiers. His Holy Spirit did not leave Captain Yang alone. By-and-by he grew troubled and uneasy; he knew that he was not what he ought to be. To quiet his conscience he became a Buddhist of the strictest sect. He would eat no animal food now, nothing but vegetables; for he thought that the soul of someone of his ancestors might be living in the animal, and therefore it would be sinful to harm and kill it. But even yet he was unsatisfied. God had made him for Himself, and he was restless till he found his rest in Him.

The change came slowly. When he was on duty with his company in Hangchow in 1877 he met with a missionary, who gave him the New Testament to read. It opened his eyes; it showed him the Saviour; it kindled a hope and a peace in him that he had never felt before. He gave up his opium-smoking. He grew kind and gentle, and all his men became devoted to him. Still he did not declare himself a Christian. But two years later he and his soldiers were in the South of China, near Canton. And there he saw a dreadful thing—a thing very dreadful and yet very glorious. A wealthy Chinese gentleman, who was a Christian, had resolved to build a church in his native village. But his heathen neighbours seized him and put him to the torture. They tried to get him to deny Jesus. But he stood firm. Then they bound him to a cross, and wrapped his body in cotton wool, and saturated it with oil, and burned him alive. The days of the martyrs are not over. There are many in heathen lands in our own time, who have to face "the arrowy sleet and hail" for Christ's dear sake.

That decided Captain Yang. He was a brave man himself, and this was the bravest deed he had ever seen; the blood of the martyr helped the good seed to spring up and bear fruit. He went to the missionaries, and asked them to baptize him. First of all, they set some meat before him and told him he must eat it: they were anxious to see whether he had quite given up his

Buddhism. And he did as they bade him. It was plain now that he meant to follow Jesus, and he was welcomed into the Church — the Church of Christ in China, which has 37,000 members to-day.

Then his trials began. He found that there were many things a Chinese Captain was expected to do which a Christian could not do. So he begged his General to allow him to resign his command, with its salary of £8 a month, and to let him take his place in the ranks, with a £2 salary instead. But the General, when he heard the reason of this strange request, was very angry, and dismissed Captain Yang from the army of the Emperor altogether. You may be sure his men were sorry: they had learned to love him dearly. But he had no remedy; he was compelled to go.

But God remembered him. The missionaries took him, and made him a teacher in their schools. And I believe he is busy there to-day, teaching the Chinese boys the story of salvation, and often preaching in the streets and villages about the Master he loves so well.

He is ready to do anything that his Captain Christ commands. He knows that a soldier must "not reason why." One day he read in his Testament these words: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me." Here was something, he thought, which he was leaving unfulfilled. He went immediately to a carpenter, and got him to make him a large wooden cross, and for days, whenever he walked out in the city where he is living now, he carried that cross on his shoulder. Of course the missionaries explained to him the real meaning of the Lord's word, and I daresay he was very glad to find that Jesus did not expect him to carry a wooden cross up and down the streets.

Dear children, do you love and serve Christ—you who have so many opportunities of knowing Him—half as well as Captain Yang does?

## Bible Questions.

SENIORS.—1. Do we read of any questions being put to God by Christ? 2. Occasions on which people kneeled before Christ. 3. A list of questions put to God by Moses.

JUNIORS.—1. Mention occasions on which Christ singled individuals out of a crowd. 2. In what chapter of John do we read of three people running? 3. A list of commands given by Christ in John xxi.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the November number have been received from—

**SENIORS.**—Alex. Adams, Maggie S. Craig, Alex. Fulton, Caroline Haddow, Jeanie Kirkwood, Maggie K. W. Martin, James Paterson; *Quest. 2*—A. Chancellor, Thomas M'Candlis.

**JUNIORS.**—Janet Barclay, A. Culton, James S. Fulton, Bertie Hardie, Jessie Howie, Jeanie H. Lang, Mary H. Martin, Edith M. Murray, James M'Candlis, Lizzie M'Carlie, Minnie M'Creedy, Willie Archie Paterson, E. Pomphrey, Gardner Blair.

*The names of those who did the December lessons will be published in February.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | F | Grace, mercy, peace, shall be with us.—*2 John 3, R.V.* "The minister reminded them that it was leap-year, and wished them '366 happy and God-fearing days.'"—*Auld Licht Idylls.* |
| 2 | S | I am with you alway.—*Matt. 28, 20.* |
| 3 | S | Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath.—*Isaiah 56, 2.* |
| 4 | M | Teach us to number our days.—*Psalm 90, 12.* |
| 5 | Tu | Man is of few days.—*Job 14, 1.* |
| 6 | W | Twelve hours in the day.—*John 11, 9.* |
| 7 | Th | I am doing a great work.—*Neh. 6, 3.* |
| 8 | F | The night cometh.—*John 9, 4.* Dr. Johnson had these words engraven on the face of his watch. |
| 9 | S | Call the labourers.—*Matt. 20, 8.* |
| 10 | S | The gospel of the glory of Christ, |
| 11 | M | Who is the image of God.—*2 Cor. 4, 4, R.V.* |
| 12 | Tu | Found in fashion as a man.—*Phil. 2, 8.* |
| 13 | W | Despised, and rejected of men.—*Isaiah 53, 3.* |
| 14 | Th | Neither was any deceit in His mouth. |
| 15 | F | Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise Him.—*Isaiah 53, 9.* |
| 16 | S | Exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour.—*Acts 5, 31.* |
| 17 | S | Serve the Lord with gladness; |
| 18 | M | Come before His presence with singing.—*Psalm 100, 2.* |
| 19 | Tu | O magnify the Lord with me. |
| 20 | W | I sought the Lord, and He answered me.—*Psalm 34, 3.* |
| 21 | Th | Rejoice with them that rejoice.—*Rom. 12, 15.* "These two lines are, so far as I know, the most complete, the most concise, and the most lofty expression of moral temper existing in English words:—<br>'Never elated, while one man's oppressed;<br>Never dejected, while another's blessed."<br>—*Ruskin's Oxford Lectures.* |
| 22 | F | Shewing the glad tidings of the Kingdom of God.—*Luke 8, 1.* |
| 23 | S | Rejoice, and again I say, Rejoice.—*Phil. 4, 4.* Isabel Allison, a Covenanter, hanged at Edinburgh 211 years ago to-day, repeated that verse on the scaffold, after she had sung Psalm 84 and read Mark 16. |
| 24 | S | Gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh, O Almighty One.—*Psalm 45, 3, R.V.* |
| 25 | M | On the Lord's side.—*Exodus 32, 26.* |
| 26 | Tu | Suffer hardship with me, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.—*2 Tim. 2, 3, R.V.* "Lord Cardigan used to sleep on board his yacht—a yacht with a French cook on board—when not only all the officers and men under him, but also his divisional chief, were cheerfully bearing the hardships and privations of camp life."—*Kinglake's Crimean War.* |
| 27 | W | Weep with them that weep.—*Rom. 12, 15.* |
| 28 | Th | And the Lord said, I know their sorrows.—*Exodus 3, 7.* |
| 29 | F | He saw them toiling in rowing.—*Mark 6, 48.* |
| 30 | S | The Word became flesh, and tabernacled among us.—*John 1, 14, R.V.* |
| 31 | S | The Master is here, and calleth for thee.—*John 11, 28, R.V.* |

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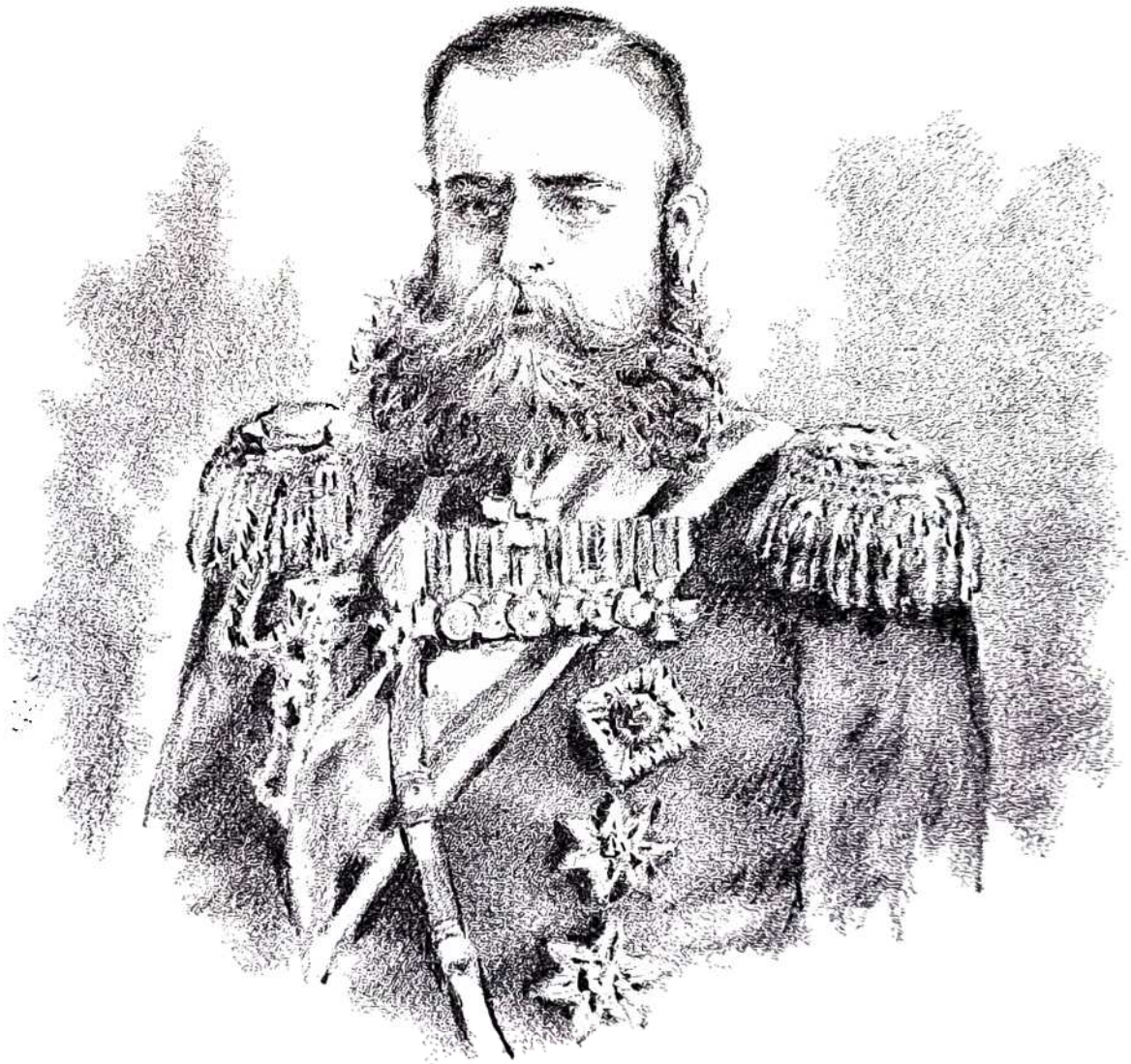
February, 1892. One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*



Skobeloff.

*The Volume of "The Morning Watch" for 1890 may be had from the Publishers, price Tenpence; or by post One Shilling.*

*The Volume for 1891 is also ready.*

**Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.**

# International Sabbath School Lessons.

*February 7.*—The Gracious Call.—Isaiah lv. 1-13. Text, Isaiah lv. 6. Quest. 58. Psalm lxii. 1,2.

THIS chapter falls into three parts. (1) God's invitation to men, vv. 1-5. He pities His creatures toiling and moiling, yet ever unsatisfied. He is ready to give freely all that he promised to David, all that came in David's Son—the bread of life, the water of life; he who drinks of which shall never thirst. (2) The preparation for receiving God's gifts—repentance and trust in God, vv. 6-11. God's mercy is greater than all men's greatest thoughts. His word is as sure as the laws of nature. Hence His best gifts are only for those who trust Him utterly to do more for them than they can ask or think. (3) The lovely prospect held out to God's people when they repent and trust Him, vv. 12,13. Life is not a wilderness, but a garden. The very curses (for thorns and briers were a curse to Adam) are changed into blessings. The weary world itself is born again with the glory and joy of the children of God.

*February 14.*—The New Covenant.—Jer. xxxi. 27-37. Text, Jer. xxxi. 34. Quest. 59. Psalm lxii. 5,6.

THE proverb in v. 20 was the complaint of the Jews in exile that they were suffering not for their own but for their fathers' sin. The fact that they were in exile was itself the proof that there was a place (Heb. viii. 7) for a new covenant. The old covenant was broken; if it had been kept God would have preserved them. The new covenant points forward to the Gospel, with its direct appeal to the heart. No ceremonial and no priest need come between the soul and God. In its simplicity the wayfaring man though a fool can understand it, and God, Who upholds the unchanging order of nature, covenants that He will remember their sin no more who keep the new law written in their hearts.

*February 21.*—Jehoiakim's Wickedness.—Jer. xxxvi. 19-31. Text, Heb. iii. 15. Quest. 60. Psalm lxii. 7,8.

COMPARE his burning of God's Word, in his 29th year, with his father Josiah's delight in finding it, in his 26th. 2 Kings 22. Whether done in contempt, or fear, or anger, destroying the prophecies did not suspend the judgments. Throwing the compass overboard never saved a ship. "Though you stop your watch, the sunrise will come"—and the night also. If there is a handwriting against you, ask Christ to blot it out and nail it to His Cross. V. 32. God rewrote the book—with additions. There are more things in the Bible for us, or against us, to-day, than there were yesterday. A Bible that is never read, or carelessly read, or kept to ourselves, is as bad as a burnt one.

*February 28.*—Jeremiah Persecuted.—Jer. xxxvii. 11-21. Text, Jer. i. 19. Quest. 61. Psalm lxii. 9,10.

HE bade the king yield to the Chaldeans. No real patriot will say 'my country, right or wrong.' God was in the prison with Jeremiah. ("I never knew by nine years' preaching so much of Christ's love as He hath taught me in Aberdeen by six months' imprisonment."—*Rutherford.*) Zedekiah, the last king of Judah, one of those timid, vacillating men, like Pilate and Herod, who, in the end, suffer more in the way of sin than God ever asked them to face in the way of duty—2 Kings xxv. 7. Implore God to keep you from weakness and fickleness.

*March 6.*—The Downfall of Judah.—Jer. xxxix. 1-10. Text, Matt. xxiii. 38. Quest. 62. Psalm lxii. 11,12.

**How Old art Thou?**—GEN. xlvii. 8.
**How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?**—LUKE xvi. 7.

*Continued from page 4.*

At the age of 43

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT was lost with his ship when returning home from Newfoundland, in 1583.

His mother was twice married, and he and Sir Walter Raleigh were half-brothers, yet, as Raleigh said, "true brothers." Sir Humphrey planted the first English colony in North America. He took possession of St. John, in the name of Queen Elizabeth, Monday, 5th August, 1583. On the 2nd September, after sighting Cape Race, he paid his farewell visit to his companion ship, the "Golden Hinde." His friends there begged him to stay with them, as his own vessel, the frigate "Squirrel," was a craft of only ten tons and sorely overladen. "No," he said, "I will not forsake my little company going homewards, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils."

His last day is thus described by the old chronicler who tells the tale: "Monday, the ninth of September, in the afternoon, the frigate was near cast away oppressed by waves, but at that time recovered, and giving forth signs of joy, the General, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out unto us in the 'Hinde' so often as we did approach within hearing, 'We are as near to heaven by sea as by land,' reiterating the same speech, well beseeming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify that he was. The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being ahead of us in the 'Golden Hinde,' suddenly her lights were out, whereof, as it were in a moment, we lost the sight; and withal our watch cried, 'The General was cast away,' which was too true."

43

AUGUSTINE wrote his *Confessions*, A.D. 393. He was the greatest of the Latin Fathers of the Church. You and I are what we are, in great measure, because of him. For it is to him and Calvin that we owe our knowledge of the doctrines of the Sovereignty of God's grace and the helplessness of fallen man.

In the *Confessions*, which is one of the great books of the world, he tells the story of his life, and specially how, in answer to the long-continued prayers of his mother Monica, "who was more persevering in her efforts to save him than he was in his efforts to ruin himself," God brought him out of the deep pit and the miry clay. He owed everything to her, and she in turn owed everything to a godly decrepit maid-servant who had been her father's nurse and had been entrusted, owing to her great age and holy character, with the care of his daughters. The *Confessions* is in the form of a prayer from beginning to end. "Evidently," as Dr. Stalker says in his *Imago Christi*, "the good man had got into the habit of doing all his deepest thinking in the form of conversation with God." This is part of the description Augustine gives of his last conversation with his mother, in the 56th year of her age and the 33rd of his, nine days before she died: "As now the day drew near, on which she was

At the age of 43

about to depart out of this life, which day Thou didst know, though we knew it not, it fell out, as I believe, through Thy Providence, working in hidden ways, that she and I alone together were standing leaning upon a certain window, from which there was a view of the garden, there at Ostia on the Tiber. Together we two held converse very sweet, and, forgetting those things which were behind and reaching forth unto those things which were before, were discussing between us in the presence of the truth, which Thou art, of what kind would be that eternal life of the Saints, which eye hath not seen nor ear heard. In our converse we wandered step by step through all material things, and even the very heaven whence sun and moon and stars shed their light upon the earth. And further still we climbed, in inner thought, and speech, and in wonder of Thy works, and we reached to our own minds, and passed beyond them, so as to touch the realm of plenty never failing, where Thou feedest Israel for ever in the pasture of the truth, and where life is that Wisdom, which is now as it ever was and ever shall be; or rather in it is neither 'hath been' nor 'shall be,' but only 'is,' since It is eternal. For 'hath been' and 'shall be' spell not eternity. . . . Thou knowest, that on that day, when we were speaking of such things, and this world with all its delights was beginning to grow but cheap to us, then said she, 'My son, as for myself, I delight no longer in anything in this life. What yet here I may do, and why I linger here, I know not, now that the hope of this life has died within me. There was but one thing for which I longed to tarry here a while, that I might see thee a Christian before my death. And this my God hath given me, even more abundantly, so that I even see thee His servant, and able to despise mere earthly happiness. What do I here?'"

---

TEN years ago Michael Dimitrievich Skobeloff was looked on as one of the first soldiers in Europe. His heroism and skill in the Russo-Turkish War in 1877 were still fresh in men's minds; and he was only nine-and-thirty.

On the field of battle he used to wear a white uniform and ride on a white horse, that his men might see him. He was always in the thickest of the fight. It seemed as if he did not know what fear was. Yet, when a friend asked him, after one of his daring exploits, if he had not been afraid, he answered, "I never enter the field without being full of fear." I think his friend might have guessed that without being told.

For a brave man is not one who does not see danger or fear it, but is one who looks it in the face.

His soldiers were famous for their discipline. "What I am asking of you," he would say in sending them on some perilous enterprise, "is a matter not so much of bravery as of simple obedience." "How did we accomplish that task?" he once said, in reply to a question about a famous march; "it was because we had no stragglers Tell me, did you ever come across any of my men in the rear?"

His men were as proud of him as

he was of them. One of them who was to get both legs amputated refused to take chloroform.

"All the other fellows take it," said the doctor.

"The others may," replied the man, "but I am one of Skobeloff's."

In the British army it is a rule in war that sentries on outpost duty are not to present arms, or pay compliments of any kind, to any officer. Skobeloff extended that rule to the trenches. "The men are not to rise up and salute me when I pass. They need rest. If they have to jump up every time I come near them, either their General must keep away and not live amongst his men, or else the soldiers will be worn off their feet."

And yet, once at least, his love for his men was doubted by a soldier who did not know him, just as we sometimes think that God has no concern for us. "Awake, why sleepest Thou?" "Carest Thou not that we perish?" We forget that everything that vexes us vexes God infinitely more.

It was after the third repulse of the Russians by the Turks at Plevna. Skobeloff was sitting over the embers of a low fire, in agony. A wounded soldier passed, then stopped, and turning back said, "Make room for me, let me warm myself." The man had a scar on his forehead, and blood was running from his shoulder.

"Where were you wounded?" said the General; "was it in the redoubt?"

"Wounded?" said the man. "Much you care."

Skobeloff in his grief made no answer, and was soon lost in thought. Presently he felt some one tugging at his cloak. It was the soldier. "What do you want?" he said.

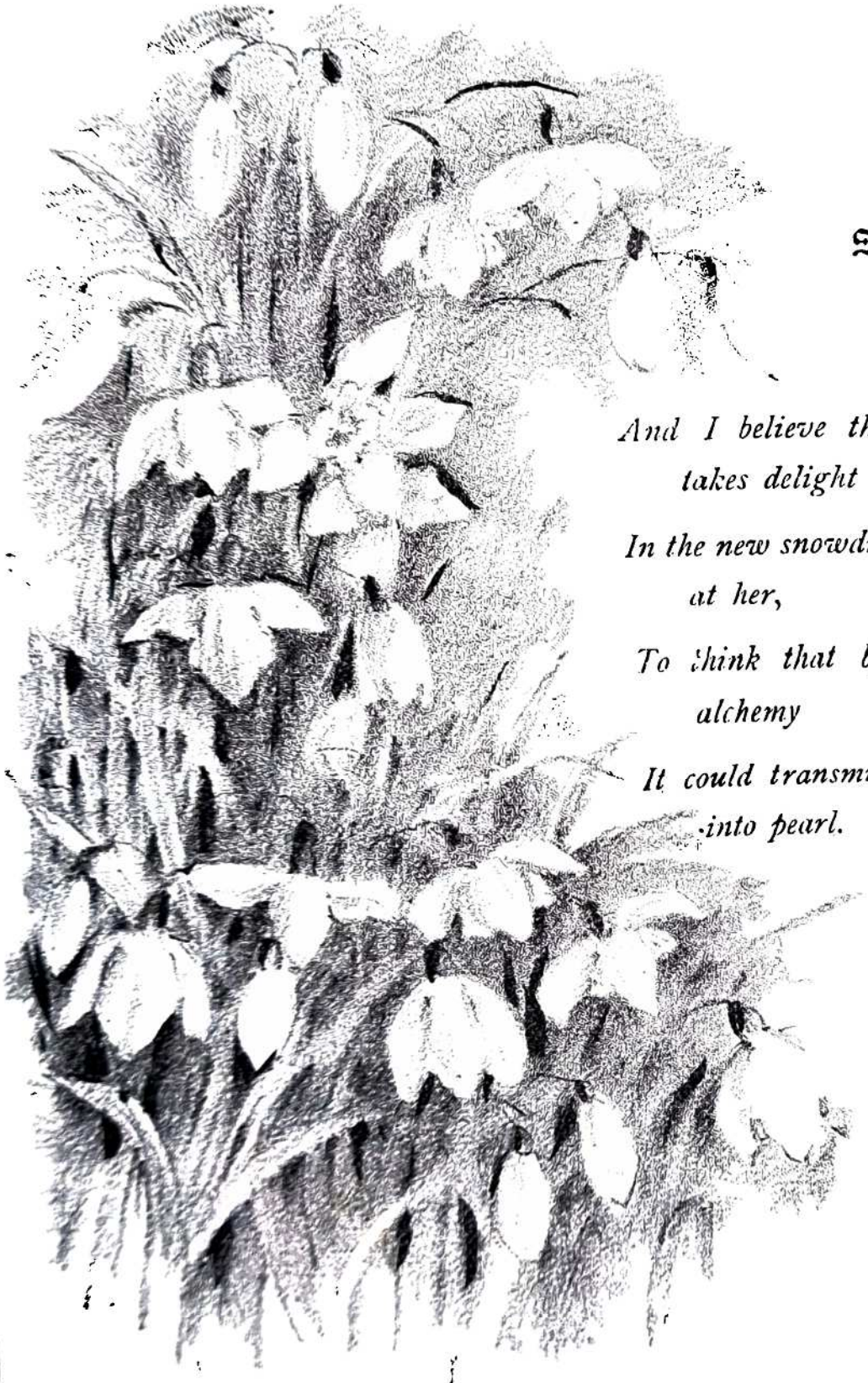
"You are well," said the man, "and I want it," and pulling the cloak off his commander rose up and went away.

Once, in 1881, when he was fighting the Turcomans in Asia, and had but few troops with him, 700 soldiers, armed to the teeth, surrendered to him. Fearing treachery, he said to them, "If you dare to rise, I shall make an example of you."

"The Tekkes," said their leader, "never tell a lie."

"Then, gentlemen," said Skobeloff, "if that is the case, please to ride back with me, and be my body-guard." So, leaving his own men behind, he rode alone for twenty miles to headquarters, surrounded by 700 desperate enemies.

One does not wonder that men felt he was reserved for greater things; that, whether defeated or victorious, he would be *the* hero of the next great European war. Yet all his glory perished miserably in one hour. On the 7th of July, 1882, he died suddenly in Moscow, as a fool dieth, the victim of his own shameful wickedness. "Thy hands were not bound, nor thy feet put into fetters: as a man falleth before wicked men, so fellest thou." He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.



# The Snowdrop.

—*—

*And I believe the brown earth takes delight*
*In the new snowdrop looking back at her,*
*To think that by some vernal alchemy*
*It could transmute her darkness into pearl.*

*—Lowell.*

# What the Missionaries are doing over the Seas.

## Chapter II.

*About the little maid* Shin-Ku, *and how her light shone in the village of Han-Chwan.*

"AND how many golden bars have you within the inner curtains?" said Mr. Chih-Shwin to Mr. Hu.

He had just come back from the great town of Shanghai on a visit to the quiet country village in the province of Hu-peh where he had lived as a boy. He met his old friend Mr. Hu in the village street; and, after asking him ever so many things about himself and his home and his sons, he put that strange question: "How many golden bars have you within the inner curtains?" He meant, How many daughters are there in your family? That is the funny roundabout way in which a polite Chinaman enquires after the girls of the house.

"I have only one little daughter, ten years old," Mr. Hu said. "We call her Shin-Ku; and she is the light of my eyes—she is better to me than seven sons."

Of course he had to explain to Mr. Chih-Shwin how that could be. For it is very sad that most Chinese parents have no love to bestow on little girls. They do not welcome them when they are born, and they do not give them half the attention and thought they give the boys. Sometimes, when they are just babies, they are drowned in the nearest river or canal or well. Sometimes they are left lying on the steps of a Missionary's house; "the Jesus-teachers will take care of them," their mothers say. I will tell you one reason why the people do not want to see a baby-daughter come to the home. They fancy that, when a man dies and passes into the spirit-world, he needs food and clothing just as he did here. So they make paper money, and paper houses, and paper furniture, and they burn them all, and the smoke carries them to the dead man, and he is rich—he has everything he wants. But only the boys are permitted to render this service to the dead. If a family consists of girls, there will be nobody to care for the poor parents who have gone away from the world; and their ghosts will wander up and down hungry and homeless. And that is why girls are despised in China, and boys are prized and loved.

So Mr. Chih-Shwin was astonished when Mr. Hu told him that his little daughter Shin-Ku was better to him than seven sons.

"You see," Mr. Hu went on, "it is some years now since I learned to love the Jesus-religion. Two preachers sailed up our River Han one day. They stopped at the village, and came out to speak to us. I can remember the crowd that gathered round them and the questions we asked. 'Is there a sun and a moon in your country?' 'Why do you not have black eyes like ours?' 'Can you look right down into the ground, and find out where the gold and silver are lying?'

'Why do your women have such large feet, just like men, instead of golden lilies three inches long?' The teachers might have lost patience, but instead they kept on telling us the story of the Lord of Heaven, who sent His Son to die for our salvation. I liked to hear them. Their message went to my heart. It was meant for me.

"When they were done I walked straight home, and told my wife and children what the strangers had said. And Shin-Ku—she was only six years old then—believed the glad tidings just at once. You should have seen her eyes sparkling with delight. It was all so new to her and so very sweet.

"I had a good deal to bear from the neighbours after that. They hated the Jesus-sect. But Shin-Ku had a hundred ways of comforting me when she saw me in trouble. She had her own trials, too. When she went out to the fields in the cotton harvest, to pick the balls of down from the pods, the other girls called her names, and told her of dreadful things which the followers of Jesus did. But Shin-Ku has such a warm heart. She only did good to her persecutors; and there is nobody in Han-Chwan who would say a hard word to her now.

"Often after evening rice she gets these girls round her, and goes over what she has learned about the saving Lord. She has a wonderful memory. I have heard her repeating the Commandments to them, and the Lord's Prayer, and verses out of the Holy Book. It makes me think of what the Missionary read to us once, 'And a little child shall lead them.'

"Two years ago we heard that the Christian Chapel in Han-kow was blown down by a storm. I wanted to do something to assist my friends in the city. 'And can I not help to build the House of God?' Shin-Ku asked me. Then she went to her room and to the box where she keeps her treasures. She drew up a string of cash, a hundred or so. Some of them had been given her as keepsakes; some of them she had got from the neighbours for running their errands. It was all she had. She brought the little bunch of coins to me with a very happy face. Her heart was set on giving it away. She would not be satisfied until I took it.

"I have just one great sorrow about Shin-Ku. When she was only a baby, she was promised in marriage to Yan-ting, the son of our heathen neighbour, and she will have to go to her husband by-and-by. I tremble to think of what may be in store for her. But I keep telling myself that God will be her refuge and her strength. And perhaps—who knows?—she may lead Yan-ting into the school of Jesus."

I have put into my own words what Mr. Hu said to Mr. Chih-Shwin that morning not so long ago. Mr. Chih-Shwin was glad to hear it all; for he had learned the good news away in Shanghai, and had been baptized in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. And before the two friends parted, who should come running along the street but Shin-Ku herself? A

bright-faced lassie she was; her new religion had made her happier than ever. She had hair as black as a raven's feathers, hanging down her back in one long plait, which was fashioned at the end with a scarlet ribbon. Her dress was of dark-blue cotton, trimmed with silk of a lighter colour. She did not toddle and limp, as so many Chinese girls do, for her father had too much good sense to allow her feet to be bound; she would run a race with any of you. Mr. Chih-Shwin smiled and spoke to her. Then he bowed as only a courteous Chinese gentleman can bow. "*Tsai-hwei*," he said to Mr. Hu, "Good-bye, and many thanks for your story. And *Tsai-hwei*, little Shin-Ku, and may the good Lord Himself bless you and keep you."

## The Clever Hare and Her Foolish Son.

"DO you know, sir, what she did?" the ploughman said to me. "The big collie was after her, and she doubled and doubled till she got near the big dyke, and then she ran straight at it full speed till she was only six yards from it, and then she suddenly 'clapped' on the ground, and the collie never noticed her but went over the dyke into the next field. What a disappointment he would get!"

Her son would have been clever too, but bad company spoiled him. I knew one odd thing he did. It was the day the Silverhill coverts were beat. There was some disorder among the beaters, two roe-deer having appeared where no roe had been seen for six years. In the confusion a young pointer broke loose, and dashing through the wood, it and the hare charged each other blindly, the hare getting off all right, while the pointer went head over heels.

There was a wicked old hare, blind of an eye, who used to tell stories to the leverets in the corner of the grass park in the gloamin'.

"Tell us how you lost your eye?" they would say.

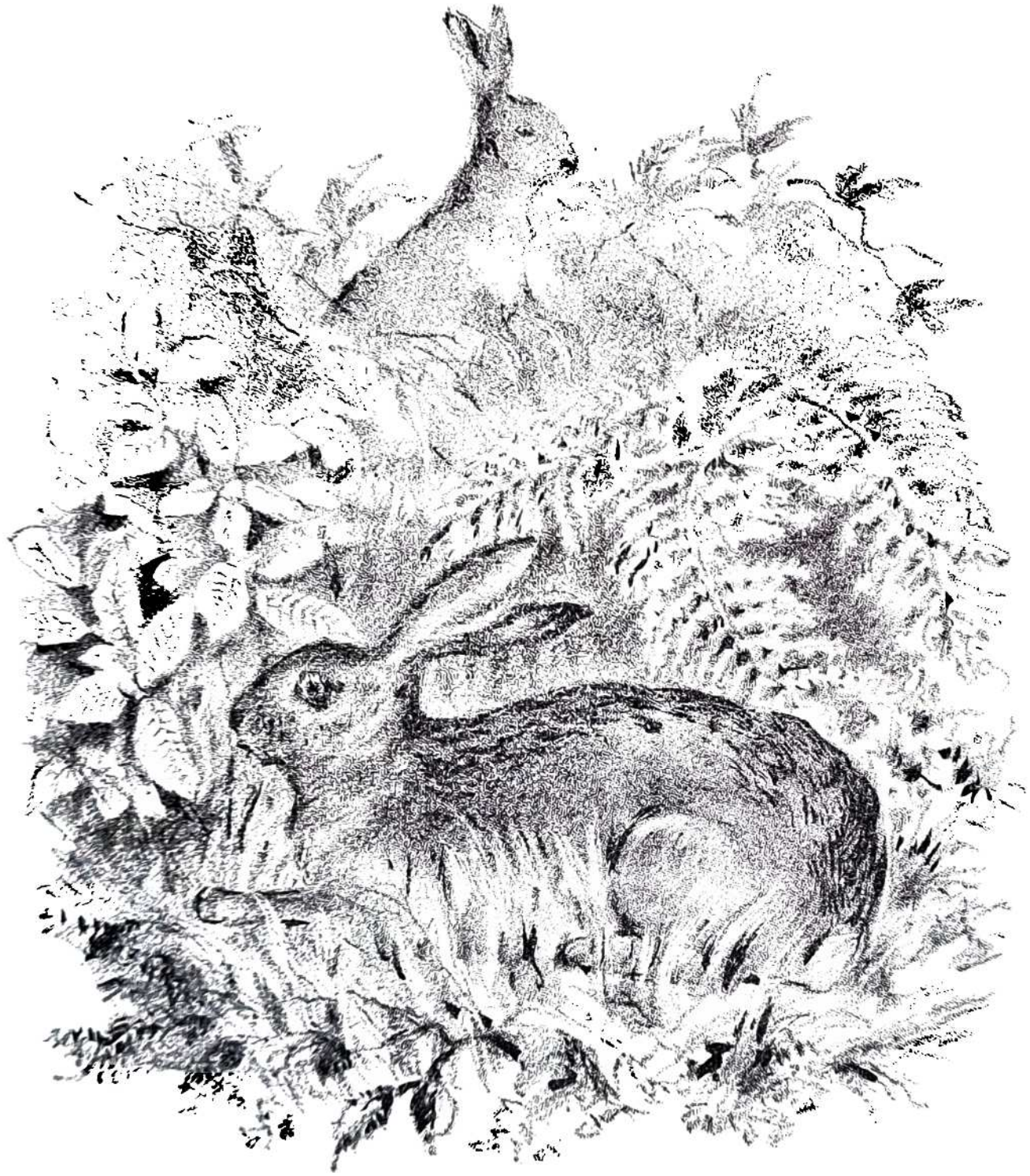
"Ah, well, it was the day Admiral Crichton, the best shot in Scotland, was here; and now that I remember, Major de Winton was one of the party. He had killed more tigers than any man in India except one, and that was his own brother. There were eight guns. I was lying in my 'form' at the foot of the fir strip over yonder. Two guns came down the centre of the wood, two outside, and the other four posted at the bottom, one of them five feet from me."

"And were you not terribly frightened?"

"What would I be frightened for? Well, after the strip was done, they all gathered in a circle to discuss whether they would do the other strip before lunch or not."

"And where were you?"

"Where was I? I was right in the middle of the circle, and they never saw me. I wasn't going to get up out of my warm 'form' for them on a cold winter day. So I lay and heard all their plans for the afternoon, and then went and spread



the alarm. They didn't bag another thing that day—fur or feather."

"But didn't you get shot?"

"Oh yes, I forgot that; I had just warned the pheasants in the west wood, when I came right across the whole eight guns. They fired sixteen shots at me. Major de Winton said it was the only shot he had missed since the day the tiger killed Captain Wheatfield at Sahibgunge."

The young hare told the story to his mother. "My dear," she said, "there is not one word of truth in it. It is nine years since the Major was here, and your friend is only four years old, and he lost his eye fighting. There is no need to tell lies to make out life wonderful."

But the young hare got more foolish every day, and more careless. Many a warning he got; but the shooting season ended, and not a single pellet had struck him.

It was the night of the 28th of February, the wintriest February for many years. The mother hare and her son were chatting. "Now you see," he said, "you have been frightening me all year, and it has come to nothing, and you have spoiled all my fun. I am going round by the loch to-morrow. February is past; there wont be any wild-fowl shooting, and even if there were, the mathematical chances that I should be hit —oh, but I forgot you don't know mathematics."

On the morrow there was skating and curling, and then some teal and wild-duck shooting. The different parties met on the road home. The youngest son of the family begged hard to get firing one shot, it would be his last chance that year.

"All right," his brother said, "I've put one cartridge in for you."

Next minute, a teal rose from the reeds; the boy fired, the teal fell into the water, and at the same moment there was a pitiful scream on the bank above. The shot that killed the bird had struck our friend the hare. In a moment he was in the retriever's mouth.

"Well done," the boy's brothers cried, "a teal and a hare with the last shot of the season; not bad for the 29th of February!"

"Ah," said the poor hare; "I forgot it was leap year; if I had only known a little less mathematics, and a little more simple arithmetic, and obeyed my mother——."

## Bible Questions.

SENIORS.—1. Directions in the Bible as to how we should use our eyes. 2. Rules for the tongue. 3. Rules for our feet. 4. A list of islands in the Bible.

JUNIORS.—1. Write out any verse in Proverbs that has no words of more than one syllable. 2. Write out in your own words some of the things you know about Angels. 3. Mention ten things that will not be in heaven.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the December number have been received from—

**SENIORS.**—Alex. Adams, H. M. B., A. Chancellor, Sarah Campbell, Maggie K. W. Martin, James Paterson; *Quests. 2 and 4*—Thomas M'Candlis; *Quests. 2, 3, and 4*—M. S. Craig, A. Fulton, Caroline G. Haddow, Jessie M. Murray, Thomas M'Candlis.

**JUNIORS.**—Janet Barclay, Gardner Blair, David Blair, A. Culton, James S. Fulton (1, 2), Bertie Hardie, John S. Howie (2, 3), Amelia H. Lang, Mary H. Martin, Edith M. Murray, James M'Candlis, Lizzie M'Carlie, Annie M'Creedy, Agnes Paterson (1), James Paterson, Robert S. Paterson, Willie Archie Paterson, Jack Ralston, Niobe Ralston, Isabella C. Yule.

*The names of those who did the January lessons will be published in March.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | M | Shine forth.—*Psalm 80, 1.* |
| 2 | Tu | There came a cloud overshadowing them : |
| 3 | W | And there came a voice out of the cloud.—*Mark 9, 7 (R.V.).* |
| 4 | Th | I sat down under his shadow with great delight.—*Song of Solomon 2, 3.* |
| | | In His face<br>Is light, but in His shadow healing too.<br>*Browning : The Ring and the Book.* |
| 5 | F | He maketh the clouds His chariot.—*Psalm 104, 3.* |
| 6 | S | Till the shadows flee away.—*Song of Solomon 4, 6.* |
| 7 | S | Keep thy heart with all diligence.—*Prov. 4, 23.* |
| 8 | M | Take heed what ye hear.—*Mark 4, 24.* |
| 9 | Tu | Let thine eyes delight in my ways.—*Prov. 23, 26.* |
| 10 | W | Be not rash with thy mouth.—*Eccles. 5, 2.* |
| 11 | Th | Ye are not your own ; |
| 12 | F | Ye are bought with a price ; |
| 13 | S | Glorify therefore God in your body.—*1 Cor. 6, 19.* |
| | | If I be dear to some one else,<br>Then I should be to myself more dear.<br>Shall I not take care of all that I think,<br>Yea, even of wretched meat and drink,<br>If I be dear to some one else?<br>*Tennyson.* |
| 14 | S | As God's elect, holy and beloved, |
| 15 | M | Put on a heart of compassion, |
| 16 | Tu | Kindness, humility, |
| 17 | W | Meekness, longsuffering ; |
| 18 | Th | Forbearing one another, |
| 19 | F | And forgiving each other (This day, 1685, two Covenanters, Edward Gordon and Alexander M'Cubin, were hanged on a growing tree near the kirk of Irongray. When the hangman asked forgiveness, M'Cubin replied, "Poor man, I forgive thee and all men."), |
| 20 | S | Even as the Lord forgave you.—*Col. 3, 12 (R.V.).* |
| 21 | S | Sin hath reigned.—*Rom. 5, 17.* |
| 22 | M | Death reigned.—*Rom. 5, 14.* ("O eloquent, just, and mighty Death ! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded ; what none hath dared, thou hast done ; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised ; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two words, *Hic jacet, Here lies.*"<br>*Sir Walter Raleigh.* |
| 23 | Tu | The Lord reigneth.—*Psalm 93, 1.* |
| 24 | W | Christ Jesus hath abolished death.—*2 Tim. 1, 10.* |
| 25 | Th | Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth.—*Rev. 14, 13.* |
| 26 | F | Because I live, ye shall live also.—*John 14, 19.* |
| 27 | S | They shall reign for ever and ever.—*Rev. 22, 5.* |
| 28 | S | Lo, I am with you all the days.—*Matt. 28, 20.* |
| 29 | M | Every day will I bless Thee.—*Psalm 145, 2.* |

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March, 1892. One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

## March.

*The Volume of "The Morning Watch" for 1890 may be had from the Publishers, price Tenpence; or by post One Shilling.*

*The Volume for 1891 is also ready.*

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

# International Sabbath School Lessons.

*March 6.*—The Downfall of Judah.—Jer. xxxix. 1-10. Text, Matt. xxiii. 38. Quest. 62. Psalm lxii. 11,12.

THESE verses describe the most tragic scene in the history of Israel. For the sins of her kings and people, the hour of God's judgment, often delayed, has come on Jerusalem. In the place where He had put His own Name, heathen captains sit, named after their idols (Nergal, Nebo, v. 4). The king and the princes suffer most, as most responsible. Babylonian sculptures remain in which a king like Nebuchadnezzar is represented drawing captives to his feet by a hook in their jaws, and thrusting out their eyes with a lance. Read chap. 22, v. 10, and you will see that to Jeremiah exile was even worse than death. The poor in Israel, all the prophets tell us, were much oppressed by the rich; and when the worst came, it was they only who were treated with any consideration.

*March 13.*—Promise of a New Heart.—Ezek. xxxvi. 25-38. Text, Ezek. xxxvi. 26. Quest. 63. Psalm lxiii. 1,2.

GOD is promising to bless His people here, but He must first make them fit to receive blessing. They must not only be led to change their conduct, but have another spirit given to them. Evil men cannot but think wrongly of God and of all good, for their heart is wrong. They are as insensible to God's love, as thankless for His mercies as their "stony heart" forces them to be. The whole man needs to be changed and that (v. 27) is the gift of God. Judgment had come to them in such shapes as exile and famine. They are to be brought home again and God will "call for the corn" which has been withheld from them by His servant, Nature. It is when they are changed in heart and spirit that they will rightly loathe sin. We can get no blessing till we turn from sin and repent, but the holier a man becomes the deeper becomes his knowledge of sin and his hatred of it. When it is said (v. 32) that the blessing will come not for their sakes, that means that they have not deserved it, their suffering has not atoned for their sin. Men often feel that such judgment has come on them in this life, they have had such trials, that they hope just on that account things will be better with them hereafter. Suffering does not wipe out sin, but it is meant to lead us to repentance, to Christ. We have in v. 37 one of the reasons why we should in our prayers tell everything to God. He knows all our needs, but by telling them we feel more deeply that it is He Who alone can supply them all.

*March 20.*—Review of the Lessons.—Text, Psalm xxxiv. 8. Quest. 64. Psalm lxiii. 3-5.

*March 27.*—The Blessings of the Gospel.—Isa. xl. 1-10. Text, Isa. xl. 5. Quest. 65. Psalm lxiii. 6-8.

THIS is a message to God's people in suffering and in suffering for their sin. People think at times that God has forgotten them when troubles come on them, even though they fear they know why they have come. Trials however fierce are no sign that God has forsaken us: rather they are means by which He would bring us back to Him. To Israel suffering judgment the words are, "My people," "your God." The comforting message is that the warfare and trial are nearly past. The statement that they have "received double for all their sins" is not to be read in any literal sense, but practically as saying that God's purposes in their punishment have now been fully served. He is to return to them in favours. Their duty is to prepare His way, to make ready their hearts to receive His promises in faith and His blessings in thankfulness. Their trust is now to be not in worldly, passing things, but in the unchangeable word of the Lord. They are to believe better than the best that their narrow hearts have hitherto let them think of Him, and in unchanging love and mercy to such, they are now to "behold their God."

# How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
# How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

*Continued from page 16.*

At the age of 43

George Washington was chosen commander-in-chief of the American forces during the war with Britain. It is not easy to like people who beat us, and Washington has never been a favourite in this country. Yet he was a great man, a great warrior, a great statesman; as modest as he was brave. From the beginning of the war he refused all pay, and at the close of it refused to let the troops make him king. He was of great stature, 6 feet 2 inches in height, and of a most commanding appearance.

On the day on which it was announced to him in Congress that he had been chosen to command the troops, he rose in his place and thanked all present. "But," he added, "I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room, that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, that I do not think myself equal to the command I am honoured with." The verdict of history has been very different.

44

Matthew Henry issued the first volume of his Commentary on the Bible, 1706. He had got to the end of the Acts of the Apostles before he died in 1714. The preface to the last volume he published closes with these words: "One volume more, I hope, will include what is yet to be done, and I will both go about it and go on with it as God shall enable me, with all convenient speed; but it is that part of the Scripture which, of all others, requires the most care and pains in expounding it. But I trust that as the day, so shall the strength be."

To write a Commentary on the whole Word of God was, as he says himself, a "bold undertaking." But it has been well for our country that Matthew Henry entered on it. It is from many points of view the best book of its kind in our language. It is delightfully written in racy English, and is interesting even to a boy. I remember long ago the delight in our house when we heard that my father was going to buy it. We had often heard it quoted from the pulpit, and were longing to hear more of it. And I remember the day the six huge volumes came—they cost only twenty shillings—and how I spent the first Saturday after, printing my father's name in half-inch old English letters on each of them. When you begin to gather books you may do worse than buy Matthew Henry—not *Scott and Henry*, but Matthew Henry alone.

The most of the book was written in Chester where he was a dissenting minister. There is a monument to him in that city, and the two-storeyed summer-house, which he used as a study, still stands. His father was a famous minister named Philip Henry, one of the 2,000 ministers who left the Church of England when the "Act of Uniformity" was passed. He had the same shrewd sense that his son had, as the following story shows. There was a woman in his parish who kept a very untidy house. One day he went in to see her.

At the age of 44

She was reading her Bible—she had probably heard his step—but everything was in confusion, the hearth and floor unswept, and the dishes unwashed. Mr. Henry looked round him, and then at her, and said, "Is there no fear of God in this place?"

Matthew Henry's mother was a woman of good family. His teacher was a famous man called Thomas Doolittle, a man of whom we may say, to judge by his own life and the lives of many of his pupils, that he seems to have been utterly unworthy of the name he bore.

44 LUCRETIUS, the Roman poet, died about 45 B.C. He was one of the greatest writers of ancient times. We have only one poem of his, a philosophical one; it has 7,000 lines. There is a wonderful majesty at times in the roll of his verse. He does not tell us a single thing about his own history, but we know his life must have been full of sadness. He thought that men were unhappy because they had a slavish fear of the gods, and he tried to show them that the soul perishes with the body, and that the gods took no interest whatever in our affairs, dwelling

> Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
> Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
> Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
> Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
> Their sacred everlasting calm!

O that poor Lucretius had known Him Who counts the hairs of our heads, and pities us as a father pitieth his children. His end was a very sad one. His wife, it is said, anxious that he should love her more, got a witch to prepare something to put in his drink, and it made him mad.

> The wicked broth
> Confused the chemic labour of his blood,

And in his frenzy he put an end to his life. Tennyson has a beautiful poem about him, and pictures, at the end, his poor wife rushing in when she heard him fall, and crying out that she had failed in duty to him. She

> Clasp'd, kissed him, wail'd; he answered, "Care not thou!
> Thy duty? What is duty? Fare thee well!"

## "Cry Quietly."

MRS. WESLEY was the mother of the famous John Wesley, who preached 40,000 times, after whom the Wesleyans are named. She was a remarkable woman. There have been few such "mothers in Israel." One of the things she taught her children was to "cry quietly," and as there were nineteen of them, it was well she did.

In the streets of Alexandria and Cairo in Egypt, to this day, you will see and hear big bearded men crying loudly, "lifting up their voices and weeping," as the Bible says, as little children do in our own streets. But it is not a pretty sight even in the young. I hope you will all learn to cry as little as

*Susanna Wesley, the Mother of John Wesley.*

possible, and if you must cry, to "cry quietly." I was once in a conveyance with a very wise man, when the door suddenly flew open, and his little daughter fell out into the street. She jumped up immediately, and I was beginning to make a great ado over her, when her father checked me, and continued the conversation as if nothing had happened. The little girl, too, seemed to think nothing of it. When we got home I spoke to him about her bravery, and asked him why he said nothing to her, and why he forbade me to speak. And his answer was, "Never make a fuss about children when they fall or cut themselves. If mine tumble, I just let them lie, and they don't lie long!"

Haven't you noticed that with dogs? If you trample on one, it will whine as long as you pet it and

say, "Poor doggie!" Of course you will apologise to it, some way or other, and the dog will quite understand you, but the less you say about its pain, the more it will respect both itself and you.

I knew a family of sons and daughters so hardily brought up that they never even thought of mentioning cuts and bruises that were really dangerous. They are still all young, but some of them have begun to make their mark in the world already. The boy who is kept a week from school, and is fed on barley-sugar, and gets a present of a drum, because he has hurt his toe, will never be either a Columbus or a Luther; he will be a baby to the end. So, "cry quietly," if you must, remembering that your tears are in God's bottle, and have all to be accounted for.

## The Ewe and her Lamb.

HE was only a few weeks old, and was in high glee, for he had never seen snow before. So happy was he that his mother was half glad too that it had snowed, and watched him with fond eyes as he capered through it, and tossed it with his little heels.

Presently he paused for a moment, and then came running back to her with a look of wonder on his face, and all out of breath.

"What is it? you white little fairy," she said.

"I've been thinking," he said.

"And what have you been thinking?"

"Well, mother dear, I'm so happy; everything was so pretty before the snow came, and the snow has made things still prettier, and though it is cold, I don't feel it a bit, I have such a warm jacket, and you are so good to me, and so fond of me"—and here he came quite close to her.

"Well," she said, "and what else?"

"I used to think it was all chance that I had you to care for me, and feed me; it never struck me that things had been really meant for me, and now, do you know, mother, I think *Some One has done it Who had it all arranged beforehand!*"

"And you are quite right, my bonnie lammie," she said. "It was God Who

> 'Gave thee clothing of delight,
> Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
> Gave thee such a tender voice,
> Making all the vales rejoice.'

And the longer you live, you will find He has done the more for you."

## What the Missionaries are doing over the Seas.

### Chapter III.

*About* Neesima Simata, *who knocked till the Beautiful Gate was opened to him.*

I WONDER if any of you know the story of Yoshida Torajiro. If you do not, you should ask your father to get from the library the book in which Mr. Stevenson

tells the story in the beautiful English he writes with such a cunning hand. It will do you good to read about the great-hearted Japanese gentleman who was so eager to win knowledge for himself and to teach it to his countrymen. When he grew drowsy over his books he would, if it was summer, put mosquitoes up his sleeve; and, if it was winter, take off his shoes and run barefoot on the snow. That should rebuke you, as Mr. Stevenson says, when you are droning over your lessons. That should send you to your work with a stouter heart. But I want to introduce you to another Japanese hero who had all Yoshida's earnestness, and who was far more fortunate in his lot. Yoshida was put to death when he was thirty-one years old. "A military engineer, a bold traveller, a poet, a patriot, a schoolmaster, a friend to learning, a martyr to reform—there are not many men, dying at seventy, who have served their country in such various characters." But he had never been taught the truth as it is in Jesus. It was the work of Neesima Simata's earlier years to search for Jesus. It was the joy of his later years that he had found Him.

I

He was born in 1843, in Tokio, the capital of Japan. His father was one of the Samurai, an officer in the army, and a well-known citizen. He took care that his son got a good education. The boy learned to read and write Chinese, and to handle the sword. He learned, too, to worship the family idols which stood on a shelf in his home. But one day, when he was about fifteen, he refused to do reverence to the idols any more; something told him that they were false gods who could not hear or help him. And then a passionate desire to grow wise took possession of him; but how to manage it—that was the problem. For those were the Dark Ages in Japan, and the Government was afraid of foreigners and of foreign books. Neesima used to watch the great ships from England that visited Japanese waters, and he wished he could sail away in one of them to the favoured countries that had schools and colleges. But it seemed a hopeless wish, for it meant death to a native of Japan if he were caught trying to escape from the islands. "Why can I not be free?" he cried. "Why am I shut up like a bird in a cage?" But he turned the years of waiting to good account. First he picked up the Dutch language, and then English. By-and-by he taught himself arithmetic and navigation. Then, when he was in a friend's house, he saw a bit of the Chinese Bible, part of the Old Testament, among some other books. He begged the loan of it, and read it at night lest his whole family should be persecuted for his ill-doing. It told him about the true God. And from that time, morning and night and often during the day, he began to send up a touching prayer to this God whom as yet he knew only afar off. "O God," he said, "if You have eyes, look on me; if You have ears, listen for me." But all

this while he had never heard the name of Jesus.

II.

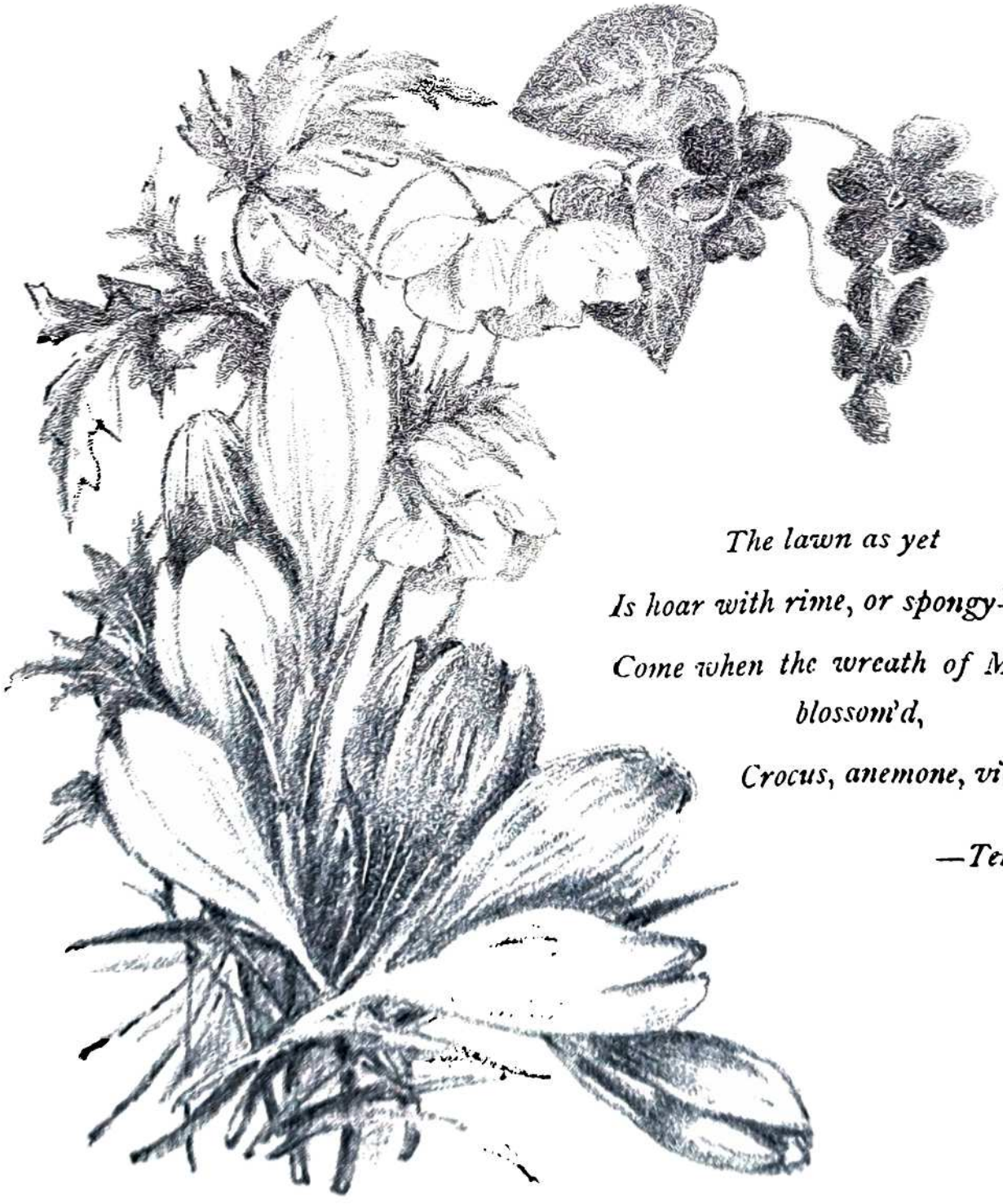
At last he could bear it no longer. He thought that God's voice kept calling to him to leave his home and he would find the light he was yearning for. When he was twenty-one, he pled with his father and with the Daimio, the Prince, to let him go. At first they both refused, but afterwards they gave their consent. He went to Hakodadi, which was now an open port, hoping to find an Englishman there or an English Bible. He was disappointed, but soon an American ship sailed into the harbour. He stole on board, disguised as a servant. Next morning the Japanese officers came to search the ship, but the captain hid him from them. And so Neesima bade good-bye to Japan for many a day. It was more than a year before he reached Boston. At Hong-Kong he saw an English New Testament for the first time. He parted with the shorter of his two swords, the glory of every Samurai, to purchase the Word of God. When the voyage was over, he had gone through Matthew and Mark and Luke; he had come as far as John iii. 16, and there he stopped—that sweet verse opened a window for him into the deepest and tenderest heart of God, and he kept looking in for a long while; he was beginning to know Jesus now. I must tell you another curious thing. On board the *Wild Rover* he read "Robinson Crusoe" as well as the New Testament; and from it he learned to pray to the Heavenly Father as his Friend, near to him and caring for him. Does not God sometimes lead His children to Himself by roads that look strange to us?

III.

I think Neesima was a Christian before he left the *Wild Rover* and walked along Boston streets. But he found friends in America who taught him the way of life more perfectly, and it was not long till he was baptized as a scholar and soldier of Jesus Christ. He went to college; he got the learning he had been seeking. Then, in 1868, the great revolution took place in Japan. The old tyrannical King was driven from the throne, and the Government of the Mikado, the rightful Prince, was set up instead. The country was quite open now to the knowledge of the West. A Japanese Embassy, headed by a remarkable man, Mr. Iwakura, was sent to America and to Europe; and whom do you think they chose for their interpreter and secretary? Who but Neesima Simata. He showed the statesmen a fine example. For one thing, he refused to travel on the Sabbath day; nothing, neither threats nor bribes, could induce him to break God's commandment. At length, in 1874, after ten years' exile, he was back again in Japan. He left it a Ronyin, an outlaw; he returned to be held in honour by all. He went away to try and find a Saviour; he came back to tell his countrymen about Him. Neesima Simata was the first Japanese missionary of Christ; that is the crown of glory with which God has crowned him for ever. And his gentle, useful, happy life preached

Jesus as powerfully as his spoken words; he went about continually doing good. He founded a great Christian school for boys in Kioto, the School of the Doshisha it is called. In January, 1890, he died, worn out by his labours of love; and I am sure that there were children who cried in the streets when they heard the news. Japan lost one of its best friends that winter's day.

And that is the true story of Neesima Simata, who sold all he had to buy the Pearl of Great Price, and whom God rewarded a hundredfold.



*The lawn as yet*

*Is hoar with rime, or spongy-wet;*

*Come when the wreath of March has blossom'd,*

*Crocus, anemone, violet.*

*—Tennyson.*

YELLOW fever, or *Black Jack*, as sailors call it, is one of the things that have made the proposed French Canal across the Isthmus of Panama the most disastrous speculation of modern times. In one month alone, September, 1884, the company buried 654 officers and men.

The yellow fever of the country, says Dr. Walfred Nelson in his *Five Years at Panama*, just published, is a peculiarly malignant disease. "Death is the rule, recovery the exception." "While it is true that some total abstainers on the Isthmus have been swept away by yellow fever, I can recall three desperate cases, one being my own, which had been abandoned, and in which death was looked for. All recovered, thanks to abstemious habits."

"The idea that any human being in hot climates requires alcohol is an old time myth, kept up by those who like to drink. Bear in mind that in temperate climes every organ has its own fair share of work. In the tropics, within the malarial and yellow fever belt, where there is such extreme heat and constant moisture, the lungs are unable to do all of their share, and a part of it falls upon the liver, and hence the liver becomes enlarged.

"No fact is better known to students than that the very moderate drinkers—men who drink several times a day, but are never seen under the influence of drink—are among the earliest victims in all epidemics of yellow fever, and they are lost from the start."

"From my professional and personal experience, having tried both moderate stimulation and total abstinence, I am firmly of the opinion that the people who best resist these wretched climates and make the best fight against disease, are the total abstainers."

NEVER mislike with me for taking in hand any laudable and honest enterprise, for if through pleasure or idleness we purchase shame, the pleasure vanisheth, but the shame abideth for ever.—*Sir Humphrey Gilbert.*

IN the year 642, the Arabs, 30,000 strong, defeated the Persians, who were five times as many. Firuzan, the leader of the Persians, fled, and his fate gave rise to a proverb. He found the mountain pass by which he tried to escape blocked by a caravan of camels laden with honey, and so was overtaken and slain. Hence the saying, "*Part of the Lord's host is the honey-bee.*"—*The Caliphate: Sir W. Muir.*

## New Stars.

A FEW weeks ago a new star burst forth in the heavens in the constellation *Auriga* or *The Charioteer*. Maybe it has been there from the beginning, for we have not yet found out the Almighty to perfection. Maybe it is a new lamp that He has kindled sixty or seventy years ago, whose rays are only now reaching us. There is no star visible to us the very moment it is made. We are very slow to

catch the light. Perhaps God is making new stars now that will only come into human view when a hundred years are gone. This much is certain, God is making new stars on earth.

Do we not see stars, great lights, setting every day? Their places must be filled. Will any of you, I wonder, who read these words, ever be stars in the right hand of Him Who rides in heaven, Whose chariots are twenty thousand, even thousands of thousands?

If you read these stories I tell you about men's ages, you will see that some reached greatness very early; if we are spared, we shall see some reach it very late. I hope your rising will come soon. But if you would shine before all men twenty years after this, shine now where you are; in the house, in the playground, in the street, in the house of God; and shine when no eye sees you. And the way to become a star is to look and look at Christ the Sun of righteousness.

SOME time ago I was speaking to a business man in Denmark, a man of great powers and extremely energetic, who is an exception to Danes generally. I said, "Will you tell me why it is you are so different from all your countrymen?" "Yes," he answered; "it is because I learned my business in Liverpool." "Will you tell me," I said, "what is the difference between Liverpool and Copenhagen?" "I will tell you," he said, "in one word. If I had been learning my business here, and I came to a difficulty, I should straight go to one of my superiors in the office, and he would take a great deal of trouble to tell me how to get over the difficulty, and show me how it should be done. But when I was in an office in Liverpool, and I came to a difficulty, and went to my superior there, and asked him to explain it to me, he said. 'Do not bother me about it; find it out!' And," my friend added, "that is the secret."—*Life of Mr. Brassey.*

## Bible Questions.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

SENIORS.—1. "The Lord of hosts": mention some of His hosts. 2. A list of people who were disappointed in their friends. 3. Names given in the New Testament to preachers of the Gospel. 4. A list of miraculous lights.

JUNIORS.—1. What are the three longest and the three shortest chapters in the Gospels? 2. Mention four men in the Gospels who are described as *writing*. 3. Names and titles of Christ in Matthew 21.

Good answers to the Questions in the December number have been received from—

**SENIORS.**—Alex. Adams, A. Chancellor, Maggie S. Craig, Alex. Fulton, Caroline G. Haddow, Jane Proudfoot Hastings, A. Macsween, Mary H. Martin, James M'Crea, James Paterson.

**JUNIORS.**—Janet Barclay, Gardner Blair, David Blair, John Crawford, Gavin W. Drinnan, James S. Fulton, Bertie Hardie, Jessie Y. Howie, John S. Howie (2, 3), Annie Kean, Matthew Laing, J. Norman Lynd, D. C. Macsween, Janet Macsween, John Macsween, Edith Murray, James M'Crea, Jessie K. M'Kinnon, Matilda M'Kinnon, William A. Paterson, Hugh Pattison, E. Pomphrey, Jack Ralston, Niobe Ralston, Lucy Robinson, Isabella C. Yule.

*The names of those who did the February lessons will be published in April.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | Tu | The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.—*Eph. 3, 19.* |
| 2 | W | The peace of God, which passeth understanding.—*Phil. 4, 7.* |
| 3 | Th | Eternal comfort, |
| 4 | F | And good hope.—*2 Thess. 2, 16 (R. V.).* |
| 5 | S | Joy unspeakable.—*1 Peter 1, 8.* To-day, 1685, John Dick, divinity student, a Covenanter, was hanged in Edinburgh. In the morning he wrote to his father: "This has been one of the pleasantest nights I have had in my lifetime. The competition is only betwixt it and that I got eleven years ago at Nesbit, where and when, in a barley-ridge, upon the Saturday's night and Sabbath morning before the Communion, the Lord made me, with my whole soul, close with Him upon His own terms." |
| 6 | S | Words of grace proceeded out of His mouth.—*Luke 4, 22 (R. V.).* |
| 7 | M | The Lord answered the angel with good words, comfortable words.—*Zech. 1, 13.* |
| 8 | Tu | The angel said, I bring you good tidings.—*Luke 2, 10.* |
| 9 | W | Let my words be acceptable in Thy sight, my Redeemer.—*Psalm 19, 14.* "'Twas a thief said the last kind word to Christ."—*Browning.* |
| 10 | Th | The words of the wise are as goads.—*Eccles. 12, 11.* "The words of John Knox at Stirling put more strength in us in one hour than five hundred trumpets continually blustering in our ears."—*Randolph.* |
| 11 | F | God was extolled with my tongue.—*Psalm 66, 17.* |
| 12 | S | O Lord, keep the door of my lips.—*Psalm 141, 3.* |
| 13 | S | His Son, heir of all things.—*Heb. 1, 2.* |
| 14 | M | He shall choose our inheritance for us.—*Psalm 47, 4.* |
| 15 | Tu | Joint heirs with Christ.—*Rom. 8, 17.* |
| 16 | W | But thou art rich.—*Rev. 2, 9.* |
| 17 | Th | The kingdom prepared for you.—*Matt. 25, 34.* |
| 18 | F | Grace and glory.—*Psalm 84, 11.* "Grace and glory is the bait of the Gospel; milk and honey was the bait that drew 600,000 out of Egypt."—*Bunyan.* |
| 19 | S | The Holy Spirit, an earnest of our inheritance.—*Eph. 1, 14.* |
| 20 | S | Lord, teach us to pray.—*Luke 11, 1.* |
| 21 | M | Pray without ceasing.—*1 Thess. 5, 17.* |
| 22 | Tu | Pray everywhere.—*1 Tim. 2, 8.* |
| 23 | W | Pray with the understanding.—*1 Cor. 14, 15.* |
| 24 | Th | Pray one for another.—*James 5, 16.*<br>Each bears like thee some nameless weight,<br>Some misery inarticulate,<br>Some secret sin, some shrouded dread,<br>Some household sorrow all unsaid.—*Whittier.* |
| 25 | F | Pray without wrath, and doubting.—*1 Tim. 2, 8.* |
| 26 | S | With thanksgiving.—*Phil. 4, 6.* |
| 27 | S | Come before His presence with singing.—*Psalm 100, 2.* |
| 28 | M | Sing unto Him a new song; |
| 29 | Tu | Play skilfully with a loud noise.—*Psalm 33, 3.* |
| 30 | W | I will sing as long as I live.—*Psalm 104, 33.* |
| 31 | Th | I will give Thee thanks for ever.—*Psalm 52, 9.* |

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April, 1892. One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

*Edited by Rev. J. P Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

The Speckled Hen.

*The Volume of "The Morning Watch" for 1890 may be had from the Publishers, price Tenpence; or by post One Shilling.*

*The Volume for 1891 is also ready.*

**Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.**

# International Sabbath School Lessons.

*April 3.*—The Way of the Righteous.—Psalm i. 1-6. Text, Psalm i. 1. Quest. 66. Psalm lxv. 1-3.

THE first Psalm is a preface to all the Psalms, and condenses the truth of all: happy are the godly, unhappy the ungodly. Happiness is what all men seek, and here God makes His way to it straight before our face. Even a fool cannot miss it unless he tries. The first verse gives us the impression that the happy man is rare—he stands out as one who is not doing what most people do, keeping company with the wicked. Notice that the highest degree of wickedness, that of the scorners, is what foolish people sometimes admire and think clever. The law of the Lord means everything He has revealed to us of Himself and His will—it means for us the whole Bible, and especially Jesus Christ. Lovely and fruitful and ever fresh are those who delight in this: God never leaves them, and their happiness never fails. But that happiness cannot belong to those who are ungodly. Everything goes wrong with them. The good man's way is the way everlasting; but the bad man's way perishes—it leads only to ruin. This Psalm is sealed by a word of Jesus: Blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it.

*April 10.*—The King in Zion.—Psalm ii. 1-12. Text, Psalm ii. 12. Quest. 67, 68. Psalm lxv. 4.

PSALM 2, 7, and Psalm 40, 7, take us further back into eternity than any other part of the Bible. They are the Godhead's earliest words and thoughts. Their thoughts were all of love. God so loved His Son that He told Him what to ask, and gave Him "many brethren" as His greatest gift; and so loved us, rebels, that He bids us "kiss the Son!"

How glorious the missionary's life is! how pitiable the ungodly statesman's! "The sure decree," says Rutherford, "is older than all our Acts of Parliament."

*April 17.*—God's Works and Word.—Psalm xix. 1-14. Text, Psalm xix. 7. Quest. 69. Psalm lxv. 5.

THE Psalm is a comparison of the silent testimony of the heavens and the uttered testimony of the law to the glory of the Lord. The heavens impress us, having "no speech nor language, their voice is not heard." We need to be prepared before we can hear the voice of the heavens. To one man a sunset suggests thoughts that bring tears, to another it only hints that it is near bed-time. The sun in the East has no slow dawn, but bursts on the horizon. Every morning it seems to rise refreshed, like a bridegroom standing at the beginning of a new and hopeful life. The law of the Lord, for which the Psalmist has so many praises, speaks to duller minds. It is plainer and brings men nearer God. It tells us more about ourselves too, as well as more about God, than the heavens do. It tells us of our danger of falling into errors and secret faults and high-handed sins. But it reveals, as the heavens do not, that God is our help against them all, "our strength and our redeemer."

*April 24.*—The Lord my Shepherd.—Psalm xxiii. 1-6. Text, Psalm xxiii. 1. Quest. 70, 71. Psalm lxv. 6-8.

THE 22nd Psalm tells of the Good Shepherd's death; the 23rd Psalm tells of the "glories that followed": He has found His lost sheep.

It is a Psalm for childhood, and old age, and the mid time of our days; a Psalm for life, a Psalm for death; for the day of marriage and the day of burial; for adversity and for prosperity; for body, soul, and spirit; for the hour of sin and the hour of grace; for present, past, and future; for time and for eternity.

*May 1.*—The Prayer of the Penitent.—Psalm li. 1-13. Text, Psalm li. 10. Quest. 72. Psalm lxv. 9, 10.

# How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
# How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

*Continued from page 28.*

At the age of 44

General Grant had ended the war between the Northern and Southern States of America. Before he was 43, says one, "he had participated in two great wars, captured 500 guns, more than 100,000 prisoners, and 250,000 of small arms, redeemed from rebel rule over 50,000 square miles of territory, and re-opened to the commerce of the world the Mississippi, the mightest river on the globe. Before another year had passed he had taken 200 battle-flags, crushed out the Rebellion in the South, re-established the authority of the Union over a territory larger than France, and then modestly returned to the Capital of the nation to disband his army of a million men, and lay his sword at the feet of the Congress of the People."

General Grant was a man of few words, and great determination. His full name was Ulysses Simpson Grant, but he was often called Unconditional Surrender Grant, from a phrase used in his summons to the garrison of Vicksburg. It was said of him by his most famous comrade that "he was never afraid of what he didn't see the enemy doing," that is, he was ready always, and at all points. Ought not that to be true of those who love God? We cannot know all Satan's devices, we do not see him going up and down, to and fro, but God does. He has put a hedge round about us which Satan cannot break through. "Thou shalt not be afraid for the pestilence that walketh in darkness." And here is another beautiful thing said about Grant by another of his great captains, "I knew that wherever I was, Grant thought of me, and if I got into a tight place, he would help me out of it, if he was alive."

45

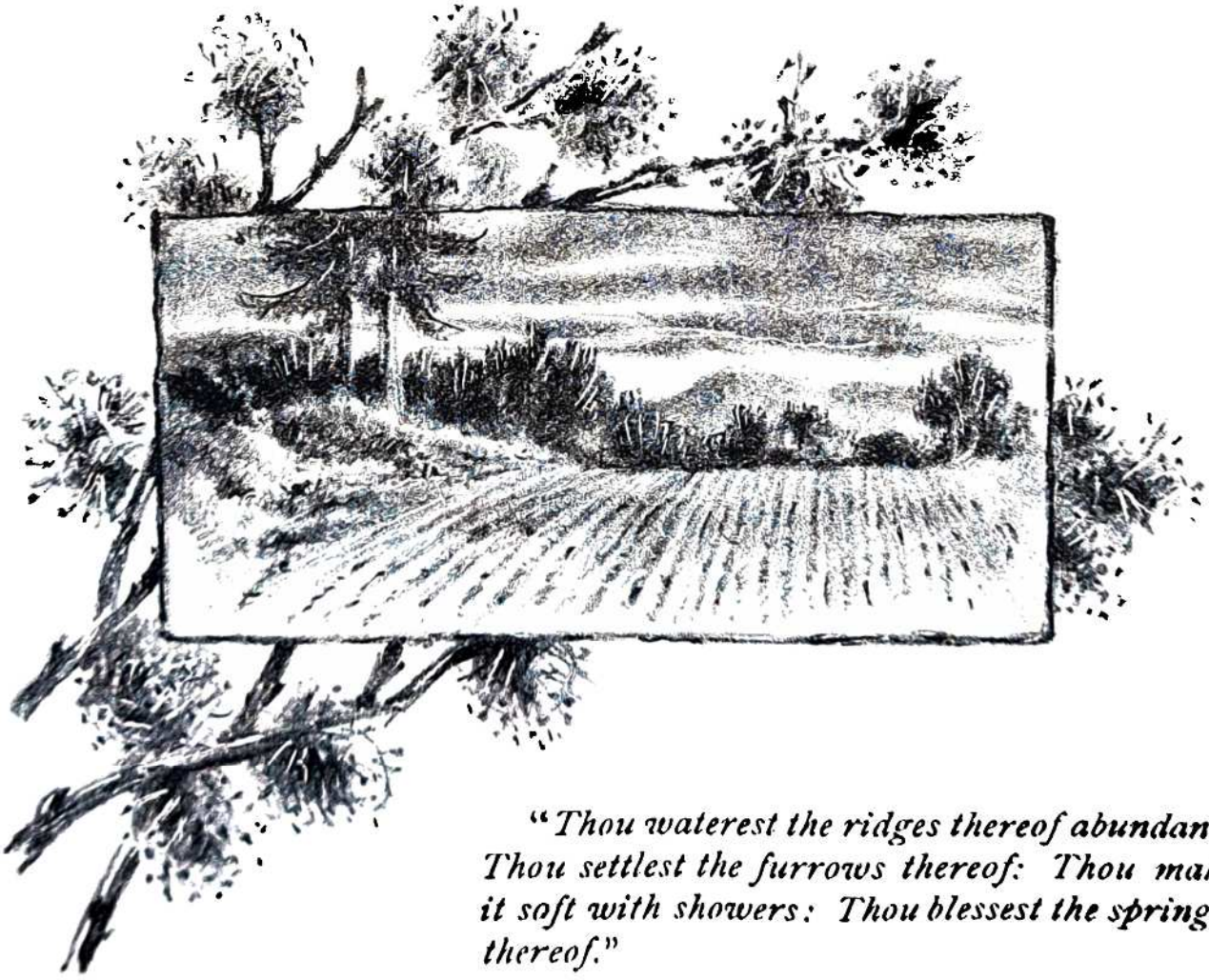
William Guthrie died at Brechin, 1665. He wrote "The Christian's Great Interest," a little book that may be had for tenpence, but a great book, dealing in the simplest, and plainest, and most solemn way, with the greatest of all questions: How may I know whether I am saved or not? and, "What must I do to be saved? John Owen, the greatest of the Puritan divines, carried Guthrie's little book always with him. Dr. Chalmers thought it the best book he ever read.

Mr. Guthrie was a gentleman born, but gave up his estates to his younger brother when he became a minister. He was a great humourist, and yet as full of melancholy as he was of fun, for the "well of laughter lies near the fount of tears." A great sportsman and angler too. When he was writing his great book, "he somehow heard," says Dr. Whyte of Edinburgh, "of a poor countryman near Haddington who had come through some extraordinary experiences in his spiritual life. He set out all the way from Fenwick in Ayrshire

At the age of 45

to see and converse with him. All that night and all the next day Guthrie could not tear himself away from the conversation of the man and his wife. But at last, looking up and down the country, his angling eye caught sight of a trout stream, and, as if he had in a moment forgotten all about his book at home and all that this saintly man had contributed to it, he asked him if he had a fishing-rod, and if he would lend it to him!"—to the great delight of the poor man, but to the amazement of his wife.

Mr. Guthrie was a wonderful preacher—the greatest practical preacher in Scotland. His church at Fenwick still stands, and on the precentor's desk may be seen the half-hour sand-glass that was used in those days instead of a clock. The Fenwick Covenanters' flag is now at Lochgoin; it has on it, "Phinick for God, Country, and Covenanted Work of Reformation." Mr. Guthrie was a cousin of James Guthrie, the martyr, whose last words were, "The Covenants, the Covenants shall yet be Scotland's reviving"—the same James Guthrie whose little boy Willie would often disappear for an hour or two, and when his widowed mother asked him, "Where have you been, Willie?" would answer, "I've been awa' looking at my father's heid"—the head that had been stuck up on the Nether Bow Port.



*"Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: Thou settlest the furrows thereof: Thou makest it soft with showers: Thou blessest the springing thereof."*

FROM my window as I write I see the man-of-war that acts as guardship at our port, lying at her moorings, about half-a-mile away. She is a very powerful ironclad, with sixteen 18-ton guns. Her name, not a very pretty one, is the "Superb."

She is called after another man-of-war, a 74-gun line-of-battle ship, that was famous ninety years ago. It is the old Superb I wish to speak about. Captain, afterwards Sir, Richard Keats, her Commander, was one of the best officers in the Navy. Some Captains then, as now, were always grumbling; always wishing for something or other before they could do anything; always troubling their Admiral. But Keats was always eager for work, and whatever he did, he did well. I think the "call" of a modern man-of-war, the "Undaunted," would have pleased him:

> Undaunteds, be ready,
> Undaunteds, be steady,
> Undaunteds, stand by for a job!

Lord Nelson said of him: "In his own person he is equal in my estimation to an additional seventy-four."

In 1805, when Nelson chased the French Fleet, which was twice as strong as his own, from the Mediterranean to the West Indies and back again, Keats went with him. The Superb was in a very crazy condition —she had not been in a British port for almost five years—and indeed she should have been left behind to refit. But her Captain pleaded so hard to be allowed to come that Nelson very willingly permitted him. The poor Superb was in a bad way—"her stem and the knees of her head were broke and loose." Day by day she struggled on, staggering under all sail, but only keeping the others back. Nelson knew how keenly her brave Captain would feel at seeing his ship always in the rear and the others compelled to wait for him, and one day wrote and sent a letter to him which I think a very beautiful one. "I am fearful," he said, "you may think the Superb does not go as fast as I could wish. However that may be—for if we all went ten knots I should not think it fast enough—yet I would have you be assured that I know and feel the Superb does all which is possible for a ship to accomplish, and I desire you will not fret upon the occasion."

Doesn't God deal with us in the same tender way? He goes forth conquering and to conquer, and He takes us with Him, and though we keep Him back, He waits patiently for us. "Why trouble ye her? She hath done what she could." The victory would be no victory for God unless we shared it with Him.

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SOME years ago a great Buddhist temple in Kiyoto, Japan, was burnt down. In ten years £850,000 was collected to build another. In this new one may be seen, hanging from a massive beam, fifty ropes of black, glossy material, each as many feet long, and as big round as a pair of stout fists can grasp. They are entirely made of human hair, and were the offerings of women who, too poor to give money, had joyfully cut off their black tresses as their contribution.

"Daffodils,
that come before
the Swallow
dares."

# What the Missionaries are doing over the Seas.

## Chapter IV.

*About the* Widow Radhabai, *and how her Midnight was changed to Noonday.*

POOR young Radhabai! You would have been so grieved for her. She was just thirteen. At that age you girls at home are as happy as the day is long. The black shadow, whose name is Care, has not come to your door. The sky is bright over your heads. You might say, like Pet Marjorie, Sir Walter Scott's little friend, "The balmy breeze comes down from heaven, and makes us like for to be living." You might sing Pippa's song—Pippa passing through the streets of Asolo on her holiday:

> "The year's at the spring,
> And day's at the morn;
> The hill-side's dew-pearled;
> The lark's on the wing;
> The snail's on the thorn;
> God's in His heaven—
> All's right with the world!"

But Radhabai had no joy in her life. All was wrong with her world. It was

Midnight

for her—midnight without one single star to lighten the gloom.

She lived in Agra, the great town on the Jumna in the North-West Provinces of India. But she knew nothing of the town. She was not allowed to walk down the streets. If you had asked about the Jumna, she could not have told you what it was like; she was kept so close a prisoner that she had not the least idea of running water. She could not read. There were a few books in the house; and sometimes she turned over the pages and wondered what was in them, but it was all a puzzle to her; she had never learned the Alphabet. And she was a widow, though she was only thirteen on her last birthday.

She had had two sisters—Nurbi and Mooniatta. But when Nurbi was a baby, her mother set out from home with her one day, without telling anybody where she was going; and when she came back, a week later, she had no little child in her arms. Radhabai heard afterwards that she had gone to the Ganges, the holy River, and had thrown Nurbi into it as an offering to the goddess Gunga. You must not think that she was a heartless mother and did not love her baby-girl; she sacrificed her because she loved her so much—because she wanted to spare her the weary misery and long martyrdom of living. Mooniatta was dead, too. She had died in a still sadder way. She was married when she was eleven years old. One morning her husband got angry with her for a trifling fault; and then, when he went out, she sent her servant for opium and killed herself. She must die sometime, she said, and she thought that the sooner her troubles were over the better it would be.

Radhabai used to think about her sisters, and to ask herself whether her own lot was not worse than theirs. There is nothing so pitiful as to be a

child-widow in India. She had to part with all her jewels. She wore the poorest dress in the house. She was forced to keep a great many fastdays. She was the slave of her mother-in-law, with whom she stayed now. And, when she tried to please, she was only despised and hated. Widowhood is supposed to be the punishment for some dreadful sin committed in a former state of life; and therefore the people make it as bitter as possible. Just because her boy-husband fell sick and died, a month after their marriage, all this sorrow came on Radhabai. And the future looked as dark as the present. For the bad old rule is still observed in India: A widow once remains a widow always. Poor, mournful, broken-hearted young Radhabai!

Think of it, Annie and Jeannie and little Mary, you who are so carefully shielded and so dearly loved, you whose sorest trouble is a difficult lesson for school: there are 23,000,000 widows in India, and 79,000 of them are not yet nine years of age. And these widows see nothing but "dreadful time, dreadful eternity, no comfort anywhere."

But I must tell you how Radhabai's history was quite altered, and how, after that terrible midnight, the day-star arose and the

MORNING

broke. She can scarcely believe it herself sometimes. Even yet it seems too good to be true.

It must be about eighteen months ago—but Radhabai, you may be sure, could give you the exact day that, one afternoon in the cool season, a visitor came to the house. She was a young English lady. She had left her home to serve Christ by helping the women of India. On this particular day she was very much discouraged before she got to Radhabai's. In one Zenana the women told her that they did not want to hear anything about Jesus. In another they listened with a careless shrug of their shoulders. She had been sitting in all sorts of uncomfortable positions. She had been breathing bad and poisonous air. Her heart was sinking when she stood before this new door. But you should have seen how Radhabai welcomed her. The simple talk about the Saviour Who loved and loves women as much as men, the widow and the desolate most of all, opened another world to the sad Hindu girl. And the missionary went away rejoicing because, after all, that day's labour had not been in vain in the Lord.

The light has been increasing since. The Miss Sahib, as Radhabai calls her friend, has taught her to read; and now she searches her Bible so earnestly. She is not content with hearing Christ's commandments; she does them—does them at once. She found out that she ought to forgive those who injured her; and immediately she went and asked pardon from her mother-in-law for all her sullen looks and angry words. She found out that she must be perfectly truthful, and that is very hard for Hindu girls and boys; but with much prayer and much watching she has fought this battle too. "Did you

ever see anybody so changed as our Radhabai is?" the women say in that Zenana. Like the Lady Una, she makes a sunshine in a shady place.

And there are better things in store. It will soon be the glad

NOONDAY

with her. For the Miss Sahib has told her that she means to take her out of her prison, to live with herself at the Mission Station, and to teach some little girls in the Mission School. She will be quite able for that. She has been a quick scholar herself, and has learned arithmetic and geography and fancy-work, besides the Bible. She is rich, happy, whole-hearted young Radhabai now. "When you came to me," she tells the missionary lady she loves so well, "I was dead, as dead as the poor Queen for whom the Prince built that great tomb in Agra, the Taj-Mahal, hundreds of years ago; but I am living to-day. I am *hushyár*, full of life and full of joy." And what does the Miss Sahib say about Radhabai? She says, and there is such a bright smile on her face, "She is the very sweetest drop of honey in my cup."

There is no duty patent in the world
Like daring try be good and true myself,
Leaving the shows of things to the
Lord of Show
And Prince o' the Power of the Air.

—*Browning.*

MY wants are my best riches, because I have these supplied by Christ.—*Rutherford.*

## The Speckled Hen.

IT was the end of March and the sun was shining brightly. The air blew so softly over the garden that it made one think of Wordsworth's lines:—

"It is the first mild day in March,
Each minute sweeter than before,
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door."

The crocuses were making a brave show in the plots in front of the old farmhouse; the bees had come out of their hives to enjoy the warm sunshine; and everything seemed to rejoice because the snow and frost which had bound the land so long were gone. In the wood how gaily the birds sang. The day seemed all too short for their ceaseless chorus. The moss seemed twice as green, and here and there a primrose unfolded its pale leaves to the sun.

"How warm it is to-day," said a speckled hen, who was scraping in the sand in a corner of the farmyard. "I do think it must be time to make some plans for the summer. If I'm to have any chickens at all I'd better begin to make my arrangements. One thing I've determined. I shan't make my nest in the hen-house. Rats are too plentiful there, and my nerves now can't stand seeing my chickens dragged off before my very eyes. Then, there are the house cats. They're supposed to kill the rats, and they look meek enough to do nothing wicked, but I know they don't scruple now and again to dine on a chicken or two. I'll try a new

plan this year and make my nest up in the wood."

So the speckled hen set about her family duties. That very day she wandered out of the barn-yard and into the wood, trying to look as if she were doing nothing particular, but in reality she was looking out for some quiet corner which would suit her. She soon found one. Underneath a little bank, overhung by withered brakens, was a hollow filled with last year's leaves, warm and dry. Nothing could be better. So day after day she paid her nest a visit, until ten white eggs lay among the brown leaves. Never a word did she say to anyone, and no one suspected her secret yet. But now she must sit on her eggs patiently for twenty-one days, only snatching a little time now and then to get some food.

"The speckled hen," said Sally, the fowl girl, "must have a nest somewhere. I have not seen her about for a time. I must try to find her and put her in a coop." Now this was the very thing the old hen did not wish. She hated to be shut up in such a little box of a house, but she was a foolish old hen and did not know what was for her own and her chickens' good. One summer, when she was free to go about as she pleased, she took all her brood one early morning through the long wet grass. The poor little things soon began to shiver, and by evening all had died except two. Poor creature, she was inconsolable for an hour or so, but her reasoning powers were not great, and it did not occur to her that this was the result of her own carelessness.

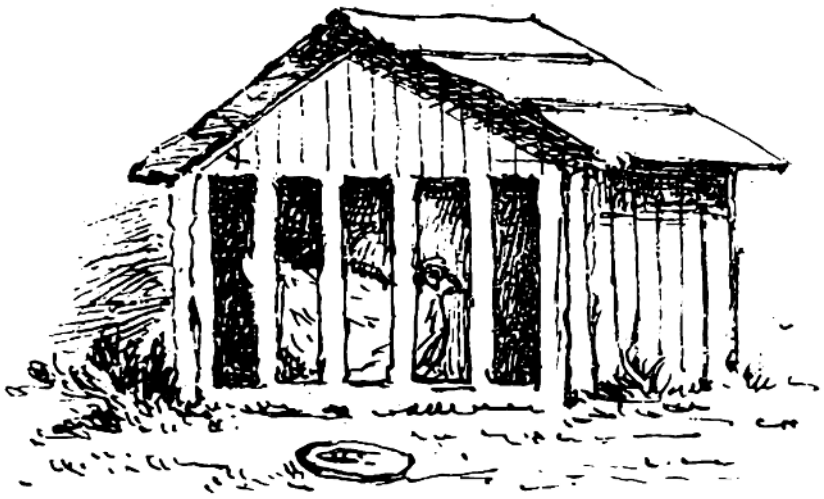
But that was a long time ago. When her chickens broke the shell this fine April morning and came out into the big world the prettiest, downiest, little yellow balls, the mother was so proud that she felt she must march them off to the farmyard to show them off, and besides, hard boiled eggs, chopped fine, were not to be found in the wood, and her chicks must be fed, so, whatever the consequences, she must introduce them to Sally.

"Oh, mother!" shouted the farmer's little boy, "here's the speckled hen with a lot of the dearest little chickens." All the servants, the mistress, and the children came out to look and admire. No wonder the mother hen felt much gratified and proud of her achievement, and before she knew well what she was doing, so absorbed was she in the chickens'

introduction, Sally had brought a saucerful of food and a coop in which they were immediately installed. So the old hen had not liberty to wander about, but the chickens passed in and out of the bars as they liked.

One day there was great excitement among the fowls. The cocks crew, the hens cackled. "What is all this about," said Sally, as she rushed out." The speckled hen was clucking frantically, and Sally saw a hawk swoop down just as the last of the chicks' little yellow legs disappeared into the coop.

"It was well they had a coop to run to," said she, as she went off to get the farmer and his gun, for she knew the hawk would come back again. And the old hen clucked, "I must say I did not like being shut up here, but perhaps after all it was for our good." And as for the chickens, they not only thought the coop a perfect palace, but they believed, in the simplicity of their little hearts, and maintained, before all comers, that their mother had actually made it herself for her own and their accommodation, and were supremely proud of her in consequence!



## Bible Questions.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

SENIORS.—1. What parts of the 23rd Psalm might be sung in heaven? 2. Is their any Psalm the whole of which might be sung in heaven? 3. How many of the trials of Paul, referred to in 2 Cor. 11, are mentioned in the Acts?

JUNIORS.—1. Find out four things said about Satan in Luke. 2. Some things Christ did in the night. 3. Some things He did in the morning.

Good answers to the Questions in the February number have been received from—

**SENIORS.**—Alexander Adams, Sarah Campbell, Maggie S. Craig, Alexander Fulton, Caroline G. Haddow, Mary H. Martin, A. Macsween, James Paterson.

**JUNIORS.**—Janet Barclay, Gardner Blair, David Blair, John Crawford, A. Culton, Georgina Dick, James S. Fulton, John S. Howie, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Jeanie H. Lang, J. Norman Lynd, Janet Macsween, John Macsween, Donald Macsween, James M'Candlis, Jeanie H. M'Neil, Willie Archie Paterson, Jack Ralston (1 and 3), Niobe Ralston (1 and 3), Isabella C. Yule, and one, postmark, "Kilburn."

*The names of those who did the March lessons will be published in May.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | F | Who hath made man's mouth?—*Exodus 4, 11.* |
| 2 | S | Let your speech be seasoned with salt.—*Col. 4, 6.* |
| 3 | S | In Thy presence is fulness of joy.—*Psalm 16, 11.* |
| 4 | M | Unto me happily the lines<br>In pleasant places fell.—*v. 6.*<br>These words were sung on the scaffold to-day, 1683, by John Nisbet, a Covenanter. The spot where the gallows stood is marked "J. N.," formed with small white stones, at the south corner of Kilmarnock Cross. |
| 5 | Tu | Thou hast brought me thus far.—*2 Sam. 7, 8 (R. V.).* |
| 6 | W | Who remembered us in our low estate.—*Psalm 136, 23.* |
| 7 | Th | The Lord thinketh upon me.—*Psalm 40, 17.* |
| 8 | F | My cup runneth over.—*Psalm 23 5.* |
| 9 | S | He hath done excellent things.—*Isaiah 12, 5.* |
| 10 | S | Be strong in the Lord.—*Eph. 6, 10.* |
| 11 | M | The Lord will give strength.—*Psalm 29, 11.* |
| 12 | Tu | Quit you like men.—*1 Cor. 16, 13.* |
| 13 | W | How say ye to my soul, Flee?—*Psalm 11, 1.* At the battle of Albuera, 1811, the 57th Regiment held an important, but deadly, position. "Die hard, 57th!" cried their colonel, Sir W. Inglis, "die hard!" They obeyed, and the regiment is known as the "Die hards" to this day. 23 officers and 415 rank and file were killed and wounded out of a total of 579; and not one of them was taken prisoner. |
| 14 | Th | I shall not die, but live.—*Psalm 118, 17.* |
| 15 | F | Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; |
| 16 | S | When I fall, I shall arise.—*Micah 7, 8.* Christian's text when Apollyon thought he had him. |
| 17 | S | A vessel sanctified, meet for the Master's use. |
| 18 | M | Flee youthful lusts.—*2 Tim. 2, 21.* |
| 19 | Tu | Lusts, which war against the soul.—*1 Peter 2, 11.* |
| 20 | W | Neither give place to the devil.—*Ephes. 4, 27.* |
| 21 | Th | My name is Legion.—*Mark 5, 9.* When the Queen of Hungary was advised to come to terms with her enemies in 1742, she said, "If I give up something to each of them, how much will remain for myself?" |
| 22 | F | All things are yours. |
| 23 | S | And ye are Christ's.—*1 Cor. 3, 21.* |
| 24 | S | Planted in the house of the Lord. |
| 25 | M | The righteous shall flourish |
| 26 | Tu | Like the palm tree. |
| 27 | W | They shall still bring forth fruit in old age.—*Psalm 92, 12.* |
| 28 | Th | Then will I go unto the altar of God.—*Psalm 43, 4.* So said Walter Mill, this day, 1558, as he stood on the coals at the stake at St. Andrews. He was burnt by the priests for being a Protestant. He was 82. "I will not recant," he said, "I am corn, not chaff; I will neither be blown away by the wind, nor burst with the flail, but will abide both." |
| 29 | F | His leaf shall not wither.—*Psalm 1, 3.* |
| 30 | S | He will gather the wheat into his garner.—*Luke 3, 17.* |

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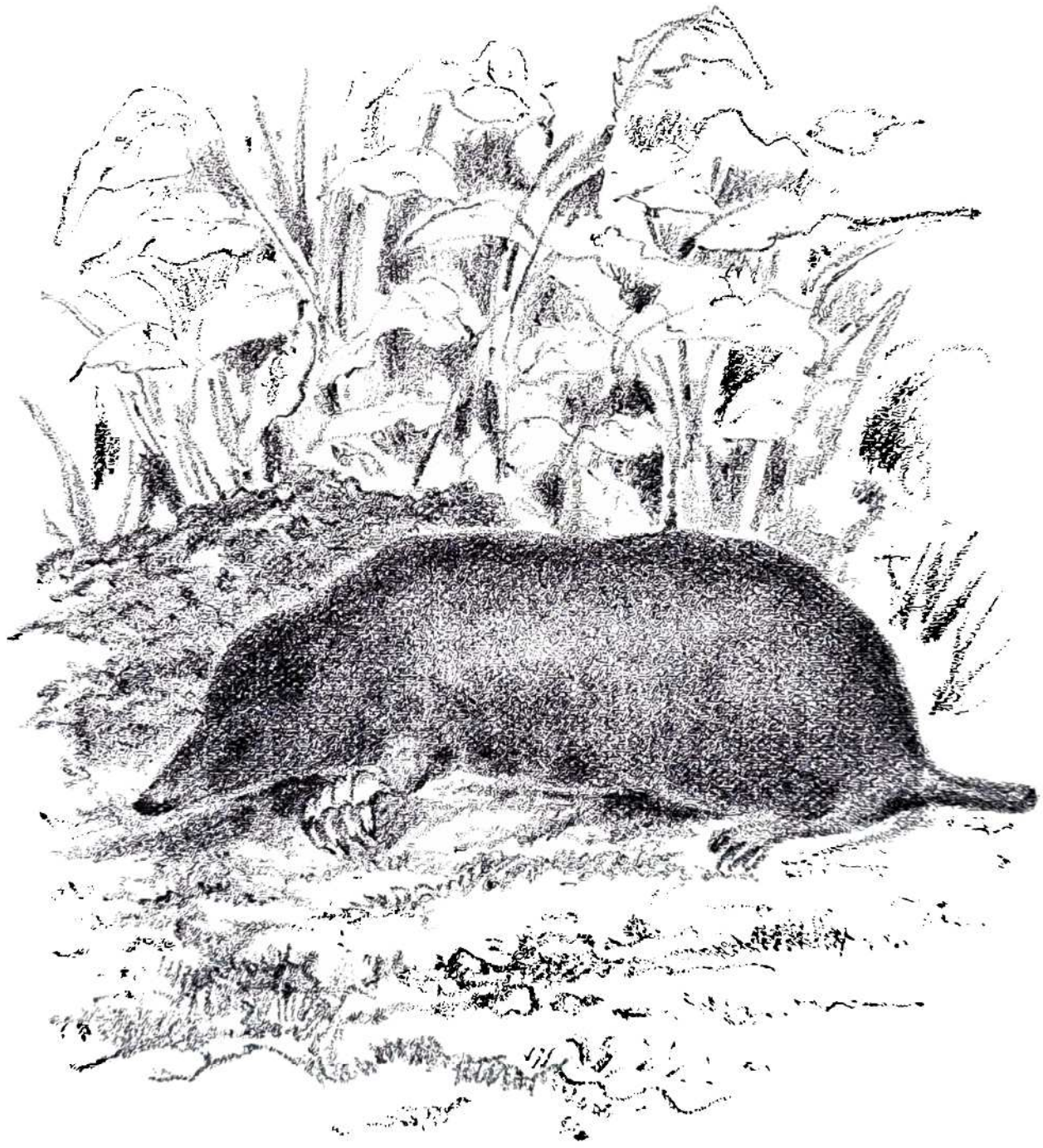
May, 1892. One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*



The Mole.

# International Sabbath School Lessons.

*May 1.*—The Prayer of the Penitent.—Psalm li. 1-13. Text, Psalm li. 10. Quest. 72. Psalm lxv. 9, 10.

THIS Psalm is an amazing proof of God's power to bring good out of evil. Behind it lies a great deep of sin, and yet it has been an inspiration to penitence more than almost anything in the Bible. "Out of the eater come forth meat." It is the soul's confession that the word of Jesus is there: Ye must be born again. When our sin is really discovered to us, we feel that we need to repent not only of what we have done, but of what we are (see v. 13). It is a cry out of the depths, yet to what a height it reaches. A clean heart, the Holy Spirit, the joy of salvation, power to help others (v. 13)—what things God puts it into the sinner's heart to ask, relying on "the multitude of his tender mercies." Where sin abounds grace is much more abundant, not, of course, to excuse it, but to overcome it. The best commentary on this Psalm is Peter's fall, and his restoration by Jesus.

*May 8.*—Delight in God's house.—Psalm lxxxiv. 1-12. Text, Psalm lxxxiv. 4. Quest. 73, 74. Psalm lxv. 11-13.

THIS is a Psalm of praise of the house of God by one who was apparently for the time debarred from it. He thinks almost enviously of those who can go there, especially of those who are always there. Even the birds who make their nests about it he envies. Then he describes the joy of a band of pilgrims on the way to Jerusalem in whose heart (v. 5) is the love of the ways to the house and of the house itself. Their joy in God turns the valley of Baca, the valley of weeping, into a source of new strength, like parched land refreshed with showers. They are not weakened by their journey or its trials, they go from strength to strength. Troubles do not conquer them, every one (v. 7) reaches the end. Any place in God's service is the highest honour, for it is the service of the Lord Who is a Sun giving all life and light and gladness, a Shield from every danger, and the Giver of blessedness to every man in every station who trusts in Him.

*May 15.*—A Song of Praise.—Psalm ciii. 1-22. Text, Psalm ciii. 2. Quest. 75. Psalm lxvi. 1-3.

GOD'S mercies are new every morning, but they have also been of old for ever. Their constancy makes even good men forget them or forget that each of them is a personal remembrance from the Father. Even the Psalmist has to rouse himself to get his whole nature into a frame of praise for things that have come to him, and for things that have been kept from coming to him, by the mercy of God. Man's frailty is contrasted with God's strength, but man's short life here is for trust and obedience, and then it becomes from everlasting to everlasting to those who trust and obey. We cannot have a joy perfectly without sharing it, and we cannot know God truly without wishing that all should know Him and do justice to Him. Therefore the Psalmist would call on all His angels and all men and all His works to praise Him too. Yet he comes back again to do the first duty, "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

*May 22.*—Daniel and his Companions.—Dan. i. 8-21. Text, Dan. i. 8. Quest. 76. Psalm lxvi. 4, 5.

SOME who read this will live and die in foreign lands. You will be tempted to drink, to work or play on the Sabbath, to do as others do, but, oh, be true to your father's God. Even bad masters admire a boy with pluck and principle. God can make them take a liking to you. The first struggle will be the worst; think of the glory that is to follow! If Daniel had been content to be an ordinary boy, he would have died an ordinary man.

*May 29.*—Nebuchadnezzar's Dream.—Dan. ii. 36-49. Text, Heb. iv. 13. Quest. 77. Psalm lxvi. 6, 7.

THIS is a commentary on the Second Psalm. Four great empires, the Babylonian, Medo-Persian, Greek, Roman, plot against God and pass away. The sure decree stands. The Kingdom that came, "not with observation," endures. The Crucified One is made Lord of all. God's showing of this to Nebuchadnezzar was a warning to repent, an invitation to "kiss the Son."

*Continued from page 40.*

At the age of 45

Galileo made his first telescope, in 1608. Eight months before, the children of a Dutch spectacle-maker at Middleburg, named Hans Lippershey, while playing with spectacle-eyes, had noticed that when they looked through them the vane on the top of a church spire seemed to come nearer. Rumours of this having reached Venice, Galileo, who was then living there, sat up all night thinking, and by morning had succeeded in making a telescope which magnified three times, and then he so rapidly improved that at last he made one with a magnifying power of thirty-two. The invention quickly became famous over Europe, and many hundreds of instruments, all made by Galileo's own hands, were sold. Crowds followed anybody who was known to have one. One man, we are told, who was anxious to have a little peace and leisure, took his glass to the top of a church, and was busy gazing through it in all directions in fancied security, when the people in the streets below spied him and clamoured till he came down and let them see through it too.

But when other people were contented with staring at ships, and church steeples, and cattle, and men who were walking on the road, Galileo was looking at the sky. There seemed to be no end to discoveries there. First he looked at the sun and found out that it was covered with black spots, and that it revolved like a wheel. Next he looked at the moon, which men at that time believed to be perfectly round, and as smooth as a dish cover, and what did he see but mountains and caverns! Indeed, I suppose, he found out more about the moon the first night he looked at it than most of us know even yet. Then he saw that the planet Venus actually waxed and waned and had horns like the moon. And Jupiter had whole four moons of its own! But Galileo's enemies would not believe him when he said that, and when he asked them to look through his telescope and see for themselves, they said, "No;" Jupiter couldn't possibly have moons, and that was an end of it.

Still he went on discovering, but some of the things were so wonderful that he could scarcely believe them himself, and was afraid to state them openly. You have all played, I suppose, at a game in which you have given a person a number of letters of the alphabet and asked him to find out what word they made. R e e e r h o t f, for example, make the word 'therefore.' So, one day, Galileo published the following puzzle, and asked astronomers to find it out, or to tell before a certain time if they had seen anything strange in the heavens:

aaaa b eeee g iiii ll mmmmmm nn o p rr sss ttt uu vv

Nobody could make it out, even the great Kepler 'gave it up,' and Galileo had to explain that the letters made up the four Latin words, *Altissimum planetam tergeminum observavi*, which mean, The furthest off planet I have observed to be threefold, or, as he also put

At the age of 45

it, The planet Saturn is shaped like this—oOo. On further examination, he thought the two o's at the side to be 'handles,' like the handles of a jug. These, of course, turned out to be what we call Saturn's rings, but Galileo for all that knew more about Saturn then than most men do yet.

When he was 70 years old he was tried before the Roman Catholic Inquisition as a heretic. One of his punishments was to repeat every week the seven penitential Psalms of David. He was never afterwards allowed to leave his house, and for a long time was forbidden even to receive visitors. Latterly he became blind. "The noblest eye that nature ever made was darkened; the eye that had seen more than all who were before him; the eye that opened the eyes of all that were to come after." He himself described it thus in a letter: "Alas, my dear friend, the heavens, the earth, this universe, which by powerful observation I had enlarged a thousand times beyond the belief of past ages, are henceforth shrunk into the narrow space which I occupy myself. So it pleases God; it shall therefore please me also."

He died 8th January, 1642. The house in which he lived, a mile from Florence, is still to be seen. During his captivity, one is glad to find, he was visited by our own great John Milton, then a young man, himself afterwards to be made blind "that he might see God alone."

45 JOHN NAPIER, of Merchiston, near Edinburgh, in 1594 first conceived the idea which led to his invention of Logarithms.

Astronomers can only observe the heavens by night. During the day they are busy with calculations which are so complicated and so difficult that the ordinary rules of arithmetic either cannot do them or cannot do them quick enough. Logarithms have done for the mathematician what steam has done for the engineer. Some of you, I hope, will know something about them in a few years, but it may give you some idea of the greatness of Napier's discovery if I tell you that Mr. Henry Briggs, the greatest mathematician in England at that time, came down to Scotland on purpose to see him, and stood staring at him in silent admiration for "almost one quarter of an hour." Napier's book and Sir Isaac Newton's "Principia" rank to this day as the greatest mathematical works ever written in our country.

Napier lived in troublous times, but he was a godly man, and threw himself with all his might into the struggle against Popery and Episcopacy. As a boy at St. Andrews, he had been so stirred by the preaching of "Maister Christopher Goodman, on the Book of the Revelation, that he determined, by the assistance of God's Spirit, to employ his diligence to search out the remanent mysteries of that holy book." As a man, in 1593, he wrote to King James, begging him, for the honour of God, "to Whome in Trinitie and Unitie be praise for ever," to help the cause of the Reformation with all his might, beginning with his own heart. "How shall any Prince," he asks, "help to purge the world from Antichrist who purgeth not his own country? Shall he purge his own country who purgeth not his own house? Or shall he purge his house who is not purged himself

At the age of 45

by private meditations with his God?"

Napier also invented plans for the "harming of enemies" in time of war, but refused to make them known. "There are too many devices already framed," he said, "for the ruin and overthrow of man. I would make them fewer if I could." He died in 1617.

JHONE NEPER FEAR OF MERCHISTOUN.

## What the Missionaries are doing over the Seas.

—*—

### Chapter V.

*About* Sodpa Gjalzan, *to whom Christ gave a White Stone, and in the Stone a New Name written.*

—*—

HAVE any of you boys climbed Ben Nevis? I stood on the top one day last summer. For the last thousand feet I walked through a flying mist. A keen wind was blowing. The track was over rough stones, and all around there was nothing but broken rocks and boulders of granite. And at the summit how desolate it was! How wild it looked! How intensely cold it felt, for the thermometer was only one degree above the freezing point! But modern science has built an Observatory on the wintry peak, and students of nature spend their days and nights there, and we are learning a great deal from them about the weather and the winds and the clouds and the sunshine.

Shall I tell you what the Observatory among the rocks of Ben Nevis is like? It is like the Mission Churches and Schools which God is planting in the saddest bits of our world. Away in the bleak wilderness, North and South and East and West, He is building homes for Himself. The wildernesses will be His vineyards soon, and He will gather the ripe purple grapes from them. They will be His gardens, blossoming as the rose, and He will walk in them with men and women in the cool of the day.

I suppose the highest of all God's outposts, the furthest up among the great mountains, are the stations of the Moravian Brethren in the Western Himalayas. You would need to climb Ben Nevis far more than twice over to get to them. Take your map of India, and find out the Native State of Kashmir in the North, and look for the three towns of Poo and Kyelang and Leh. The towns are more than 10,000 feet above the sea. It is very difficult to reach them. The traveller has to go through passes where the snow lies from January to December. Sometimes he has to cross bridges, made of the twigs of birches and willows, just half-a-foot wide; and a hundred feet below the torrent chafes and frets and roars. It takes a brave

man to make such a journey as that. And it takes a braver man still to stay among the people to whom the journey will lead him. They are Tibetans. They are hospitable and kind. But they are terribly corrupt, the bondslaves of shameful sins. They know nothing at all about the living God. They are Buddhists, and believe and do just what their priests tell them. In the villages the visitor often sees their Prayer Mills, little cylinders covered with gold paper on which is written over and over again, in all kinds of colours, a prayer in six syllables, *Om-ma-ni-pad-me-hum*, 'Blessed be the jewel in the Lotus Flower!' Generally the mill is turned by a handle, and its revolutions, the poor people think, send its prayers up to God. But sometimes they are too lazy to work the prayer wheels themselves, and the wind turns them or the water.

Up in the wild Himalayas, among those people who are sleeping the sleep of death, the good Moravian missionaries have lived and worked for forty years now. I should like you to know some of their names, they are such true heroes. There were Edward Pagell and his wife, who set out from their Pomeranian home in 1853, and who were both laid in Tibetan graves about New Year's time in 1883. There is Augustus Heyde, who went with them, and who is living still, and whom Mrs. Bishop saw in Kyelang quite lately. She asked him how he could be so cheerful, when he had been sowing in tears for such a long time; and he answered her, "We are where the Lord has placed us, and it is all right." There was Iaeschke, who understood twelve or fourteen lauguages. There were Redslob and Maxy, who died last year, leaving their wives and little children in the heathen land. You will be glad to know that now there are two missionaries from our own country, Mr. Shawe and Dr. Jones, who have gone to join the brave Germans. Will you not ask God to keep them strong and bright, and to give them the joy of reaping soon?

But you will wonder when I am coming to Sodpa Gjalzan, whose funny name I have put at the head of this chapter.

He was a young Lama, a priest in a Buddhist monastery For seven years he studied there, and then he set out to see the great world. He wore a long red robe, reaching almost to his shoes. He came of a rich family, but he travelled about as a poor begging friar. Two leather bags carried all his property—a little vessel for cooking, a spoon, a brass drinking-cup, and the food he got. The people everywhere thought him such a holy man. The farmers asked him to read his Buddhist books to them. The sick folk sent for him to cure them. Gjalzan was reverenced in many parts of Kashmir and Tibet.

But you remember Ruth, and how "her hap was to light on the portion of the field belonging unto Boaz." So God guided Gjalzan's feet to Edward Pagell's house in Poo. The missionary gave him the Gospel of Matthew to read. And

one day, soon afterwards, he came back, bringing three little pictures of Buddha, which he had worn round his neck as a charm to keep away disease; he had no faith in them any more, he said. After a long time of thought and prayer he made up his mind to be baptised. And then he got his new name, not from Mr. Pagell only, but from Jesus too. He was called Nathaniel. It reminds you of the man whom Christ saw thinking and praying under the figtree. And it has such a beautiful meaning—the same meaning as Matthew and Theodore and Dorothy have. It means "the gift of God." I am sure Sodpa Gjalzan was a gift of God to the missionaries, to bid them be of good cheer.

After that, however, they had a sore disappointment. In the old days Nathaniel had been very passionate; he often lost his temper. And once, after he had promised to copy the meek and gentle Lord, his besetting sin returned. He was building a house for himself, and one of the masons called him by an insulting name and taunted him with giving up his religion. In a moment his anger got the better of him, and with a blow from his hammer he laid the man senseless on the ground. He was not killed —he soon recovered. But poor Nathaniel was filled with bitter remorse. Just at first he was too proud to confess his fault. But then his shame and sorrow knew no bounds. He disappeared from Poo, nobody could tell where. After a while it was found that he had walked all the way to Kyelang, a journey of many days. As he went slowly along, through the lonely valleys, the Spirit of God was working in his heart. Like Peter he wept bitterly. And the missionaries gladly forgave him, now that he had come to himself and come once more to Jesus.

He is a Christian preacher to-day, and he speaks with wonderful clearness and power. He does love his Master and his work. The one thing he is afraid of is lest he should give anybody a wrong impression of Christ. The text he is fondest of is, "The peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

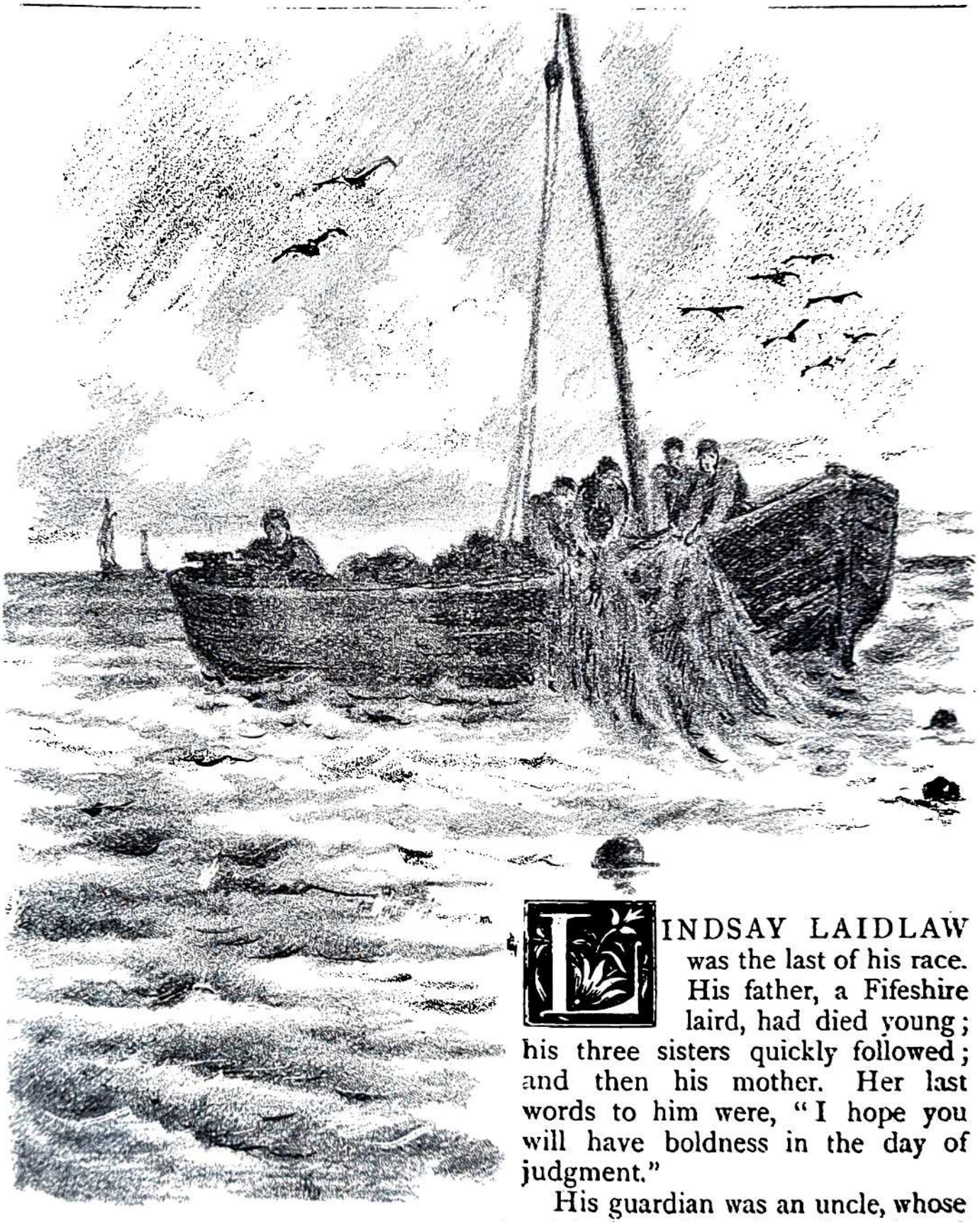
Nathaniel is one of God's good gifts to the missionaries. They need such encouragement. All the forty years they have lived among the Himalayas they have been wanting to press on into Chinese Tibet. But it is the one land in the world which is still closed to the Gospel. They work while they wait. They have got ready a Tibetan dictionary and grammar. They have translated the Bible. They are prepared to enter in whenever God says "Go forward." When a native of Tibet bids good-bye to a friend setting out on a journey among the great mountains, he says *Tan-po-kyod*, "Tread firmly." The Moravians have been treading firmly. They have been laying the foundations well. By-and-by they will see the Palace and Temple of God established on the top of the mountains.

Hawthorn,

or

May Blossom.

*"The lanes*
*are white*
*with may."*



THE sea's our field of harvest,
Its scaly tribes our grain;
We reap the teeming waters
As at home they reap the plain.
—*Whittier.*

LINDSAY LAIDLAW was the last of his race. His father, a Fifeshire laird, had died young; his three sisters quickly followed; and then his mother. Her last words to him were, "I hope you will have boldness in the day of judgment."

His guardian was an uncle, whose estate lay a few miles off; a shrewd man, with odd ways of doing things. He sent the little boy to the parish school. There he mingled with the village children, and learned as

much from them as they did from him. Many a story the labourers heard at night about the young laird. But his best teacher was old John Cameron, the grieve, a man of six feet two, with hair as white as snow. The grieve was full of strange notions, particularly about game, and vermin, and beasts and birds in general. One of the decentest and most prosperous of the villagers was a mole-catcher. To John Cameron this man was simply an abomination, like a shepherd to an Egyptian. The moles cleansed the land, and loosened the earth, he held, and their mounds were made to teach us "top-dressing." Both men were Free Church elders, and many a late meeting of session their discussions caused. "Were you at these moles again?" the elders' wives would say.

Little Lindsay was early imbued with the same notions. In the spring and autumn spates his favourite sport was making waterfalls and islands in the burn that ran through the property. But in the summer holidays he was off to the links by the sea-shore, and there he and the mole-catcher's children, who hardly knew whether to be proud of their father's occupation or not, and the wheelwright's boys, dug tunnels and made caves, to the amazement of the rabbits.

Lindsay spent his eighteenth birthday in the trenches before Sebastopol, an officer in the Royal Engineers. The sappers and miners under him were clever men, but mostly careless living. Their young officer soon won their hearts by his courage and unfailing cheerfulness. Their letters home were full of him. The Sabbath became a new day to them; he taught them the Scotch Psalms and the Scotch tunes, "and was better than any parson that ever was."

Sergeant Booker was his greatest admirer and his greatest grief. The sergeant was a Cornish man, born an engineer, but there was very little, he allowed, that he could teach Mr. Laidlaw. Booker sometimes gave way to drink, and then it was that the young lieutenant's character came best out.

"If I do wrong," said Booker, "I don't do anybody any harm but myself." Is'nt that a strange thing for a man to say at any time, but specially on a field of battle? Yet the sergeant would keep harping on that string—"I'm the greatest sufferer myself." He saw the madness of that speech too late.

As the summer of 1855 went on, the young lieutenant got more earnest in his dealings with his men. The decisive hour in the siege was drawing nigh, and whether the issue was victory or defeat to Britain, it meant death to many a poor soldier.

On the third Sabbath of July Mr. Laidlaw was chatting with his men. The conversation grew more and more solemn, till at last he told them of his mother's last words—"Boldness in the day of judgment." Next night a newspaper correspondent, eager for news at any cost, gave Booker drink and got all the particulars from him about a mine that was being directed against a certain salient angle of the Redan, one of the great fortresses of the

city. The correspondent sent off the information to London, his editor published it, and within a few days, Todleben, the Russian engineer whose defence of Sebastopol will be a famous story to the end of time, had read it all. He immediately prepared a countermine. Mr. Laidlaw began to suspect as much, and thenceforth made the post of danger specially his own. Many an anxious hour the sergeant and he lay listening in the darkness, in the gallery of the mine. Thoughts of early days filled their minds, and often the young officer recalled the merry hours when his comrades and himself burrowed in the warrens on the shore.

The two men were not agreed as to the progress and direction of the Russian works, but the officer gave way to his subordinate's greater experience. He did not know, for he was but young and slow to believe the worst, how completely the man's brain and nerve had been led astray. One morning Laidlaw went into the mine alone. The men said afterwards that they saw death in his face when he, smiling, waved his hand to them as he disappeared. A little after, there was a rumbling sound, a little cloud of smoke and dust; the Russians had fired their mine—and Lindsay Laidlaw was no more.

Sergeant Booker seemed to grow ten years older that day, but when, the week after, it was found out from a prisoner that the enemy had got their information about the British mine from a British newspaper, the sergeant's heart smote him. The words, "Boldness in the day of judgment," kept ringing in his ears. He felt himself a murderer, as indeed he was, and seeing his sin, repented and was forgiven. He died in the assault on the Redan on the 8th September, but he died nobly, receiving in his own heart the bullet from a rifle that he saw aimed at a little fair-headed drummer-boy.

## Bible Questions.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

SENIORS.—1. Instances of flattery in the Bible. 2. A list of parents who prayed on behalf of their children. 3. A list of people who did not know to whom they were speaking.

JUNIORS.—1. A list of heathen kings who had interviews with God's prophets. 2. Occasions on which Christ was angry. 3. Things in the Gospels done by stealth that were found out.

Good answers to the Questions in the March number have been received from—

**SENIORS.**—Alexander Adams, Maggie S. Craig, Alexander Fulton, Caroline G. Haddow (1, 2, and 4), Alex. Macsween, Mary H. Martin, Edith M. Murray, Mary G. M'Neil, James Paterson.

**JUNIORS.**—Janet Barclay, Gardner Blair, David Blair, Gavin Brown, Archibald S. Campbell, Jeanie Crawford, John Crawford (1 and 2), A. Culton, Gavin W. Drinnan, James S. Fulton, John S. Howie, Robert Howie, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Bessie Kirkwood, Mary H. Kirkwood, Amelia H. Lang, Donald C. Macsween, Janet Macsween, John Macsween, Jessie K. M'Kinnon, Matthew H. M'Neil, Edith M. Murray, Willie Archie Paterson, Hugh Pattison, E. Pomphrey, Jack Ralston, Niobe Ralston.

*The names of those who did the April lessons will be published in June.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | S | Ye shall see heaven open.—*John 1, 51.* On 1st May, 1685, John Brown of Priesthill was shot by Claverhouse's own hand in presence of his wife and children. |
| 2 | M | Your names are written in heaven.—*Luke 10, 20.* |
| 3 | Tu | Great is your reward in heaven.—*Matt. 5, 12.* |
| 4 | W | Treasures in heaven.—*Matt. 6, 20.* |
| 5 | Th | The whole family in heaven and earth.—*Eph. 3, 15.* |
| 6 | F | A house eternal in the heavens.—*2 Cor. 5, 1.* |
| 7 | S | Your Master is in heaven.—*Eph. 6, 9.* |
| 8 | S | Why is my pain perpetual |
| 9 | M | And my wound incurable?—*Jer. 15, 18.* |
| 10 | Tu | Is it because there is no God in Israel?—*2 Kings 1, 3.* |
| 11 | W | Is there no balm in Gilead?—*Jer. 8, 22.* |
| 12 | Th | Is My hand shortened at all?—*Isaiah 50, 2.* |
| 13 | F | The Lord is very pitiful.—*James 5, 11.* |
| 14 | S | I am the Lord that healeth thee.—*Exodus 15, 26.* "Binding up of wounds is Christ's office."—*Rutherford.* |
| 15 | S | Shew me Thy glory.—*Exodus 33, 18.* |
| 16 | M | Moses was afraid to look upon God.—*Exodus 3, 6.* |
| 17 | Tu | Whom no man hath seen, nor can see.—*1 Tim. 6, 16.* |
| 18 | W | Now we see in a mirror, darkly; (R.V.) |
| 19 | Th | But then face to face.—*1 Cor. 13, 12.* "Welcome gibbet, welcome heaven, welcome immediate presence of God." So said Robert Gray, an Englishman, a Covenanter, who was hanged in Edinburgh to-day, 210 years ago. On the scaffold he sang Ps. 84, and read John 15. His last words were, "I am ready, I am ready." |
| 20 | F | His name shall be on their foreheads. |
| 21 | S | And there shall be night no more.—*Rev. 22, 5.* (R.V.) |
| 22 | S | Walk about Zion; mark ye well her bulwarks. |
| 23 | M | This God is our God.—*Psalm 48, 12.* |
| 24 | Tu | The Lord taketh my part.—*Psalm 118, 7.* |
| 25 | W | Who is he that will harm you?—*1 Peter 3, 13.* |
| 26 | Th | Should such a man as I flee?—*Nehem 6, 11.* |
| 27 | F | Stand still. "Believe in no retreat. Let the bands forget to play the retreat! Let him be a traitor who sounds the retreat! And if I myself give the order for retreating, kill me with the bayonet!"—*Admiral Kornilоff's address to the Russian troops at Sebastopol.* |
| 28 | S | And see the salvation of God.—*Exodus 14, 13.* |
| 29 | S | My house is the house of prayer.—*Luke 19, 46.* |
| 30 | M | O Lord, hearken and do; defer not.—*Daniel 9, 19.* |
| 31 | Tu | From the first day that thou didst set thine heart to understand, thy words were heard.—*Daniel 10, 12.* |

Pray, pray, pray—no help but prayer,
A breath that fleets beyond this iron world,
And touches Him that made it.

*Tennyson's Harold.*

GREENOCK: JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

June, 1892. One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

**Savonarola,**
**Executed at Florence, 1498.**

*The Volume of "The Morning Watch" for 1890 may be had from the Publishers, price Tenpence; or by post One Shilling.*
*The Volume for 1891 is also ready.*

**Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.**

# International Sabbath School Lessons.

*June 5.*—The Fiery Furnace.—Dan. iii. 13-25. Text, Isaiah xliii. 2. Quest. 78. Psalm lxvi. 8-11.

THE Book of Daniel all through is the story of men who were brave against God, like Nebuchadnezzar and Belshazzar, and brave for God, like Daniel himself, and Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. In spite of the lions' den and the fiery furnace, the last have the best of it. Nothing could be worthier of good men than what we read in verses 17, 18. The three Hebrews make no bargain with God as their ancestor Jacob did at Bethel (see Genesis 28, 18-20); they are sure that *whatever* He does will be best, and will face the fire for Him whether He delivers them or not. That is the true goodness, which goes right on, leaving consequences to God, and knowing that not even death separates from His love. And God did more than they dared to hope: He not only delivered them out of the fire, but passed through it with them. He bore witness to *them*, when they made their good confession for *Him*. In verse 25 there is a fulfilment of the promise in Isaiah 43, 2, and a great hope given to all who have to brave pain and danger for Jesus' sake.

*June 12.*—The Den of Lions.—Dan. vi. 16-28. Text, Dan. vi. 23. Quest. 79. Psalm lxvi. 12-14.

THE King was worshipped as a god, and as a god could not make mistakes, so none of his decrees could need to be altered. Yet he was really sorry for what must happen to Daniel. It was not merely his pride that demanded that Daniel should suffer. The King was the victim of an absurd system as completely as Daniel. Yet the profane-looking statement in v. 16 is not as bad as it looks. It is a great testimony to Daniel's character, and shows that Daniel's life had led him to believe in something higher than itself—in a God Who made such a life possible. Daniel was a lovable man, and his trouble made this bad King forget his ordinary delights in his anxiety about one for whom he cared so much. "Daniel was never safer than he was that night. The lions became his guard."

*June 19.*—Review of the Lessons. Text, Rom. x. 12. Quest. 80. Psalm lxvi. 16-20.

*June 26.*—Messiah's Reign.—Psalm lxxii. 1-19. Text, Psalm lxxii. 11. Quest. 81. Psalm lxvii. 1-4.

IT must vex God to see men disliking the Psalms because they are supposed to refer to Him, and not to Christ. For God and Christ are One in Their love to us. "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." Christ came to show us the Father; to show us not only His Own love, but the love of the Godhead to us. God loved the world from everlasting, so loved it that He asked Christ to make it, and to die for it. It was not only from love to us, but also from love to His Father, and from a desire to make us see how good His Father was, that Christ so joyfully agreed to die. And because Christ did all this—and there was nothing more that He could do—God gave Him a new name and a new relationship to Himself. Christ's death made Christ Himself dearer to God, if we may so speak. God loves Him with all His heart for loving us, and wishes all men to love Him too. He has promised, and sworn, that Christ is to be loved over the whole world; that is God's sure decree. And kings and statesmen are fools unless they try to carry out that decree; and the boy or girl is happy, and will be great, who says, "I will make the coming of Christ's Kingdom the object of my life; His crown will be my crown." There is no earthly sovereign whose crown is not a poor one compared with a man like Dr. Livingstone's.

*July 3.*—The Ascension of Christ.—Acts i. 1-12. Text, Acts i. 9. Quest. 82. Psalm lxviii. 1, 2.

## How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
## How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

*Continued from page 52.*

At the age of 46

Jerome Savonarolo suffered martyrdom at Florence, 1498. His first wish was to be a doctor, but trouble made him think about God. When he was 19, his daily prayer was "Lord teach me the way that my soul should walk." At 22 he entered a Dominican monastery at Boulogna. When he was 30 he began to preach at Florence, but after a few days nobody would come to listen, and his course of lectures had to be stopped. Seven years afterwards vast crowds flocked to hear him. Florence was a wicked city in a wicked age. The Pope at that time was Innocent VIII., a man whose name and openly immoral life gave rise to many a jest at Rome. Savonarola preached chiefly on the Book of the Revelation, warning the people and the clergy to flee from the wrath to come. The ruler of Florence at that time was Lorenzo the Magnificent, a great friend to art and literature, but more than half a pagan. Under his rule "liberty was buried." When he was dying in 1492, he sent for the great preacher, and asked what he must do to be saved. "You must first of all repent and have true faith in God's mercy." Lorenzo agreed to this. "Secondly, you must give up all your ill-gotten wealth." To that also he agreed after some hesitation. "Lastly, you must restore the liberties of Florence." But at this the dying man turned his face to the wall and became silent.

After Lorenzo's death the troubles of the Florentines increased, as did also the power and force of Savonarolo's preaching. He became virtually dictator. Gambling, drinking, and all kinds of wickedness were suppressed. The very boys and girls seemed to put themselves on the Lord's side. Florence, to all appearance, became the city of the Great King. The people gathered their unholy books and sinful ornaments, and burned them in the public square. So costly was the pile at this "burning of the vanities," as it was called, that a merchant from Venice offered 22,000 gold florins for it. The authorities rejected the offer, and threw the merchant's portrait into the fire.

In 1492 Alexander VI. became pope, perhaps the worst pope that ever lived, and certainly the worst ruler of his time. He was a perjurer, a murderer, a poisoner, and was himself poisoned eleven years afterwards by a dish he had prepared for twelve cardinals. Savonarola, who never shrank from reproving vice, who even in his youth had reproved the wife of a reigning lord for interrupting divine service by coming noisily into Church, did not spare the pope. Alexander tried bribery at first, and offered him the red hat which all cardinals wear. "No hat will I have," was his answer, "but that of a martyr reddened with my own blood." His desire was only too soon fulfilled. The goodness of the Florentines, like the morning cloud and the early dew, passed soon away. When he entered his pulpit, he found an ass-skin spread over the cushion, and nails stuck in the board on which he was wont to strike with his hand. On the

At the age of 46

17th of April, 1498, he marched to the famous "trial by fire," singing, "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered." You will read in George Eliot's Romola, and in other books, about the events of that day, for yourselves, I hope, when you grow up. Savonarola returned home that night amid jeers and curses, a disappointed man. By order of the pope, who thirsted for his blood, he was imprisoned, and then day after day tortured cruelly. In his agony he said everything they wished, but the moment he was taken from the rack he would cry out in shame, "My God, I denied Thee through fear of pain." He was found guilty of heresy, and, his sentence having been confirmed by the pope, executed on the morning of the 23rd May. Two others died with him. A huge cross had been erected with bundles of wood heaped at its base. "As the prisoners, clad in haircloth," says a writer, "were taken across a wooden bridge that led to the cross, some boys thrust sharp sticks between the planks to wound their feet. First came the ceremonial of degradation. A black mantle and long white tunic were thrown over the victims, and then roughly stripped off by the bishop of Vasona. 'I separate thee,' said the bishop, 'from the Church militant and the Church triumphant.' 'Not from the Church triumphant,' replied Savonarola, 'that is beyond thy power.' Savonarola was the last to suffer. The bodies of his two disciples, Fra Domenico and Fra Silvestro, already dangled from the arms of the cross before he himself was hanged on the beam in the centre. Then the pile was set fire to. For a moment the wind blew the flames aside, leaving the three bodies untouched. 'A miracle!' cried some of the weeping bystanders, but then the fire leaped up, and ferocious yells rang from the mob. At dusk the remains of the martyrs were put into a cart and thrown into the river Arno."

## The Squirrel.

THE four little squirrels were born in June, and by the month of August were running up and down the trees in spirals, and vaulting through the boughs. They were never at rest for a moment till night came. Then they fell asleep, they never knew exactly how, though one of them often tried to watch himself falling over. As they slept, with their bushy tails over them like blankets, their parents, who had been married for several years, would look at them and smile to one another. Their mother liked to speak about their teeth and the clever way they could crack nuts and take the thin brown skin off the kernels, for she took great pains in teaching them to eat beautifully. Their father was prouder of their running and leaping, though he often said, after the manner of old squirrels, that there was no jumping now equal to what was when he was young. He forgot that everything had been new, and therefore strange and wonderful, to him then. All the same, he was very proud of his young ones, and said they were the images of their mother though he feared they would never be quite so beautiful. She on the other hand

said they were like him, only they would never be quite so strong and broad-shouldered.

To the squirrels themselves their mother would say that leaping and vaulting after all were poor things. Any squirrel could beat any man at either of them, but a man could sit in a chair and send a message round the globe, or weigh the sun and the moon ; and he could even speak to God and become like God.

This made the little creatures very anxious to see what like men were. So, one day, hearing that some boys who had a holiday were playing in a field close by the wood, some distance off, their mother took them with her. The squirrels were in high glee, and yet at times there was a great awe upon them. They were to see, for the first time, the greatest thing that God had made.

The boys had meant to play cricket—which is the finest of all games—but lost an hour wrangling over where they should play, to begin with. Then the boy to whom the ball belonged, knowing that there could be no game without him—he was an only son, and had been spoilt—insisted on batting first, and when he was bowled the first over, picked his ball up and left the field. I never could make out how the time went, but three hours quickly passed in which there was no play but much quarrelling, and there were three fights. Then the squirrels went home sadder, but not wiser. Their mother said nothing, and her children had been too well brought up to trouble her with questions when she evidently wished to be silent.

Some weeks after, in late autumn, the squirrels were busy laying past their winter hoards. They had filled two holes in an old tree with acorns and beechnuts and fir-cones. "One more hole will do," the mother said. "Men, who know more than we, say that God has promised a summer and autumn every year, and we must trust God, and not lay by too much, as if we doubted His word." Here she saw her children looking at one another, and, guessing their thoughts, she added, "Those men whom you saw some weeks ago were young and ignorant, but to-morrow I will show you one who is old and wise and good."

There was a rich man, a baronet, travelling at that time through the Highlands for his health. He had two gipsy caravans. He and his secretary lived in one, his three servants in the other. The father-squirrel had seen one of the servants that day arranging a spot near the edge of the wood for the morrow's halting-place.

Next afternoon the six squirrels watched from the bough of a tree, though it was not easy for them to keep still. But then there were so many wonderful things to see. Such an enormous lot of dishes when he ate! There were more dishes on the table for that one man than there were toes in the whole squirrel family! They didn't know how many that was, but they knew it was a big number. Then they saw him reading a newspaper, and their mother told them he was reading about the wonderful things that God and men were doing all over the

world. Poor creature, she didn't know that he was only reading about a horse that was ill, which he had never seen, but off which he had hoped to make money by gambling. Then what heaps of

letters he got, and telegrams! The squirrels noticed these last particularly, for they were the same colour as their tails. Their father told them that these were to tell the man about things that were very very wonderful. One telegram seemed to please him greatly. "That's what I call good," he said to his secretary; "the Queen of Sheba gold mine is to pay seven and a quarter per cent., and you thought it would be seven at the most. I only wish I had put another £3,000 into it."

An hour after, two of the servants were sitting chatting under the tree. "Isn't Sir William," one of them said, "the man for making money? I heard the Secretary say to him to-day that he was now worth over a million! Fancy a million! a thousand thousand! as much as would keep you and me comfortable for ten thousand years, which is more than either of us will live. *I wish I was him!*"

"I think," said the squirrels' mother, "we had better go home. We have a few more nuts to gather, and I feel snow in the air."

Winter that year came early, with wild storms for weeks on end. The squirrels had no heart for talk, and spent all the time they could in sleep. Their mother was very glad they put no questions to her. But one warm day in January the eldest of them said, "Mother is that wise old man who trusted in God——"

"My dears," she said, "Jack Frost is coming back, and you must lie down and sleep. See what a big acorn this is." Then she added in a thoughtless moment, "Wait till spring comes and I'll tell you all about that man."

"But what will you say to them, my dear, about him?" said her husband, after their children had lain down.

"Really," she said, "I'm sure I don't know. But it was all your fault telling me about that caravan!"

There is not such a glassy, icy, and slippery piece of way betwixt you and heaven as the time of youth. —*Rutherford.*

## My Birthday.

My mother bade me, dying,
Whene'er this day should come about, to carve
One lone hour from it, so to meditate
Upon my greater nearness to the birthday
Of the after-life, when all the sheeted dead
Are shaken from their stillness in the grave
By the last trumpet. Am I worse or better?

—*Robin Hood (Tennyson).*

*What shall be given unto thee? or what shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue?—Ps. 120, 3.*

IN the Isle of Man, two hundred years ago, slanderers and evil-speakers were put into the whipping-stocks, with their tongues in a noose of leather. When, after a time, the gag was removed, they were compelled to cry out, clearly and boldly, these words, three times —"False tongue, thou hast lied."

Lily of the Valley.

## What the Missionaries are doing over the Seas.

### Chapter VI.

*About* Fatima, *and the Stories the Sunbeams told her.*

WHY should not Sunbeams have stories to tell? Brooks can speak, Tennyson says—can "chatter, chatter, as they flow, to join the brimming river." And trees too, like that talking oak which the young lover found "garrulously given, a babbler in the land." Surely Sunbeams have as much

right to "plagiarise a heart"—but I wonder whether you know what that means—and to "answer with a voice." At any rate I can assure you that they had a great many secrets to whisper to Fatima when they shone in at her window in the morning. And she waited for their coming, and gave them a cheery welcome, and was always the better for what they told her.

The sky is bright and the sun is warm where Fatima lived. Her home was in Beyrout, the beautiful and busy town in Syria, which stands beside the Mediterranean, and from which you can see the snow on the top of Lebanon, thirty miles away. But Fatima could not take long walks on the seashore, and could not climb to the roof of the house, to count the rocks and cottages and cedars on the slopes of Lebanon. You will be sorry when I tell you that she had to spend her days in a Hospital—the Hospital of the Knights of St. John. It was not the home she would have chosen for herself, of course. God chose it for her. He said to her, "Dear little Fatima, I want you to lie still and suffer instead of running about like other girls." At first Fatima felt very cross and angry; I doubt some of you would not have liked it at all. But after a while, when she got to know the missionaries and the Sunbeams, she was happier than the happiest of her girl friends outside.

It happened this way. One summer she began to feel a strange pain in the wrist of her right hand. She was taken to the surgeon in the Hospital, and he shook his head with a grave kind face, and said that the bone was diseased, and that he would need to operate on it. So he did. He took away a bit of the bone, and for some weeks Fatima was better. But the trouble came back further up the arm, and the elbow-joint had to be removed. After that, she could lift a glass of water; she was able to use her hands wonderfully well. But by-and-by the terrible disease showed itself higher up still, and Fatima grew weaker, and had to lie in the little bed the nurses made for her in the Hospital ward. It was there that the Sunbeams found her out. I suppose they were vexed for the little girl with the bright black merry eyes. So they set about telling her their stories.

"Fatima," they said on a Sabbath morning, "do you know you are to have a visitor to-day? We are quite certain. We heard him tell his own girls and boys that he would be sure to see you, and they sent all sorts of pleasant messages to you." "O yes," Fatima answered the Sunbeams, "I can guess who it will be." So she was not surprised when her friend the missionary stepped into the ward — the missionary who was both a preacher and a doctor, and who had taught her, since she lay down in the Hospital, to love Jesus with all her heart. He asked her if she would like him to read the Bible to her, and she said "Yes." He read a bit of the Gospel according to Isaiah—the wonderful 53rd chapter. Then he asked, "Fatima, who

wrote that chapter?" She closed her black eyes a moment, and opened them again, and said "Allah." That was her name for God. "Well," he asked next, "and about whom did Allah write it?" The quick sparkling eyes were shut again—it was a way she had when she wanted to think—and for a minute she did not answer. "Did He write it about the Prophet?" the missionary said; for Fatima had been brought up in a Mohammedan home. "O no," she replied with such a happy look, "He wrote it about Seidna Esa, my Lord Jesus, on Whom be peace." Then the missionary prayed at her bedside, and gave her the children's messages, and said good-bye. And that Sabbath-day was a delight to Fatima, the holy of the Lord and honourable.

"Dear Fatima," the Sunbeams whispered, one morning soon after that, "we must tell you about a man who came to the hospital yesterday—such an old man, with a white beard, and a great turban on his head. We could see at once that he thought himself of much importance, and that he was very proud. Do you know who he is? He had travelled all the way from Hebron, in the south of Palestine, and he is the keeper of the tomb of Machpelah. For years and years he has had the charge of the bones of Abraham and Isaac, and Jacob and Sarah, and Rebecca and Leah. And he would not let a Christian come near the tomb, not even to look through the bars. He used to tell the boys of Hebron to stone the Christian dogs. Oh, he did hate them, because they said that their Jesus was better than the Prophet. But, poor old man, he grew quite blind; he could not see us at last, even when we were shining our brightest, nor the streets of Hebron, nor the Mosque, nor the holy tomb; it was all dark to him. Then he heard about the Hospital here, and he has come to ask the Missionaries to help him in his trouble. He would have spat on them not so long ago. But when they told him yesterday that, with the blessing of God, they could make him better, we saw him catch the hand of one of them—yes, it was your special friend—and he covered the hand with kisses." And Fatima said, "I will ask Allah to help the Missionaries to lead him to Jesus."

Every morning the Sunbeams had a new story for patient Fatima about what they saw in the Hospital. Now it was about a poor woman from Lebanon, one of the Druses, with a white veil over her face and a baby in her arms; but her hands had been burned to a cinder in a fire that consumed her little hillside house. And another time it was about an Armenian priest, in a blue robe, with a long black veil trailing down his back. And there was a story which interested Fatima greatly, about a Bedouin, an Arab chief from the desert near Palmyra, seven days' journey from Beyrout. He had been brought on a camel to Damascus, and on a mule for the rest of the way. He had had a blood-feud with some of his comrades, and they had shot him in the side; and here he was to see what the Christian doctors could do for

him. Fatima never wearied, with the nurses to talk to her, and the Missionaries, and the Sunbeams.

They told her once that, when they were shining an hour previously on the streets of Antioch, they met a man whom she admired very much. He was a young missionary; and, some years before, he and her friend the doctor had been entering a town stricken with cholera. When they got to the gate he said, "Doctor, we might go in there to-night; but I want to tell you something; you will despise me for it—I am afraid of the cholera. I mean to go in; but I must spend to-night in prayer, asking God to strengthen me." And the doctor replied, "I do not despise you; I honour you. I know that fear, but we doctors get over it. If you want to stay two days, stay." "No," he said, "I will stay to-night, and God will give me strength." He went into his tent; he spent the whole night wrestling on his knees. The next morning, when the doctor woke, he found the missionary with his face glowing like the face of an angel, and he knew that the struggle was over. "Let us go into the city," his friend said to him, "I do not care a particle now for the cholera." And Fatima, who had discovered what great things prayer does, thought the young missionary as brave as the good doctor.

But when the Sunbeams came, some months ago, to Fatima's window, they found the blinds drawn down. They peeped round the edge, and there was their dear little friend lying cold and still under the white coverlet. I cannot believe they were sorry, though they had loved her as fondly as Mohammed loved that other Fatima who was his favourite daughter. I am sure they were glad that she had gone to the City where the inhabitant does not say "I am sick," and where there is no need of the sun, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the light thereof.

## Bible Questions.

SENIORS.—Give a few reasons why one's birthday should be observed—1, with joy, and 2, with trembling. 3. Give instances in which God sent sleep to men as a blessing, and 4, as a judgment. 5. A list of famous Sabbath-days in the Bible.

JUNIORS.—1. Find out a suitable verse of a Psalm to sing on the morning of a holiday. 2. A short prayer from the Psalms for a boy who gets a prize at school, and 3. one for a boy who gets none. 4. How often are clouds referred to in the history of Christ?

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the April number have been received from—

**SENIORS.**—Alexander Adams, Maggie S. Craig, Margaret Dick, Alexander Fulton, Lizzie Kirkwood, A. Macsween, Mary H. Martin, Edith M. Murray, J. Paterson.

**JUNIORS.**—Janet Barclay, Gardner Blair, David Blair, Archibald S. Campbell, Jeanie Crawford, John Crawford, A. Culton, Francis Dick, James S. Fulton, Bertie Hardie, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Matthew Lang, Donald Macsween, Janet Macsween, John Macsween, Edith M. Murray, Jeanie H. M'Neil, Wm. Archie Paterson, Jack Ralston, Niobe Ralston, M. T. Taylor.

*The names of those who did the May lessons will be published in July.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | W | The 213th Anniversary of the fight at Drumclog, in which the Covenanters defeated Claverhouse. It was Sabbath, and they had just begun public worship. After they were formed in battle array they sang Psalm 76, "In Judah's land God is well known," to the tune Martyrs. |
| 2 | Th | Valiant for the truth.—*Jer. 9, 3.* |
| 3 | F | Antipas, My witness, My faithful one.—*Rev. 2, 13 (R. V.)* |
| 4 | S | Many bare false witness against Him.—*Mark 14, 15.* |
| 5 | S | I do set My bow in the cloud.—*Gen. 9, 13.* |
| 6 | M | He maketh the clouds His chariot.—*Ps. 104, 3.* "It is a strange thing how little we know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which God has done more for the sake of pleasing man than in any other of His works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to Him."—*Ruskin.* |
| 7 | Tu | Knowest thou the balancings of the clouds?—*Job 37, 16.* |
| 8 | W | A cloud received Him out of their sight.—*Acts 1, 9.* |
| 9 | Th | Behold, He cometh with clouds.—*Rev. 1, 7.* |
| 10 | F | The heavens shall pass away with a great noise. |
| 11 | S | We look for new heavens and a new earth.—*2 Peter 3, 10, 13.* |
| 12 | S | Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.—*1 Cor. 10, 31.* |
| 13 | M | Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.—*Eccl. 9, 10.* |
| 14 | Tu | Not with eye-service, as men-pleasers.—*Eph. 6, 6.* |
| 15 | W | Is not This the Carpenter?—*Mark 6, 3.* |
| 16 | Th | Moses drew water enough for us, and watered the flock.—*Ex. 2, 19.* |
| 17 | F | The women whose heart stirred them up in wisdom spun.—*Ex. 35, 26.* |
| 18 | S | Then the mariners feared the Lord exceedingly.—*Jonah 1, 16.*<br>A plain, homely elder from Irvine having made a speech at the Presbytery of great spiritual insight and nobility of tone, some one asked Dr. Robertson who the man was. "He's a man who lives in communion with God, and makes shoes," was the answer.<br>"Mine own father was great, and cobbled."—*Tennyson's Harold.* |
| 19 | S | The light of Thy countenance.—*Ps. 4, 6.* |
| 20 | M | Thou art a God that hidest Thyself, the Saviour.—*Is. 45, 15.* |
| 21 | Tu | Thou makest darkness.—*Ps. 104, 20.* (June 21, 1833. Shortest night. I am always unhappy on the longest day. After all, if it were not for the nights, what would life be?—*Dr. Burgon's Diary.*) |
| 22 | W | Night unto night sheweth knowledge.—*Ps. 19, 2.* |
| 23 | Th | He led them all night.—*Ps. 78, 14.* |
| 24 | F | I will give him the Morning Star. - *Rev. 2, 28.* |
| 25 | S | When the morning was come, Jesus stood on the shore.—*John 21, 4.* |
| 26 | S | Christ redeemed us from the curse of the law, |
| 27 | M | Having become a curse for us.—*Gal. 3, 13.* |
| 28 | Tu | That He might destroy the works of the devil.—*1 John 3, 8.* |
| 29 | W | The wiles of the devil.—*Eph. 6, 11.* |
| 30 | T | That old serpent.—*Rev. 20, 2.* A snake's a snake till it's dead.—*Hindoo Proverb.* |

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*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

Wild Roses.

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# International Sabbath School Lessons.

*July 3.*—The Ascension of Christ.—Acts i. 1-12. Text, Acts i. 9. Quest. 82. Psalm lxviii. 1, 2.

"THE former treatise" is the Gospel according to Luke. It tells what Jesus "*began* to do and to teach"; in this second treatise we learn what He went on to do and to teach after He left this world. The Acts of the Apostles are really *His* acts, done through them. Before His death He had many things to say to them they could not then bear; some of these He told them in His forty days; the rest they learned when the Spirit came. Hence the Book of Acts has been called the Gospel of the Holy Ghost. Through His Spirit, the exalted Saviour is in the world, invisible; but He will come again with clouds, and every eye shall see Him. But the right way to wait for Him is not to stand gazing up into heaven; it is to turn our faces to the work He has given us to do, and to do it in His strength.

*July 10.*—The Descent of the Spirit.—Acts ii. 1-12. Text, John xvi. 13. Quest. 83. Psalm lxviii. 3, 4.

PENTECOST, the fiftieth day after the Passover, when Jesus was crucified, is the birthday of the Christian Church. To the Jews it commemorated the giving of the law at Sinai; to the disciples it brought the gift of divine life, doing what the law could not do. From that day they were new creatures; a new breath was in them; the fire Christ came to cast on earth was kindled in their hearts. The gift of tongues undoes, as it were, the curse of Babel; the many languages which recall the pride and presumption of men are baptised into Christ, and consecrated to speak "the mighty works of God." Speaking with tongues was always an exercise of praise, a loud, ecstatic thanksgiving to God for His great salvation in Jesus Christ.

*July 17.*—The First Christian Church.—Acts ii. 37-47. Text, Acts ii. 47. Quest. 84. Psalm lxviii. 5, 6.

MATTHEW ARNOLD has, not unjustly, reproached modern Christians with having two fears; first, that they will come to poverty, and secondly, that they are eternally lost. The earliest Christians had no fears; they loved Christ and took God at His word. They gave up sin, were honest, straightforward in their dealings with "crooked" men, cared for "those that were afar off," loved one another, and were respected by everybody. Men marvelled at the way they ate their food. Our tables on earth should be, as it were, the lower end of God's table above.

*July 24.*—The Lame Man Healed.—Acts iii. 1-16. Text, Acts iii. 16. Quest. 85. Psalm lxviii. 7, 8.

PETER was poorer than ever, yet had power from on high. Our giving is the measure of our getting. Boys should be thankful for verse 8; we may praise God leaping. Many make their fondness for a walk an excuse for *not* going to the temple. We should bless God for our limbs, our sight, speech, hearing.

"Ankle-deep in English grass I leaped
And clapped my hands, and called all very fair."

Treat deformed people kindly and wisely. Verse 13. Pilate was once very near heaven; he had actually determined to let Christ go.

*July 31.*—Peter and John Before the Council.—Acts iv. 1-18. Text, Acts iv. 12. Quest. 86. Psalm lxviii. 9, 10.

ANNAS and Caiaphas still living! And Christ is preached to them! Yet they are unchanged, as dishonest as ever. They forgot that God was present in their private conferences. How splendidly Peter makes amends for his denial of his Lord. Truly he was the "rock," the centre and rallying point of the infant Church; but Christ is the foundation.

*August 7.*—The Apostles' Confidence in God.—Acts iv. 19-31. Text, Acts iv. 31. Quest. 87. Psalm lxviii. 11-12.

# How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
# How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

*Continued from page 64.*

At the age of 46

COLUMBUS discovered America, 12th October, 1492.

WELLINGTON fought the battle of Waterloo, 18th June, 1815.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON, the great American, whose marvellous inventions and discoveries in connection with the phonograph, electric lighting, etc., are well known, is still in his forty-sixth year. His father was of Dutch extraction, his mother of Scotch. To her teaching and to his own reading and observation he owes everything, for he was only two months at school. At twelve he became a railway newsboy. Soon after, he started a newspaper of his own, printing and selling it on one of the trains that ran a long distance! He made a chemical laboratory, too, in a luggage van. Next he learned telegraphy from a stationmaster whose child's life he had saved at the risk of his own. He has already taken out over 400 patents for different inventions.

47 JAMES GILMOUR, Missionary to the Mongols, died; 21st May, 1891. *See page 81.*

Dr. THOMAS ARNOLD, the famous headmaster of Rugby School, died in 1842. There is no more trying work, and there is therefore no more noble work in this world, than that of a teacher. A schoolmaster can change, for good or evil, the whole character of a country side in ten years. If he be a good man, there will be no limit to the love and honour and glory he will receive both here and hereafter. If he be a bad man, his condemnation will be unspeakably great. I hope, therefore, that all boys and girls who read this will pray with all their might for their teachers every morning and evening, and try by their diligence and obedience and sweet manners and happy faces, to make their teacher's life a pleasant one.

The great secret of Dr. Arnold's success, and the only secret of success for any schoolmaster, was his love to the Lord Jesus Christ. Whatever he did he strove with all his might to do to the glory of God. That his scholars should love Christ and be manly and speak the truth was his one ambition. And his boys saw this and loved him in return. "It's a shame," they used to say, "to tell Arnold a lie, for he always believes us." In a very short time people began to notice that his pupils, whatever their work in life, were, in an unusual degree, thoughtful, manly minded, and ruled by a sense of duty and obligation.

His end came very suddenly. The examinations had been held, the prizes distributed, and the school was breaking up for the summer holidays. He seemed in perfect health. On Saturday evening, 11th June, he wrote as follows in his diary:—

"The day after to-morrow is my birthday, if I am permitted to

At the age of 47

live to see it—my forty-seventh birthday since my birth. How large a portion of my life is already passed. And then—what is to follow this life? How visibly my outward work seems contracting and softening away into the gentler employments of old age. In one sense, how nearly can I now say, 'Vixi,' 'I have lived.' And I thank God that, as far as ambition is concerned, it is, I trust, fully mortified; I have no desire other than to step back from my present place in the world, and not rise to a higher. Still there are works which, with God's permission, I would do before the night cometh. But above all, let me mind my own personal work—to keep myself pure and zealous and believing—labouring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it."

He was dead next morning by eight o'clock, of spasm of the heart, after only two hours of suffering. His pain was very great. In the midst of it, when his wife was looking for a psalm to read to him, he said quickly, "The fifty-first."

# What the Missionaries are doing over the Seas.

## Chapter VII.

*About the good ship* Mirembe, *and what strange sights she saw.*

SOME of you who read these pages about the Missionaries will perhaps be writers of books one day. I shall tell you a splendid subject for a book that would be filled with interesting things. "Missionary Ships, and the Seas they Sailed in, and the Work they did"—there is the title-page for you. You could begin with Peter's boat, out of which Jesus, the great Missionary, used to preach the Good News to the people standing on the shore. Then there was the corn ship, of Alexandria, which carried Paul to Rome; and the vessel in which Hans Egede sailed through the icebergs to Greenland; and that which took William Carey out to India a hundred years ago; and the *Dayspring*, voyaging from island to island, in the South Seas; and the *Ilala* on Lake Nyassa—the *Ilala*, which got its name from the village where David Livingstone died; and the *Harmony*, the fourth of the name, which for thirty-one years has gone, through storm and cold and sunken rocks, to visit the Moravian Mission stations in Labrador. During this long period no fatal accident has been permitted to befal this favoured bark, or those whom she was conveying across the boisterous and often icebound deep, and along a coast bristling with peculiar perils; nor has the communication between the Missionaries and their brethren in Europe been, in a single instance, interrupted. There, now, I have given you half-a-dozen chapters for the new book. Which of you will write them out in full, and add some fresh ones to them?

In the glorious company of

missionary ships the *Mirembe* will always have an honourable place. She has finished her course now, but not until she had fought the good fight. Let us look at her history.

I.

She was built in the winter of 1883 by Alexander Mackay, Christ's noble servant in Central Africa, who went to his rest and reward not long ago. James Hannington—you know his name too, and the martyr-death he died—had brought the wood and the iron out from England. The pieces were left at Msalala, at the south end of the Victoria Nyanza, the big inland sea which could cover all Scotland so easily. The boards were packed together in a tent, but one of the heathen chiefs stole the tent and threw the boards out, and Mackay found them warping and splitting and shrinking under the blazing sun. It seemed useless to attempt to do anything with them. But then the word "impossible" was not in Mackay's vocabulary any more than in Napoleon's. He resolved that the boat should be built. And he did it. The king of Udima, the place were the missionaries were, tried to prevent him. He fancied that Mackay was a wizard, who was going to bewitch him, and to carry off his spirit in the curious big canoe. But nothing frightened the young Scotsman who was strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. In December, 1883, the *Mirembe* was launched, and set sail for Uganda, away to the north-west of the lake. She had an English name, the *Eleanor;* but I want you to remember the Arabic one which her builder gave her. For *Mirembe* means Peace. The little ship was to be quite different from the war canoes of King Mtesa and the slave boats of the Arabs. Everywhere she went she was to publish Peace —the Peace of God.

II.

This is what the *Mirembe* saw a year afterwards, in January, 1885.

The great King Mtesa was dead. God had given him many golden chances of becoming a Christian. Sometimes he used to speak so eloquently to his people, telling them to believe in Christ, for they could only do it in this life and soon it would be too late. And yet he never came to the Saviour Himself. He put off and off, till his lamp of opportunity went out, and the night fell on him, and he passed away into the darkness without Jesus for his Guide. Then the young Prince Mwanga was made King Mwanga, who hated the Christians very bitterly. But, just before the storm broke, some of them had a quiet time on the *Mirembe*. Mackay took nine Christian lads with him to the middle of the Lake, and there they sang their hymns, and joined together in prayer. They came back strengthened to meet the battle. A few nights later, the *Mirembe* witnessed an awful sight. Three boys, the eldest fifteen, the youngest eleven—Seruwanga, Kakumba, and Lugalama—were led down to the shore. A sort of rough scaffold was raised and heaped with firewood. The crowd mocked the prisoners.

"O, you know Isa Masiya" (Jesus Christ), said Mujasi, the captain of Mwanga's soldiers; "you believe you will rise from the dead. I will burn you, and then you will see." And the boys answered by singing, *Killa Siku tunsifu.* "All He does deserves our praises." Their persecutors were not content with burning them to death. They cut off their arms, and flung them bleeding on the scaffold. Lugalama, the youngest, a chief's son, asked to be spared this agony; but the hard-hearted men had no mercy. And so these three African lads joined the noble army of martyrs.

"At the close a Hand came through
The fire above their heads, and drew
Their souls to Christ, Whom now they see."

That night, January 31st, Mackay wrote in his journal—"Our hearts are breaking."

III.

I might have told you many other things about the *Mirembe:* how she saw by-and-by a fiercer persecution still, in which, in one day, thirty-two brave men suffered death for Jesus' sake; how she carried to the people round the Lake not only the missionaries themselves, but the Gospels which they had printed. But all that would take too much space. So here is the last scene in the *Mirembe's* chequered life. Five years ago Mwanga was driven for a while from his throne; even his heathen subjects could not bear his savage cruelty. Kiwewa, the king who came after him, favoured the Christians at first, but then the Arabs turned his heart against them by their false stories. He said that they must leave the country. "Let no white man return for two years," that was his order; "we do not want to see Mackay's boat in Buganda waters for a long time to come." The *Mirembe* set sail with the missionaries, and with just a little wheat and rice for their food. But she encountered a terrible danger. A hippopotamus struck her and drove two big holes through the port-side. Five of the black boys who had come with her were drowned. It took three days to mend the poor broken boat, and even then it was a great risk for thirty-four people to venture into her. They were more than a fortnight travelling the 200 miles to Usambiro, going slowly during the day, buying food from the natives with cowrie-shells, and sleeping at night on the sands beside the fires they had kindled. After that the *Mirembe's* work was done. On 8th February, 1890, the man who built her was called home by the Master he served so well. At eleven o'clock at night, after being four days delirious, Alexander Mackay fell asleep in Jesus. They laid him to rest the next Sabbath, the African Christians singing at his grave, "All hail the power of Jesus' Name." And the *Mirembe* has never crossed the Victoria Nyanza since. The Pilot of Galilean Seas and African Lakes has bidden her rest from her labours too.

But though God buries His workmen He carries on His work. New ships sail those gleaming waters to-day. And in Uganda the Church of Christ goes from strength to strength.

Fox Glove

or

Digitalis,

or

Lady's Thimble

## Little Jessie Fraser.

THE children in the village had got the whole of July for their holidays. Three weeks of it were gone, and there had been only four dry days. It was now the second last Wednesday of the month, and on the Thursday the school children were to have their annual picnic. It was the great day of the year to them. The prospect of it made many a child willing to go to school. It was an anxious and busy week. The children thought the Thursday would never come, and some of them even were afraid lest some catastrophe of nature or other mysterious cause should interfere and prevent that week from having a Thursday at all.

Thursday, however, turned up all right, and as lovely a day as could be wished. There were no sleepers-in that morning; most of the children were awake several hours too soon. The two Sneddon girls had had time for six or seven "cries" each, and little Jessie Fraser had run I don't know how many errands. The two families were neighbours. Next them lived Mrs. Robertson. She had a bad husband, and was often very ill, either from cruel usage or the fear of it. When her ill "turns" came, Jessie Fraser used to watch her baby.

Well, this Thursday morning, just half-an-hour before the children were to start, home came Mrs. Robertson's husband very much the worse of drink. He seemed, like most drunkards, always to choose those days for drinking on that would put his wife and other people to the most shame and trouble. His poor wife fairly broke down, and in her anguish asked the Sneddon girls if one of them could not stay with her. "No, indeed," they both said; and when they told their mother, she said, "The impudence of some people! I wonder if she thinks we were made to be imposed on?"

So it came about that little Jessie had to stay at home, though I must say it was a trial to her for a minute or two, and she did cry a little. But somehow God made the day a very happy one to her.

Mrs. Robertson's mistress, Lady Maitland, with whom she had served nine years, came that afternoon to see her, and heard and saw all that little Jessie had done.

As for the Sneddons, they were never out of trouble all day. One of them would take no milk because she thought another girl got more than she did, and the other tore her dress, and after quarrelling with every other body they quarrelled with each other, and fought, and got their faces scratched, and when they reached home at night with their mother's parasol broken, they got the best thrashing they had had for many a day. Oh, their screams!

And next morning they saw Lady Maitland's youngest daughter come in her phaeton, driving her two cream-coloured ponies with the white tails, to take Jessie Fraser away to the Castle for a whole week's holiday!

## Gilmour of Mongolia.

ABOUT three years ago I had the great honour—far greater than I knew at the time—of being introduced to Mr. Gilmour by a Greenock lady. It was during his last visit home, a visit made necessary by the state of his health. In the short conversation I had with him, I was struck with his hearty downright straightforward way.

His hostess told him I had once been in Peking.

"When?" said Mr. Gilmour.

"In April, '77."

"I was in Peking too that very month," he answered. "Were you there on a Sabbath?"

"Yes," I said.

"And did you go to church?"

"Yes; I went to the church at the British Embassy in the morning, and to the American Mission Church in the evening."

"And did you not see me there?"

"I don't think so," I said; "I saw Mr. Murray of the Bible Society; and I remember that it was an American Missionary who preached; his text, too, was John iii. 16; but I don't remember seeing you, Mr. Gilmour."

"Well," said he, "it's very odd. I can't believe that I could see a stranger there and not speak to him. Did nobody speak to you?"

"Oh yes," I said, "one of the missionaries came up and spoke to me, and I remember he said he had been a student at Glasgow University."

"Do you remember what like he was?"

"Yes, he had a big black beard—"

"Well, I had a big black beard then," he replied; "it must have been me!"

Mr. Gilmour died last year of typhus fever, while attending a missionary conference at Tientsin, and I have just been reading his "Life." No book has touched me more for many a day. He was both saint and hero. And it vexes me now to think that I was twice in his company and had not eyes to see his glory. To be with him was to be in the holy mount, at the very gate of heaven, and, alas, I knew it not.

He was a missionary after Paul's own heart. In Mongolia, the great land that lies between China and Russia in Asia, he spent lonely years, living in open tents amongst the Mongols as one of themselves. He travelled, as a rule, on foot, partly to lessen the expenses of the Society that had sent him out, but chiefly to have more opportunities of speaking to people on the road. For a week on end he would go forty miles a day, with his luggage and Bibles and medicines on his back. Footsore, at the end of the day, he would be turned out of an inn because he was only a foot-traveller, a tramp. For him, as for the King of Glory, there was no room! He lived on the plainest fare, and ate but once a day, the daily cost of his food being only threepence. Dressed like a respectable native workman, he might have been seen healing the sick, selling Christian books, talking with enquirers, preach-

ing whenever two or three were willing to listen, from morn to night, his only rest the few minutes he would spend, porridge bowl in hand, sitting on a low stool in the street beside the boiler of some itinerant restaurant-keeper.

Yet, like his Master, he had meat to eat that the world knew not of. The sight of a poor man wanting to talk about Christ made him forget both hunger and weariness He feared no dangers, though dangers encompassed him; carried no arms in a land of robbers; was never angry with a heathen, for, as he said to a friend on one occasion, "Man, the fire of God is upon me to go and preach." When he was overcome with work and sorrow, he found refuge in prayer, or would sit behind a mud wall reading the Epistle to the Hebrews, or the Psalms, or the eighth of Romans, or one of the Gospels from beginning to end. He lived for many a month in the half-frozen desert without ever seeing a European face. Yet no man was fonder of companionship.

"Good talk" was a rare delight to him. Mules in China, like camels in Arabia, will only travel in single

file, even when the roads are wide. One day Mr. Gilmour and Mr. Edkins, another missionary, whilst riding near Peking, were having a great argument. Mr. Gilmour's mule was in the front, and the better to carry on the conversation its rider sat with his face to the beast's tail!

There are many other things I would have liked to tell you of—about his wife, and the wonderful way God brought her to him and took her away from him; about his motherless boys, and how their father sat up at nights darning their socks; and how he gave up to God the little money he had saved for their education. But you will find all these and many other touching things in his "Life."

I must tell you, however, some of his wife's last words:

"Well, Jamie, I am going, I suppose. I'll soon see you there. It won't be long." When he answered that she would not want him much there, she fondly said she would: "I think I'll sit at the gate and watch for you coming."

In Peking I said to a German lady whose little child was speaking Chinese, "Your little girl would make a fine wife for an Ambassador at the Court." "I would rather," she said, "see her a missionary's wife." I don't wonder at her answer now when I think she must have known both Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour.

Yet in spite of all their faith and labours, neither husband nor wife saw a single Mongol baptised! They died when the harvest was going to begin. But they are reaping now. He was but forty-seven when he was taken away. He left Scotland in 1870—that memorable year, that seems no further off than yesterday, in which the Franco-Prussian war broke out—and whilst you and I have been standing idle, and worse than idle, he won a name that will never be forgotten, and has been a year in glory.

## Bible Questions.

SENIORS.—1. Rules as to the duties of neighbours. 2. Our duties to strangers. 3. Our duties to friends far away. 4. Three texts for a girl to remember when she puts on a new dress.

JUNIORS.—1. In how many of our Saviour's parables is money referred to? 2. A list of persons who called Christ "Master." 3. Mention some things in the Gospels that were done three times running.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the May number have been received from—

**SENIORS.**—Alexander Adams, Maggie S. Craig, Alexander Fulton, Caroline G. Haddow, Alex. Macsween, Mary H. Martin (2 and 3), James M'Crea.

**JUNIORS.**—Janet Barclay, Gardner Blair, David Blair, John Crawford (1), James S. Fulton, John S. Howie, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Jeanie H. Lang, Donald Macsween, Janet Macsween, John Macsween, Edith M. Murray, Wm. Archie Paterson, Maggie Taylor.

*The names of those who did the June lessons will be published in August.*

1 | F | The Westminster Assembly, which prepared the Shorter Catechism and the Confession of Faith, met 1st July, 1643, for the first time. It was a Saturday. The chairman, Dr. Twisse, preached from John 14, 18—"I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you."
2 | S | Our fathers have told us what work Thou didst.—*Psalm 44, 1.*

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3 | S | Come before His presence with singing.—*Psalm 100, 2.*
4 | M | The morning stars sang together.—*Job 38, 7.*
5 | Tu | The fowls sing among the branches.—*Psalm 104, 12.*

"Howsoe'er the world went ill, the thrushes still sang in it."
—*Mrs. Browning.*

6 | W | Awake, awake, utter a song.—*Judges 5, 12.*
7 | Th | Make known His deeds among the people.—*Psalm 105, 1.*
8 | F | I will hope continually.—*Psalm 71, 14.*
9 | S | I will sing to the Lord as long as I live.—*Psalm 104, 33.*

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10 | S | Ye are a royal priesthood.—*1 Peter 2, 9.*
11 | M | Ye are washed.—*1 Cor. 6, 11.*
12 | Tu | Present your bodies a living sacrifice.—*Rom. 12, 1.*
13 | W | His bread shall be given him.—*Isaiah 33, 16.*
14 | T | Having boldness to enter into the holy place.—*Heb. 10, 19 (R. V.)*
15 | F | Golden bowls, full of incense, which are the prayers of saints.—*Rev. 5, 8 (R. V.)*

"My life a perfumed altar-flame."
—*Tennyson's "Maud."*

16 | S | We have a great High Priest.—*Heb. 4, 14.*

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17 | S | Behold, the Bridegroom.—*Matt. 26, 5 (R. V.)*
18 | M | Make straight a highway for our God.—*Isaiah 40, 3.*
19 | Tu | All they that love His appearing.—*2 Tim. 4, 8.*
20 | W | Be ye ready.—*Luke 12, 40.*

"He cometh soon! at dawn or noon
Or set of sun, He cometh soon.
Our prayers shall meet Him on His way;
Wake, sisters, wake! arise and pray!"
—*Whittier.*

21 | Th | The Master is come, and calleth for thee.—*John 11, 28.*
22 | F | The Master saith, where is My guestchamber?—*Mark 14, 14 (R. V.)*
23 | S | He came unto His Own, and His Own received Him not.—*John 1, 11.*

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24 | S | The Lord loveth the gates of Zion.—*Psalm 87, 2.*
25 | M | The gates of the grave.—*Isaiah 38, 10.*
26 | Tu | Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door.—*John 10, 7.*
27 | W | "O set ye open unto me
The gates of righteousness."

Donald Cargill, one of the greatest of the Covenanters, sometime minister of the Barony Parish, Glasgow, sang Psalm 118, 16-29, on the scaffold, 211 years ago to-day. Before going up the ladder he said, "This is the sweetest and most glorious day that ever my eyes did see." "The Lord knows I go up this ladder with less fear and perturbation of mind than ever I entered the pulpit to preach."

28 | Tu | The city had twelve gates;
29 | F | And the twelve gates were twelve pearls.—*Rev. 21, 12, 21.*
30 | S | They that were ready went in with Him to the marriage;
31 | S | And the door was shut.—*Matt. 25, 10.*

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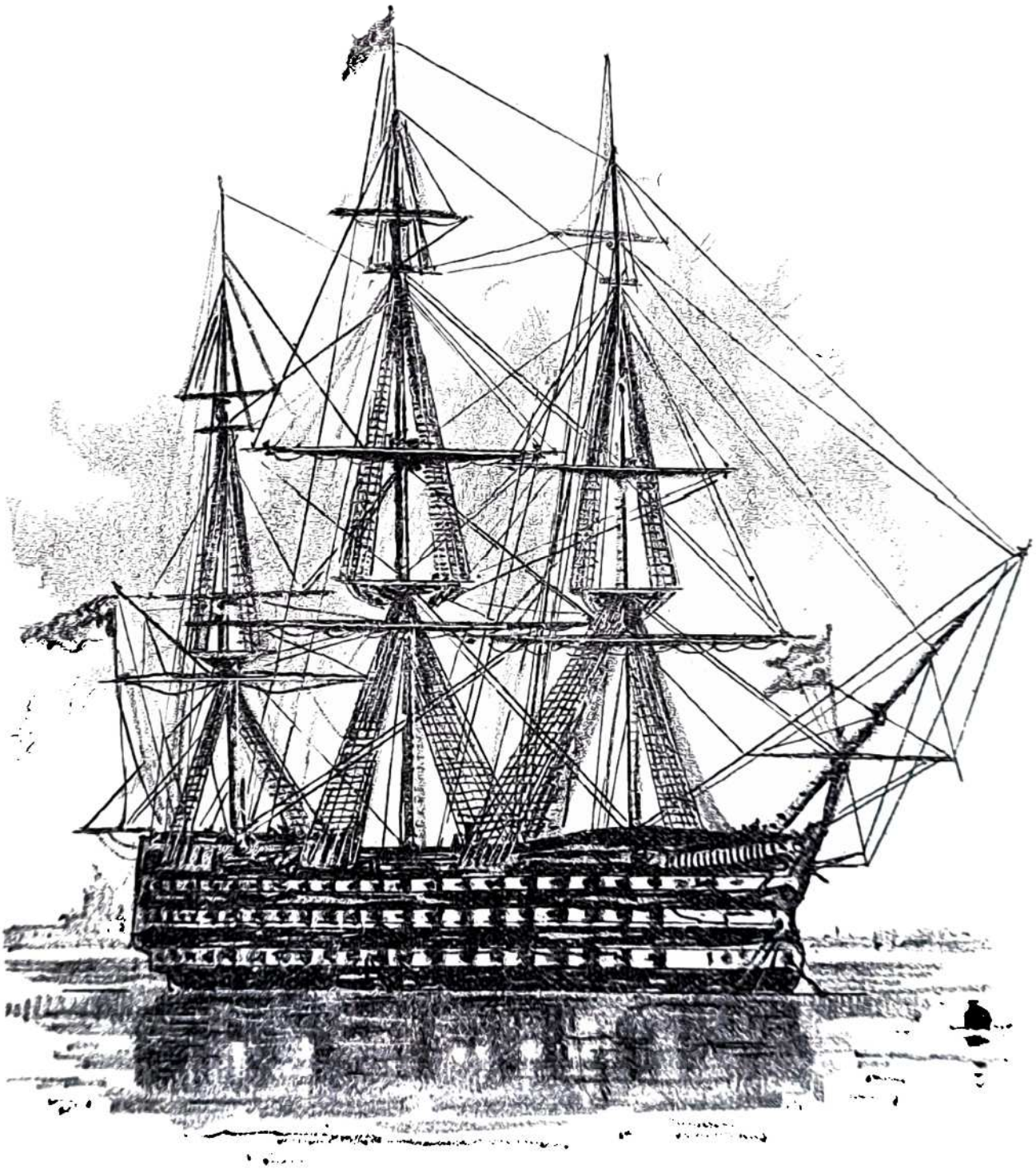
# The Morning Watch.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*



**Nelson's Ship, The Victory.**

*The Volume of "The Morning Watch" for 1890 may be had from the Publishers, price Tenpence; or by post One Shilling.*

*The Volume for 1891 is also ready.*

**Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.**

# International Sabbath School Lessons.

*August 7.*—The Apostles' Confidence in God.—Acts iv. 19-31. Text, Acts iv. 31. Quest. 87. Psalm lxviii. 11, 12.

THIS is the beginning of persecution: the disciples drinking the first draught from the Master's cup. The rulers thought the Cross had made an end of Jesus, but now His name gathered greater crowds than ever. Violence against God is useless. The Twelve could not but speak in that name; for He had said to them, Ye shall be witnesses unto Me. From angry men they appeal to Almighty God, Who has set His Holy Servant Jesus (Isaiah 42, 1) on His Throne. They do not ask to be spared persecution: they pray for courage to do their duty in the face of it. If the name of Jesus is magnified, they do not care what becomes of them. He had died for them, and already they are prepared to die for Him.

*August 14.*—Ananias and Sapphira.—Acts v. 1-11. Text, Gal. vi. 7. Quest. 88. Psalm lxviii. 13-15.

THE infant Church had its own character to win, as well as Christ's to maintain. The Church would have been ruined at the start if men could have said Christians were liars. The sin of these two lay, not in keeping some of their own money, but in keeping it and at the same time pretending to be giving it all away. It was a lie to the Holy Ghost, because He strove with them in their hearts before Peter spoke; because it was a lie at a holy time and place and about holy things; and because it implied that, so far as the power of detection was concerned, there might as well be no Holy Ghost in the Church. It was God, not Peter, Who smote them. Peter did not try to entrap Sapphira; his pained look and pleading voice, the solemnity of all present, so unlike their usual joy, should have arrested her.

*August 21.*—The Apostles Persecuted.—Acts v. 25-41. Text, Acts v. 29. Quest. 89. Psalm lxviii. 16, 17.

HOW bravely, how kindly, Peter speaks—he who struck Malchus and denied his Lord. How dishonest, how miserable, how cruel, the chief priests were. They were ready to murder men for simply stating well-known historical facts. Gamaliel, a famous scholar, was president of the Council. His advice, "Wait and see," a poor one for men who are not sure of a day. Far better to have said, "Search and try; find out the truth at once; examine the guards; did Christ rise?" The disciples got thirty-nine stripes each; how little is said about it—"they beat them," and God sustained them.

*August 28.*—The First Christian Martyr.—Acts vii. 54-60. Text, Acts vii. 60. Quest. 90. Psalm lxviii. 18.

CHRIST calls Himself "the Son of Man" about fifty times. Stephen is the only other person in the New Testament who so names Him. Christ in glory is still Man, our Brother. He sees us with His glorified eyes this moment. Godly dying people sometimes speak as if they literally saw Him; perhaps they do. In mental power and in grasp of divine things Stephen far excelled the Apostles. His death seemed an irreparable blow to God's cause, yet it was the making of Paul. Paul's theology is Stephen's theology, so we can't love Stephen too much. Our beautiful word "cemetery" comes from the Greek word here translated "fell asleep."

*September 4.*—Philip Preaching at Samaria.—Acts viii. 5-25. Text, Acts viii. 8. Quest. 91. Psalm lxviii. 19, 20.

**How Old art Thou?**—GEN. xlvii. 8.
**How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?**—LUKE xvi. 7.

*Continued from page 76.*

At the age of 47

NELSON was killed at the battle of Trafalgar, 21st October, 1809. He was hit on the left shoulder by a bullet fired by a marksman who was posted only 15 yards off in the rigging of the French ship "Redoubtable." The bullet, with a bit of gold lace torn from his epaulette still sticking to it, is now in the Queen's possession.

The "Victory," the ship on which he died, now lies in Portsmouth harbour. A plate on the quarter-deck marks the spot where he fell. The Victory was launched 7th May, 1765, so that she is now 127 years old. She is 226 feet long, 50 feet wide, and stands 40 feet high above the water. She carried 104 guns.

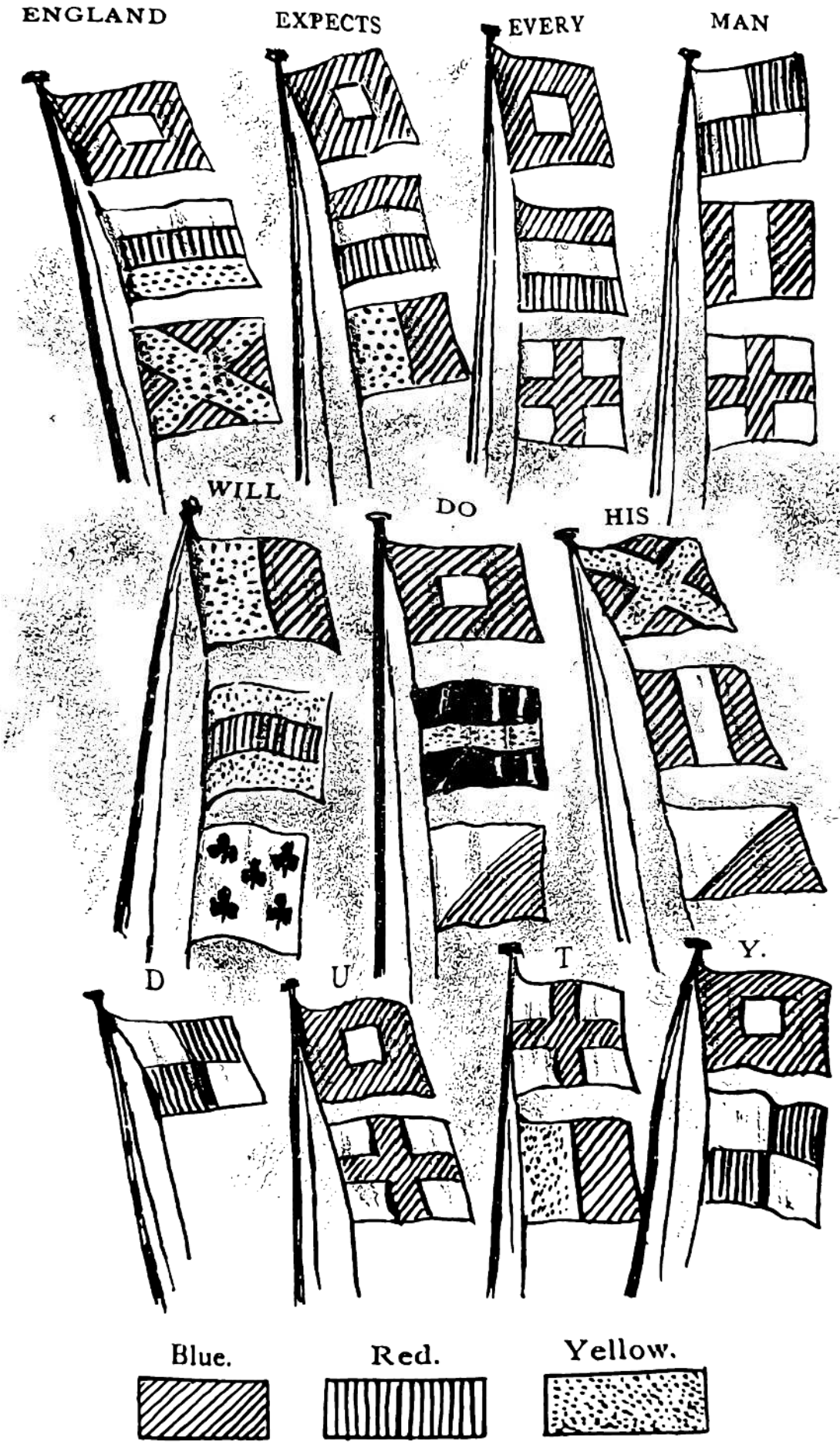
Ships at sea speak to one another by means of flags of different shapes and colours. There is a flag for every letter of the alphabet, but as it would take too much time to spell every word, seeing ships soon pass each other, certain words that are most likely to be needed are represented by combinations of two or more flags. Every ship carries a book containing this "signal code" as it is called. The code now in use, however, is simpler than the one used ninety years ago. The story about Nelson's famous signal is thus told by the officer who made it:

"About a quarter to noon, Lord Nelson said, 'Mr. Pasco, I wish to say to the Fleet, 'England confides that every man will do his duty,' and, he added, 'you must be quick, for I have one more to make, which is for Close Action.' I replied, 'If your Lordship will permit me to substitute the 'expects' for 'confides,' the signal will soon be completed, because the word 'expects' is in the vocabulary, and 'confides' must be spelt.' His Lordship replied, in haste, and with seeming satisfaction, 'That will do, Pasco, make it directly.'"

There is a beautiful coloured copy of the signal in Mr. Clark Russell's "Life of Nelson," but any boy can easily make one for himself, or colour the one on page 88 by watching the markings on the different flags and painting them accordingly.

48 In 1848 HELMUTH VON MOLTKE thought that his work as a soldier was done. "I have no wish to rise any higher than Chief of the General Staff of an Army Corps, and I shall then retire. I should prefer the simplest private life." His cherished idea was that his brother and he should buy an estate between them and farm it together. He even had thoughts of emigrating—like Cromwell at the age of 42. "My little wife"—an English-woman, a Miss Mary Burt—"is my greatest joy. In five years I have rarely seen her sad, and never cross. She is always equally gay and calm. When I come in, however tired and worried I may be, I find a happy face to greet me."

Eighteen years after, Moltke was only beginning the work for


ENGLAND
EXPECTS
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Yellow.

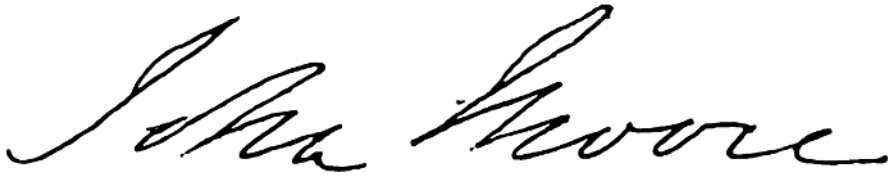
which he had been preparing, by his marvellous victories over Austria in 1866, and over France in 1870-71.

At the age of 48

SIR JOHN MOORE was killed at Corunna, 16th January, 1809. "He is the only British General who has gained lasting fame by the conduct of a retreat." He had gone, with an army of 25,000, to attack Soult and was compelled to turn by hearing that Madrid had fallen and that Napoleon was coming to crush him with 70,000 men. In his retreat he had to march 250 miles through mountains and rain and snow, vexed not less by the drunkenness of his own troops than by the valour of the pursuing enemy. His rear-guard were seven times engaged. When at last he reached Corunna, there were, contrary to his expectations, no English ships in the harbour. He had to turn and fight one more battle, with 14,000 against 20,000. In the very moment of victory a cannon ball struck him on the left breast, and threw him from his horse. His shoulder was shattered to pieces and the ribs over his heart broken. He only suffered himself to be taken to the rear when he was satisfied that his troops were gaining ground. "As the soldiers placed him in a blanket," says General Sir W. Napier, "the hilt of his sword entered the wound. Captain Hardinge" (afterwards Governor-General of India), "who was near, attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, 'It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me.' As they carried him to the town, those about him, judging from the resolution of his countenance that his hurt was not mortal, expressed a hope of his recovery. 'No,' he said, 'I feel that to be impossible.' Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn him round, that he might behold the field of battle, and when the firing indicated the advance of the British he discovered his satisfaction, and permitted the bearers to proceed." Being brought to his lodgings he lingered but for a short time. The pain increased and he spoke with difficulty. To a friend beside him, he said, "Don't leave me. I hope the people of England will be satisfied. Say to my mother"—but here his voice faltered.

The battle was scarcely ended when he was buried on the ramparts in his military cloak. Soult, the French General, raised a monument to his memory.

There is another monument to him in Glasgow, where he was born. He was tall and graceful in manner, with dark searching eyes, a fine forehead, and a singularly expressive mouth. He was a man greatly beloved, and had the faculty as no other British General of his time had—not even Wellington—of training able officers. Whenever an officer trained under him obtained a regiment, it was long remarked, that regiment was distinguished for its discipline and enduring qualities.



*The stouthearted are spoiled, they have slept their sleep; and none of the men of might have found their hands.—Ps. 76, 5.*

ON the 25th June, 1854, a meeting of the British Cabinet, at which all the members were present, was held at Pembroke Lodge. It was a summer evening. The Duke of Newcastle had prepared a despatch to be sent to Lord Raglan, and, taking it out, began to read it. Then there occurred an incident, very trifling in itself, yet most momentous in its consequences, and so strange that, had it not been vouched for by a man of the highest honour who was present, we might have called it incredible.

Before the reading of the paper, says the late Mr. Kinglake, had long continued, all the members of the cabinet, except a small minority, were overcome with sleep. For a moment the noise of a falling chair disturbed their repose, but presently the Duke resumed the reading of the draft, and then again the fated sleep descended upon the eyes of ministers. Later in the evening, and in another room, he made another and last effort to win attention to the contents of the draft, but again a kind of torpor—this time not actual sleep—interposed between ministers and cares of state, and all, even those who from the first had remained awake, were in a quiet, assenting frame of mind. to provoke objection, ye letter of it was altered.

And *that* was the pa committed Britain to wa Crimea, a war that cost ou alone twenty-four thousand

UNDERGRADUATE of Oriel College, C few years ago, used in, every Monday, Note University Sermon preache Sabbath before. One day, Mr. Burgon, Fellow of Orie duty it was to examine thes thought he had found out copying. He sent for th man whom he believed to culprit, and said to him, ' you have copied your Sermc from Mr. So-and-so." Th man said he had not copie Burgon at once expressed hi regret for having wrongfully him, assuring him that believed his statement, and was certain the similarity his Sermon Notes and thos other man admitted of a innocent explanation. The man withdrew. Mr. Burgo him slowly descend the s A moment or two afterw heard the footstep of so slowly coming upstairs. T opened, and the same re-appeared. "What I t just now," he said, "was r I did copy." The confiden which he had been treated

# The Corncrakes.

I.

IT must have been something unusual, though I don't know what it was, that made the mother corncrake leave the field of mowing grass in which she had reared her eight children. She had lived there

for three months, and never been once out of it. She looked anxious, however, that forenoon, and charged her children, and especially her eldest boy Thistle Down, or Thistle, as he preferred to be called, on no account to move till she came back, unless some dog came, or some other extraordinary contingency arose. Of course she didn't use the word "contingency," but that is a correct translation of what she said. They all promised to obey her, and lay quiet for ten minutes. Then Thistle began to get restless and pecked his sisters, who were only too fond of him, and accused them of crowding in on him so that he couldn't get breath.

II.

"Crake, crake, crake." "There's Cockle Corncrake calling; he said he could beat me in a race across the field, and he is coming to try me this forenoon."

"It isn't Cockle," said Thistle's second sister.

"Nobody was speaking to you, Nettle, and"—"Crake, crake, crake"—"it is Cockle's voice."

"It is three notes lower," said Nettle; "but maybe his voice has broken since yesterday!"

"Well, there are three pecks to you, one for each note, and one extra for your impertinence. And I'm going to run that race."

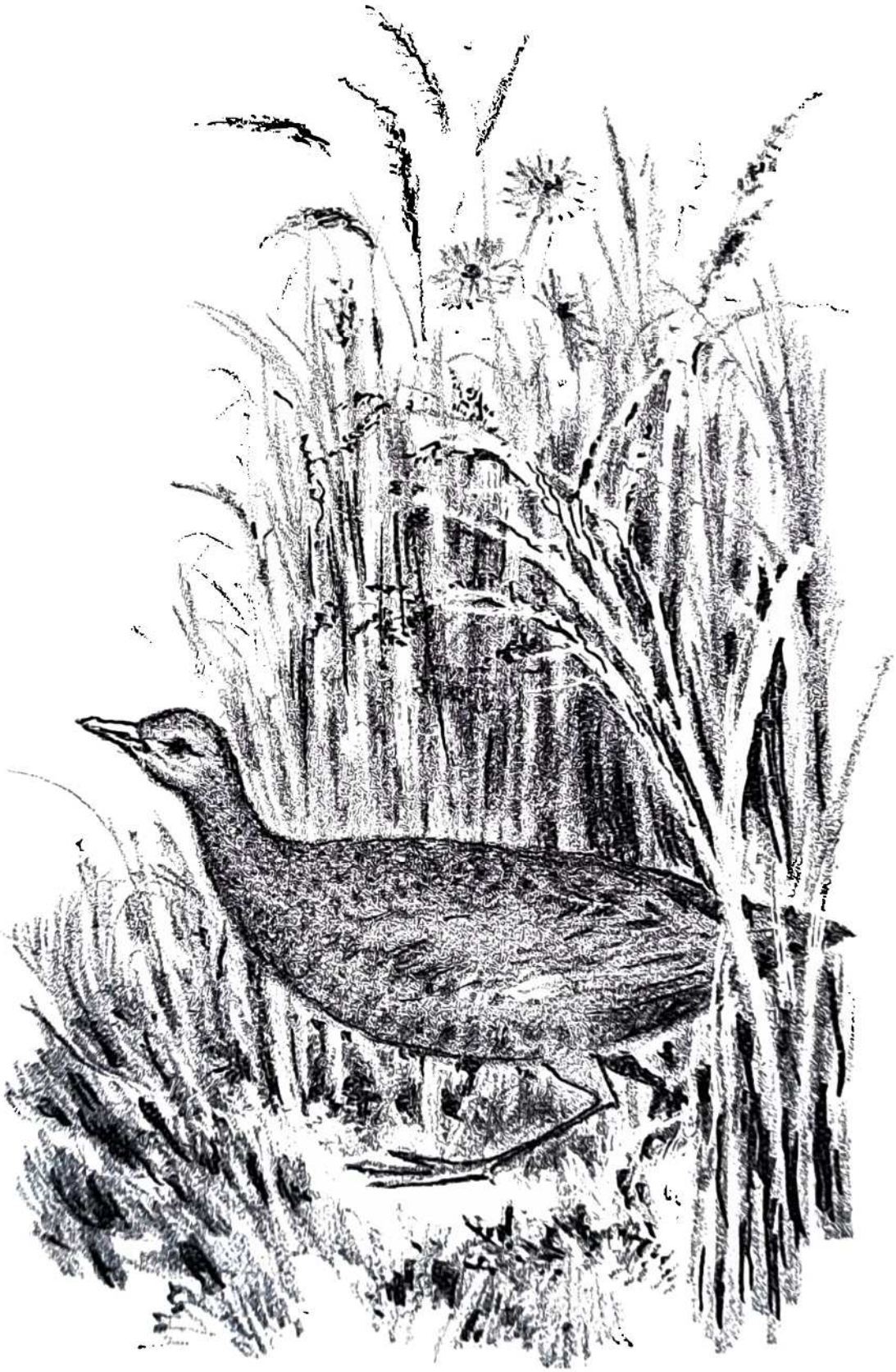
"But, Thistle," said his eldest sister, whose name was Poppy, "you promised mother not to go away."

"And I promised Cockle to meet him."

"You should have told mother that, and anyway your first duty is to your mother."

"Well, I'm not going to stay roasting here all day."

"Mother will soon be back; she said she would be home before the shadow of the big oak reached us,



and you know that mother never was a moment late yet."

"Crake, crake."

"There he's calling again, and if I don't go he'll say he can beat me, and then he will refuse to fix another day."

"Very well, Downie," said Nettle,

"you can just give him four pecks too—but perhaps it is only little girls that you strike."

"Crake, crake, crake."

"I'm not going to argue with a lot of sillies any longer, but you'll catch it when I come back, my lady!" And before any of them could say a word, Thistle was off.

III.

"I don't think, sir, that there's any chance of making them fly, but if you watch that thin patch you may get a shot at one of them running, but they run very quickly." The man to whom he spoke was an American who was collecting British birds for a museum, and it was little Bobby Lorimer who had been imitating a corncrake all this time by drawing a stick along the teeth of an old wooden rake.

"Crake, crake." And the next moment the man fired, and Thistle D. Corncrake lay dead! Poor Nettle would give anything now to have her brother pecking at her again, but that will never be. He was stuffed last week, and goes out to Canada with a lot of other birds next month in the s.s. "Sarmatian."

THE mother of Mr. Gilmour, the Mongolian missionary, used to say to him when he was a boy, "What an unco thing it will be if I see you shut out of heaven!" His recollection of these words was one of the things that brought about his conversion.

## The Bad Shilling.

YOU never saw a prettier shop than old Granny Webster's. Her eyesight was now failing, but she had been neat and tidy from her youth up, and now in age her habits of order and cleanliness did not leave her. She was not rich, yet she was always giving, for she "dwelt on high," and God blessed her, and she believed everything He said, and had no fear; and it did most people good even to look at her.

One of her neighbours was Mrs. Skinner. Her husband had thirty-five shillings a week, but they were always in debt; and owing money, like loving money, is a root of every kind of evil. She had once seen Granny Webster mistake a florin for half-a-crown. So one day, having found a bad shilling, she took it straightway to the shop and bought a ha'penny worth of pins, and got the change. Then she stood talking for a while, for she could talk endlessly, and only left when she saw little Maggie Aitken come in with half-a-crown in her hand to buy bread.

Mrs. Aitken had had her own trials, but strove ever to live worthy of the husband who had been taken from her after three years of married life. When her daughter returned and put down two shillings and the odd pence, Mrs. Aitken saw at once that one of the shillings was bad. Maggie was for taking it back at once, or else passing it on to some other body. She saw no reason why it shouldn't go on for ever,

from one person to another, like a good shilling. "No, no," said her mother, "it would be rejected some day, and the one who had it last would be the sufferer, and that one might be less able to lose a shilling than we are. And your father used to say that a bad book, or a bad story, or a bad anything, should be either buried or burnt, and that at once. So we'll just burn it, for I'm sure that's what he would like us to do, though a shilling is a good deal to lose, but Granny Webster is getting frail, and it would vex her if we took it back." Maggie compared the two shillings once more very carefully, and then watched the bad one in the fire as long as it was visible. She knew it would take her mother a whole day to earn another.

II.

About a week after, the village schoolmaster was in high glee. He had got the best possible report from the Government Inspector, and the "excellent" grant for discipline. The children, of course, were happy too, and all the more so that the warm weather had set in, and they had "got their bare feet on," as they put it. And who should come to see his old school that day but Sir Stewart Donaldson, all the way from Australia! The master had the report lying on his desk, and, of course, Sir Stewart saw it, and said he would give a silver threepenny piece with a hole in it to every boy and girl who had "passed." Then he offered a shilling to be competed for on the spot, and asked leave to give the questions himself. First there was some spelling; hard words like "subtle," "harass," "separate," "disappoint," "parallel," "ecstasy;" then some arithmetic; next, the names of the Apostles; then "What is Justification?" and lastly, partly from fun, partly to see if the children were trained to keep their eyes open, he asked them some of the questions with which he had seen a lady puzzle most of his fellow-passengers on board ship on his voyage home: "Draw the face of a clock, and set the hands at half-past four;" "How many windows are there in the Church?" "What is the length of this room in feet?" "How many shops are there in Hardgate Street?" and lastly, "Write down all that is on the face of a penny stamp and on the two sides of a shilling."

When the slates were examined, Maggie Aitken's answers were the best. "But how did you know so exactly all that is on a shilling?" Sir Stewart asked. Then frankly, but very modestly, she told him before the whole school what her mother had done the week before; and then she got the prize.

III.

Mrs. Skinner's three children, owing to their insufficient attendances, had not been presented to the Inspector, and therefore got none of the threepenny-bits. For which, when they went home, they each got a thrashing from their mother who was in a temper through having broken a beautiful jug, the last of her marriage presents that was whole. I don't think she had ever stayed as long in her house before, without going out, as she did

that afternoon. And I am sure she wished she had stayed in a little longer, for, venturing at last to the door to look for one of her children to go a message, she met a neighbour who told her that Sir Stewart Donaldson had just left Mrs. Aitken's and was gone over to take tea with old Mrs. Webster.

MY first memory is sitting on my mother's knee as a little child as she taught me that text, "God so loved the world." I remember as a little child standing at her bedroom door in the middle of the day, and hearing her importunate voice, and listening and hearing how she was praying for me and the other children that we might give our hearts to God and be converted. I did not then know what conversion meant, but I felt I should like to be converted in order to give her pleasure.—*Newman Hall's Farewell Sermon.*

THE joy in life of almost all animals and birds in freedom is very great. You may see it in every motion: in the lissom bound of the hare, the playful leap of the rabbit, the song that the lark and finch *must* sing; the soft loving coo of the dove in the hawthorn; the blackbird ruffling out his feathers on a rail. The sense of living—the consciousness of seeing and feeling—is manifestly intense in them all, and is in itself an exquisite pleasure: they rush to the banquet spread for them with a gusto that Lucullus never knew in the midst of his artistic gluttony; they drink from the stream with dainty sips as though it were richest wine. Watch how they dance from bough to bough, and know not how to express their wild happiness.—*Richard Jefferies.*

## Bible Questions.

SENIORS.—1. How many women who lived before the Flood are named in the Bible? 2. Find out the ages at death of as many Kings in the Bible as possible. 3. A list of questions put by any of the disciples to Christ that must have pleased Him.

JUNIORS.—1. How many good men, and how many bad men are mentioned in the Epistle to the Hebrews? 2. Who is the last woman mentioned in the New Testament? 3. What is the first Name and the last Name mentioned in the N.T.? 4. Who is the first good man, and who is the last good man, mentioned in the N.T.?

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the June number have been received from—

**SENIORS.**—Alexander Adams, Alexander Fulton, Alexander Macsween (3, 4, and 5), M. Martin, James M'Crea.

**JUNIORS.**—Janet Barclay, Gardner Blair, David Blair, John Crawford, Jeanie Crawford, Tina Crawford, James S. Fulton, John S. Howie, Annie Kean (1 and 4), Tillie Kean (1 and 4), Matthew Lang, Donald Macsween, John Macsween, Janet Macsween, Edith M. Murray, James M'Crea, Willie Archie Paterson, Margaret T. Taylor.

*The names of those who did the July lessons will be published in September.*

1 M | When there were no depths, I was brought forth.—*Prov. 8, 24.*
2 Tu | The winds and the sea obey Him.—*Matt. 8, 27.*
3 W | He said, Launch out into the deep.—*Luke 5, 4.* On 3rd August, 400 years ago, a Friday, Columbus set sail "out into the West."

Whatever can be known of earth we know
Sneered Europe's wise men in their snail-shells curled;
No! said one man in Genoa, and that No
Out of the dark created the New World.—*Lowell.*

4 Th | His dominion shall be from sea to sea.—*Zech. 9, 10.*
5 F | The isles shall wait for His law.—*Is. 42, 4.*
6 S | Before the throne, as it were, a glassy sea.—*Rev. 4, 6 (R. V.)*

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7 S | I have cried day and night before Thee.—*Ps. 88, 1.*
8 M | For Thine Own sake, O my God.—*Dan. 9, 19.*
9 Tu | For Thy Name's sake.—*Jer. 14, 21.*
10 W | For Christ's sake.—*Eph. 4, 32.*
11 Th | For my brethren and companions' sakes.—*Ps. 122, 8.*
12 F | God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac.—*Gen. 32, 9.*
13 S | Thou makest us a by-word among the heathen.—*Ps. 44, 14.*

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14 S | Prove me now, saith the Lord of Hosts.—*Mal. 3, 10.*
15 M | He is faithful.—*Heb. 10, 23.* "Christ is no worse than He promised," said Andrew Clark, aged 19, and Samuel M'Ewen, 17, Covenanters, sentenced this day, 1684, at 1 p.m., and hanged at 5 p.m. M'Ewen blessed God "for honouring me, a poor country lad, having neither father nor mother alive, to witness for Him. Farewell, Glencairn, my native parish. Welcome, my sweet Saviour."
16 Tu | For ye have need of patience.
17 W | For yet a very little while, he that cometh shall come.—*Heb. 10, 36 (R. V.)*
18 Th | The expectation of the wicked shall perish.—*Prov. 10, 28.*

Here wait, do service,—serving and to serve!
And in due time, I no wise doubt at all,
The recognition of my service comes.
Next year I'm only sixteen. I can wait.
* * * * *
Worn threadbare of soul
By forty-six years rubbing on hard life,
Getting fast tired o' the game whose word is—"Wait!"
*Browning—The Ring and the Book.*

19 F | Whose trust is a spider's web.—*Job 8, 14.*
20 S | Wait on the Lord, yea, wait thou on the Lord.—*Ps. 27, 14.*

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21 S | Thy hidden ones.—*Ps. 83, 3.*
22 M | In the time of trouble He shall hide me.—*Ps. 27, 5.*
23 Tu | When thou hast shut thy door, pray.—*Matt. 6, 6.*
24 W | Unknown, and yet well known.—*2 Cor. 6, 9.*
25 Th | Then all the disciples left Him, and fled.—*Matt. 26, 56 (R. V.)*
26 F | Enoch was not; for God took him.—*Gen. 5, 24.*
27 S | Arise, shine.—*Is. 60, 1.*

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28 S | He removeth Kings, and setteth up Kings.—*Dan. 2, 21.*
29 M | Pharaoh King of Egypt is but a noise.—*Jer. 46, 17.*
30 Tu | Potsherds of the earth.
31 W | Fear not these two tails of smoking firebrands.—*Isaiah 7, 4.*

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# The Morning Watch.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

The Fox.

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# International Sabbath School Lessons.

*September 4.*—Philip Preaching at Samaria.—Acts viii. 5-25. Text, Acts viii. 8. Quest. 91. Psalm lxviii. 19, 20.

THIS lesson has three parts. (1) The gospel in Samaria. Hatred and pride had built a high wall between Jews and Samaritans, but the love of Jesus broke it down. The Samaritans were more eager than the Jews to receive the gospel, hence it brought them great blessings and great joy. (2) Simon the sorcerer. This Simon had been the head of a false religion. He had made the Samaritans believe that he was the power of God called *Great*. He was, so to speak, a kind of false Christ, and counterfeited the miracles of the Saviour by magical arts which deceived the people and glorified himself. When the people left him to become Christians, he became a kind of believer with the rest and was baptized. No doubt he hoped thus to keep, instead of losing, his power over them. (3) Simon the Sorcerer and Simon Peter. The prayer of Peter and John brought down the Holy Spirit on the Samaritans (which was the right way to call down fire from heaven on them), and the sorcerer, admiring greatly, offered them money for a share in their power. If he could have bought it, he would have sold it, and made a mystery out of it, and so have became greater than ever in his old bad way. He actually wanted to use the gift of the Holy Ghost to minister to his own ambition and greed. It is this awful, heartless profanity that makes Peter judge him so severely.

*September 11.*—Philip and the Ethiopian.—Acts viii. 26-40. Text, John iii. 36. Quest. 92. Psalm lxviii. 32,33.

AT Samaria, Philip was imposed on by a bad man; in the desert, he led a simple man to the Saviour. The eunuch was seeking God; he had travelled more than 1,000 miles to worship at the Temple in Jerusalem; he was going home, perhaps disappointed, certainly perplexed, when God sent Philip to him. A seeking soul, a Gospel text, a plain straightforward preacher, a prompt conversion—an eager confession—that is the lesson. Both Philip and the eunuch rejoiced. In distant Ethiopia—capital Korti, famous in the Khartoum expedition—the eunuch, who had found in Christ the key to the Scriptures, would never feel forsaken or bewildered any more.

*September 18.*—Review of the Lessons. Text, 2 Cor. ix. 15. Quest. 93. Psalm lxviii. 34,35.

*September 25.*—The Lord's Supper Profaned.—1 Cor. xi. 20-34. Text, 1 Cor. xi. 28. Quest. 94. Psalm lxix. 35,36.

THE Lord's Supper is the holiest thing in the world, the monument of the love with which the Lord loved us even to the Cross. At its institution, one was false to Him (v. 23)—a warning for ever to all. It is profaned (1) By divisions (vv. 20-22). It is a love feast, a communion; Christ loves *all* whom He has bidden; how wicked if they hate, envy, or distrust each other at His table. (2) By forgetting Him: that is, by eating and drinking thoughtlessly or unfeelingly, like the Corinthians, as if it were a common meal. This is what is meant by eating unworthily; it is sinning against the dying love of Jesus. God punished this sin by sickness and death, that the Corinthians might wake and repent and be saved. The use of self-examination is not to keep us from coming, but to make us ready to come.

*October 2.*—Saul of Tarsus Converted.—Acts ix. 1-20. Text, John iii. 3. Quest. 95. Psalm lxx. 1-3.

## How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
## How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

*Continued from page 89.*

At the age of 49

On Saturday, 24th June, 1643, John Hampden died, "leaving," says Macaulay, "none his like behind him in England."

He was full cousin to Oliver Cromwell. While he was still young, being of distinguished birth and having great estates, his mother was desirous that he should go to London and be a courtier, "for here are multitudes of lords a-making." The son, happily for his country and for himself, had a nobler ambition than the mother. "He is the first of those great English commoners whose plain addition of Mister has a more majestic sound than the proudest of the feudal titles." He is best known in history for his opposition to Charles I. The King, encouraged by the bishops, imagined that he could do anything he liked. Matters came to a head when Charles began to levy taxes without consulting Parliament. In 1636 he ordered the men of Buckinghamshire to give him £4,500 to build a ship. Hampden's share of the tax was only a few shillings, but he refused to pay it. "Would twenty shillings," asks Mr. Burke, "have ruined Mr. Hampden's fortune? No, but the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle it was demanded, would have made him a slave." "From that hour his name was in every mouth, all men inquiring who and what he was that durst, at his own charge, support the liberty and prosperity of the kingdom."

Hampden's history, after this, becomes the history of England. He was killed in battle early in the Civil War. In making a last charge at the head of a few cavalry against Prince Rupert's Cavaliers a carbine ball struck him in the shoulder, disabling his sword arm. His head bending down, his hands resting on his horse's neck, he rode off the field before the action was done, "a thing he never used to do." The mansion from which, twenty-five years before, he had carried home his bride Elizabeth, now long dead, came in sight, and thither he made an effort to go. But a body of the enemy prevented him, and he rode, almost fainting, to a place called Thame. It was long remembered how, on the way, he paused for a moment at a little brook that crossed his path, and had to gather his strength before he leaped it. Six days after, he died praying. "O Lord God of Hosts, save me, if it be Thy good will, from the jaws of death. Pardon my manifold transgressions. O Lord, save my bleeding country. Have these realms in Thy special keeping. Let the King see his error, and turn the hearts of his wicked counsellors from the malice and wickedness of their designs. Lord Jesus, receive my soul. O Lord, save my country. O Lord, be merciful to——"

He was a man of great massiveness and yet simplicity of character, and specially noted for his modesty and flowing courtesy to all men. Richard Baxter, in his "Saint's Rest," declared that one of the pleasures he looked forward to in heaven was the society of Hampden.

At the age of 49

There is a locket of plain cornelian, which belonged to him, in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, on the silver rim of which is written—

Against my king I never fight,
But for my king and country's right.

His regiment was known as the "Greencoats," from the colour of their uniform. Their standard had, on one side, the Parliament watchword, "God with us," and on the other, Hampden's own motto, "Nulla vestigia retrorsum," that is, No steps backward. It was they who bore his body to the little church which still stands beside his home. As they marched to the grave, weeping, they sang "the lofty and melancholy 90th Psalm, in which the fragility of human life is contrasted with the immutability of Him to Whom a thousand years are as yesterday when it is passed;" but as they turned away from the grave, the words of the 43rd Psalm broke from their lips:—

"Why art thou then cast down my soul?
What should discourage thee?
And why with vexing thoughts art thou
Disquieted in me?
Still trust in God."

## What the Missionaries are doing over the Seas.

### Chapter VIII.

*About* Rasamoelina, *and the Church in his Father's House.*

I WONDER which of the languages in the world has the longest and hardest words in it. There is Welsh, to begin near home. Once Charles Kingsley wrote to Mr. Hughes, who has told us that delightful story of Tom Brown's Schooldays, to propose that they should go together for a holiday in North Wales. He said, "We may stay two or three days at Pen-y-Gwyrrryynnwwdddelld — there — I can't spell it, but it sounds Penny-goorood." Or there is Russian. They say that the simplest rule for the pronunciation of Russian names is—two sneezes and a cough. Or Basque; but I should like to find out how many of you can tell me where the Basques live. Learned men assure us that their language is really the most perplexing and difficult in Europe. Or Chinese, to travel farther afield. John Wesley maintained that Chinese, with its thousands of characters, was an invention of Satan to hinder the Gospel of Jesus. Or Greek—perhaps some of you boys who are battling with the aorists and paulo-post-futures of τύπτω may think the tongue of Socrates and Paul very painful to learn. Do you know that

in ancient Greek there is a word with actually 169 letters in it? I counted them a minute ago in my 'Liddell and Scott' to make quite sure. It is the name of a dish composed of fish and flesh and fowl, with half-a-dozen different sauces thrown in for seasoning. Fancy anybody asking for it at dinner.

But for long words and curious names I do think the Malagasy, who live in the great Island of Madagascar, will bear away the palm. If a little girl is born on New Year's Day, they call her Miss Rasèndranòro, "Miss Happening-on-Rejoicing." If a boy steps into the world at 12 o'clock, when the sun is at its brightest, they call him Master Vèlonantoàndro, "The little laddie who was born in the broadest daylight." Since the Missionaries taught them about Jesus they are very fond of Bible names, and sometimes they choose such uncommon ones. For example, a boy will be called Raboanàrijèsy, or Boanerges. But the dear little Hova boy whose home and friends I am going to describe to you had a more familiar name. His father had him baptised Rasamoèlina; and that is Malagasy for Samuel.

Samuel is the youngest in a family of six girls and boys. They live in Antanànarivo, the capital of Madagascar, in a house built of sun-dried bricks and roofed with tiles. It is a Christian home, and Samuel goes to one of the schools of the London Missionary Society. He is twelve years old now. He has a bright lively face, just the colour of a roasted coffee-bean. His hair is black and straight and glossy. He wears what looks like a sheet thrown round his shoulders, his *lamba* he calls it; he can gather it up and put it round him so gracefully that you would have no chance if you tried to imitate him. He prides himself on keeping the lamba spotlessly clean, and it is very seldom that his teacher has to hint that a little application of soap and water would be advisable. He runs about barefooted—a very sensible plan in so hot a country. And what is he learning? O, reading, and writing, and spelling, and arithmetic, and grammar, and geography, and singing, and that puzzling English language which his white teachers speak. He hopes to get a prize on the Examination Day, perhaps a pocket knife or a pencil or a magnifying glass. And both at school and at home Samuel is as happy as the day is long.

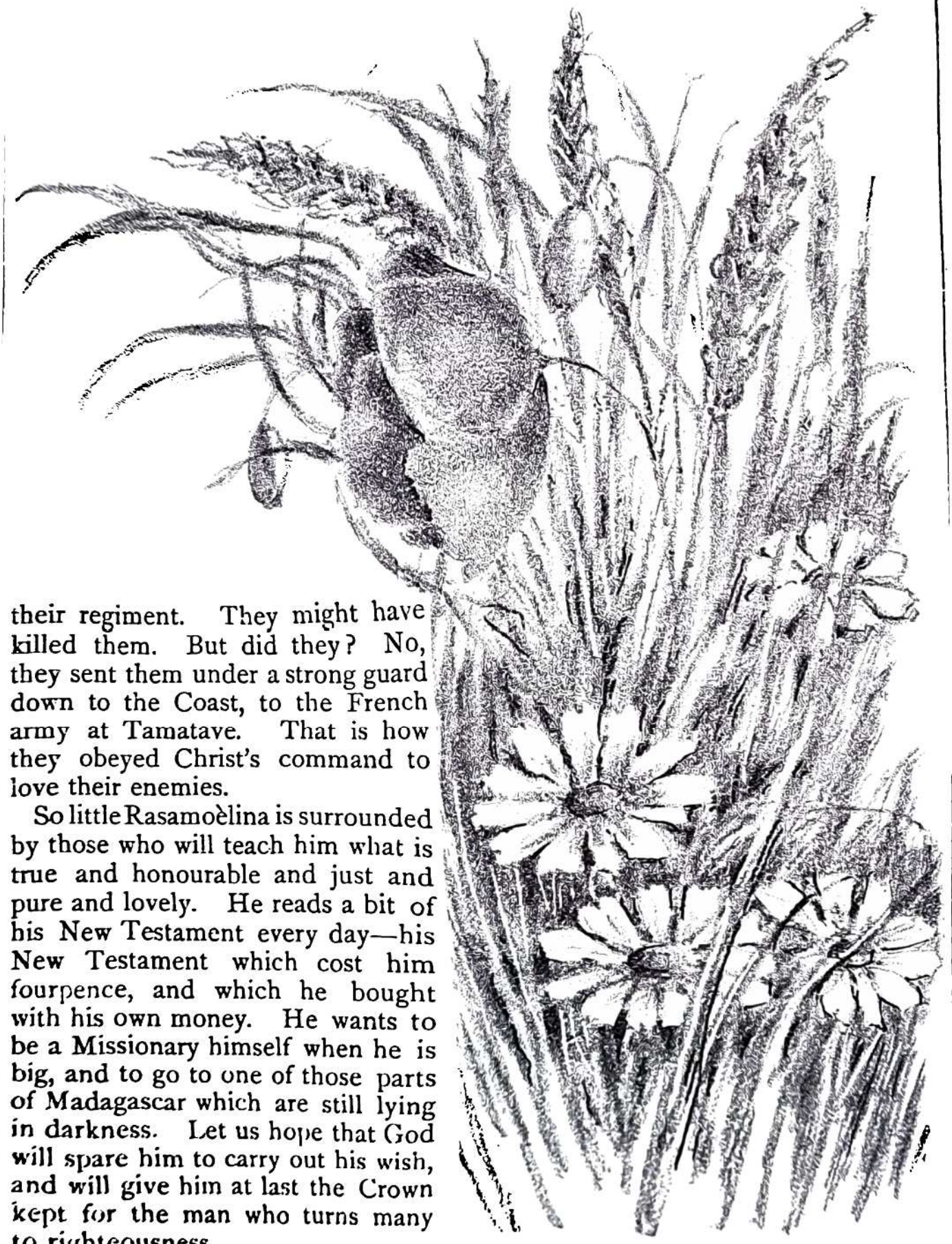
His father—Mr. Iàsabòtsy, or Mr. Saturday, because he was born on that day of the week—is a very interesting man. He has a great many stories to tell his boys and girls when their lessons are finished and they are waiting for their supper of rice. His own parents were heathen, and he happened to be born in an unlucky month. They thought that, if he grew up, he would be sure to bring evil on the home. So, when he was a baby, he was carried out to the gate of the village where they lived, and laid down in the middle of the road, just when the cattle were being driven in for the night. If they passed by without touching

him, it was believed that he might safely be allowed to live; but if the big oxen trod on the soft little naked thing, he would be crushed to death, and his mother would take up the poor bruised body, and wrap it in a piece of dark-blue calico, and bury it. But God was watching over little Saturday. There were seven oxen being taken to the shed that night. The first put down its nose and smelt the baby, or, as the Malagasy say, "kissed" him, and then at one bound jumped right over him. The second did the same, and the third, and so on until the seventh. Not one of them harmed him, and his mother, who was watching near at hand, carried him home again with a glad heart.

But Samuel likes most to hear his father talk about the great persecution under Queen Ràna-vàlona. Iàsabòtsy was a boy when it was at its worst in 1849. He will never forget what he saw in March that year. Fifteen Christians were led out to the cliffs near the royal palace. They were asked if they would deny Christ, and, when they refused, they were thrown over the precipice. And, immediately afterwards, four young noblemen of the Court, who loved Jesus, were burned at the stake—not a bit afraid, but singing God's praises in the midst of their sufferings, like the Scottish martyrs in the Grass-market and on the streets of St. Andrews and down on Wigtown Sands. It was the memory of their courage that helped to make Iàsabòtsy before long a disciple of Christ.

Samuel has a Christian mother, too. Her name is Rasoa. She was the only child of a wealthy home. Her parents had money and slaves and cattle out on the plains. But they worshipped idols, and believed in *ody* or charms. Their little girl grew up just like them; but some of her companions attended a Christian school. One day they sang to her a hymn you know, "When mothers of Salem their children brought to Jesus," or, as they put it, *Nitòndra ny zàza ny rèny tao Saléma.* Rasoa liked the sweet singing, and would not be satisfied till she was sent to the school where she could learn it too. She learned other things as well—that the Saviour had a place for her in His family of ransomed souls. She gave Him herself. And by-and-by He used her to bring her parents to Him. Once she was repeating some Bible words she had to say next morning at school: "Thou shalt not have any Gods beside Me; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them." Her father and mother heard her, and God's commandment was an arrow of the King sharp in their hearts. It pierced them. It led them to submit to Jesus. You may be sure Rasoa was a good mother for Rasamoèlina.

Some of his brothers are quite grown up. Two of them were soldiers in the war that broke out lately between the Malagasy and the French—a disgraceful war on the part of the French. But Samuel's brothers heaped coals of fire on the heads of their enemies. Some French people fell into the hands of



their regiment. They might have killed them. But did they? No, they sent them under a strong guard down to the Coast, to the French army at Tamatave. That is how they obeyed Christ's command to love their enemies.

So little Rasamoèlina is surrounded by those who will teach him what is true and honourable and just and pure and lovely. He reads a bit of his New Testament every day—his New Testament which cost him fourpence, and which he bought with his own money. He wants to be a Missionary himself when he is big, and to go to one of those parts of Madagascar which are still lying in darkness. Let us hope that God will spare him to carry out his wish, and will give him at last the Crown kept for the man who turns many to righteousness.

WE were proud of our doctor. I may tell you again about his scholarship and what the Oxford Tutor said about his Latin verses; and about what he did for the drunkards in the parish and the children. No one in this country ever saw more perfect rows of pure white teeth than all our boys and girls had. Her Majesty's Inspector affirmed that he actually got a fright the first time he visited our school; the children's faces looked so different from all other faces he had ever seen! That was Dr. Upton's doing. If he met a child with unbrushed teeth he would say, "Take this to Mr. Keir, the druggist's, and he will give you powder and a brush, and if your teeth are not prettier when I call this day week, I'll pull them out." And the doctor would have done it too!

We had him only nine years. He died of overwork. But we often speak of him, and will, to our dying day. Each one of us might say what our Sheriff says whenever the doctor's name is mentioned—"Andrew Upton was the best man I ever knew."

One of the doctor's favourites was old Mrs. Rennie. Her life had been one of trial, and for twelve years before her death her bodily sufferings were great. But no one ever left her house without getting good from her. When our doctor first met her, he had doubts about God and the Bible. But these all left him in three years, and very much, I think, through Mrs. Rennie's holy life and unceasing prayers. The doctor had many a story about her, and this is one of them.

Passing her door one July morning about four, he lifted the latch and looked in. She was sleeping in her chair, and on her little three-legged table lay her Bible open at the book of Jonah. She awoke as he was drawing back.

"You'll be thinking I'm a hypocrite with my Bible open, doctor, but I had a bad night and I read Jonah's prayer in the whale's belly."

Mrs. Rennie liked those bits of the Bible in which God makes birds and beasts and fishes do His work. She loved animals, and daily saw proofs of that verse in Genesis in which God tells Noah that He has made a covenant with all living things. "To think," she would often say, "that birds and creeping things and Christ and God, and strangest of all, man, are in some way bound up in one bundle!"

"It's that kind of thing," said the doctor, "that makes me doubt the Bible. I can't get over these stories

about whales and ravens and fishes with money in their mouths."

"I'm very sorry, doctor; but I like these stories dearly, and I believe them all."

"I suppose you believe too about Balaam's ass?"

"'Deed do I, doctor."

"Ah! well, Mrs. Rennie, it won't do! But good bye, just now, I fear I have put you off a good sleep."

Some weeks after, the doctor, his window open, was looking through his telescope at a German barque in the Firth in full sail. The day before, he had read Lowell's story of the Mississippi pilot whose favourite name for a ship was "Festina Lente," that is, Hasten Slowly, and now, looking at the barque he could scarce believe his eyes when he saw that her name seemed to be Festina Lente! She was going quickly, and he now wished to see her stern to make sure that he had read her name rightly. But, as he was straining his eyes to read her name and port, his black cat Prudence came and rubbed herself against the end of the telescope. He pushed her away three times, but at last, a little annoyed, he carried her to the door and threw her into the lobby. As he did so, he saw, through the stair window, a man running through the fields toward his house waving his hands. The doctor went into the garden and heard the man crying to him to come—a man had been hurt by a reaping-machine; they feared he was killed. In two minutes the doctor was on horseback, and off.

That night he looked in at Mrs. Rennie's. "Oh! I hope," she said, "John Daly isn't dead?"

"No, but it was touch and go He's weak with loss of blood, but think he will come round. I'm glad," he added, "that I was a home, and glad too that I saw the man running in the distance."

And then the doctor told he about the barque Festina Lente for he and she had many a tall about the queer coincidences tha happen daily. But when he tol her about the cat, and how she ha led him from his room, the ol woman laughed right out and said "Nonsense, doctor! you'll not ge me to believe that; I would as soo believe about Balaam and his ass!

This memory to England—
My legacy of war against the Pope
From child to child, from Pope t
Pope, from age to age,
Till the sea wash her level with he
shores,
Or till the Pope be Christ's.
—*Tennyson's Harol*

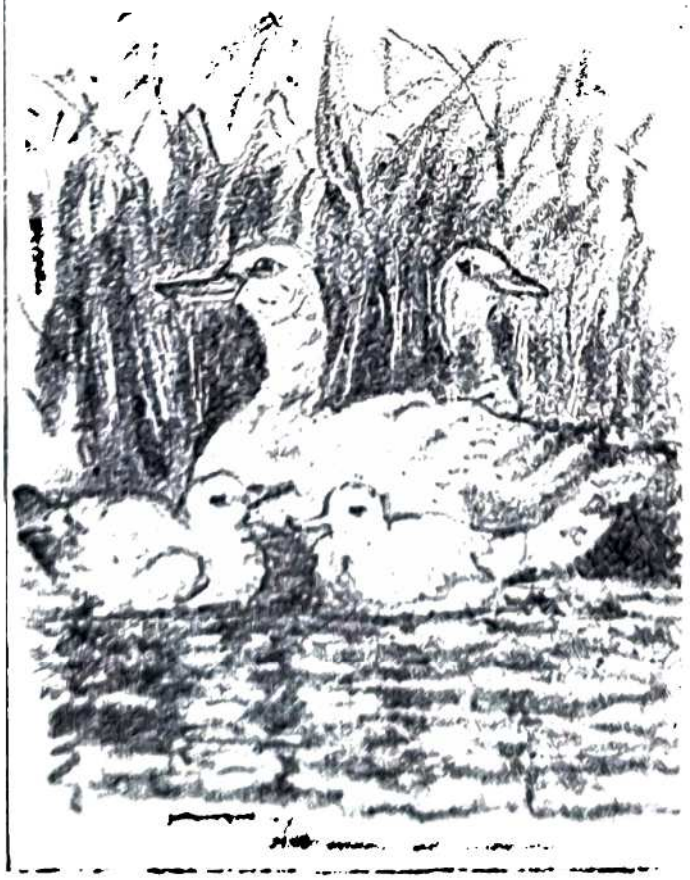
## The Fox that Shewed no Mercy.

VULPIE was one of th cleverest foxes in Fifeshire but he was, without doub the cruellest and most sel fish; and never happie than when telling other foxes som mean trick he had played. So low minded was he, that, rather tha have no story of wickedness to tell he would make up one. Nobod ever knew how much of what h said was false, and how much wa

true, but certainly he was capable of anything, and "did what he could."

"You know the big dyke on Baillie's farm?" he would say. "Well, I was basking in the sun, after eating a young pheasant, when a partridge flew past within a foot of my nose. He was bleeding badly, and had flown four hundred yards after being hit. He dropped about two yards off, completely done, but evidently pleased that they had shot him and not his wife or any of his children. So I just jumped down and gobbled him up."

Here is another of his stories. "Did you see an old woman on the road, much bent, a staff in her hand? They say she's over one thousand months old, and very poor. One day I found out where one of her hens had its nest in the wood. There were only five eggs in it, but each egg had two yolks; very sweet. I saw the old body searching the bushes, so I went down by the Rankeilour pond. Lo and behold, there were four wild ducks swimming near the reeds, two old ones, and two young ones! There was a bit of loose turf on the bank where they couldn't see me. I took it in my mouth, slipped into the water, and swam slowly down. You should have seen the young duck's face when I gripped it! It put me in mind of the hare I got in the clover near Ramornie once. I was limping along pretending to be eating grass. It didn't see me distinctly. There was a breeze blowing towards me, and the clover was very high. Thinking I was its mother it cried out, "Nice eating, mamma." "First rate," I said, "you're the plumpest little hare I've eaten this year."



Vulpie's last exploit was his seizure of Mrs. Bethune's big black hen. She was a young widow with three children. Her husband and she had saved £30 and lent it to a farmer. When her husband died, the farmer affirmed he had repaid the money long ago, and as he was a member of the School Board and a chief Freemason, and she was only a widow and couldn't prove the debt, he had it all his own way, and she had to work in the fields. Vulpie saw her leave her house, and then crept along the hedge. There was the hen, with twelve lovely chickens two days old, six of them pure white. "She had barely time to give a scream, when I bounced in, seized her by the neck, threw her body over my shoulder, and was off. I was only sorry I couldn't get one of the chickens too, but the chickens will keep!"

"Well, Vulpie," said an old fox, "I've told you before, and I tell you again, that you will yet be sorry for every needlessly cruel thing that you have done. We foxes have our own enemies, and should show mercy as we hope to get mercy. Every one of these things you brag about will stare you one day in the face; maybe sooner than you think. Our holes are all stopped, the hunt is to be out to-morrow, and you should——"

"All right!" said Vulpie, "the moon's up and there's no time for sermons; I'm off."

II.

Next day the hunt had the last and best run of the season, and Vulpie was the cause of it. The hounds nearly had him at Baillie's dyke, but somehow he tricked them, and would have got off altogether had he not suddenly come across the old woman with the bent back, who was crossing a stile to visit a sick neighbour. This made him turn back, and the hounds came on his scent again. Off he made for the Rankeilour pond, and, swimming across, got into the wood. Once more I think he would have escaped, but the screaming of a bird directed the huntsman, and off Vulpie had to go again. This was the final burst, and lasted twenty minutes. It was long remembered as the occasion on which the big farmer—he had been at a Freemason meeting the night before—broke his leg. Vulpie, as he ran, had his own thoughts. Every field he crossed reminded him of some wickedness that he had done, and not the least bitter of his moments was the last, when, as the foremost of the hounds sprang on him in Mrs. Bethune's garden, the words he had uttered the night before flashed into his mind—"*The chickens will keep.*"

IN praying for others, by making an errand to God for them, I have often gotten something for myself.—*Rutherford.*

## Bible Questions.

SENIORS.—1. Some points of resemblance, and 2. Some points of difference mentioned in Hebrews between the Jewish High Priests and our Great High Priest. 3. What do you think were the great turning points in the lives of Moses, Paul, Balaam, Saul, and Judas?

JUNIORS.—1. Mention 12 Psalms in which the sea is spoken of. 2. A list of kind things done to Peter by our Lord. 3. A list of people whom we know to have actually touched our Lord.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the July number have been received from—

**SENIORS.**—Alexander Adams, Alexander Fulton, Jeanie H. Lang, Mary H. Martin, Alexander Macsween (1, 2, and 4), James M'Crea, Mary G. M'Neil (1, 2, and 4).

**JUNIORS.**—Janet Barclay, Gardner Blair, David Blair, Jeanie Crawford, John Crawford, Tina Crawford, James S. Fulton, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Matthew Lang, Donald Macsween, Janet Macsween, John Macsween, Jeanie H. M'Neil, Edith M. Murray, Wm. A. Paterson, Lizzie Pomphrey, Maggie T. Taylor.

*The names of those who did the August lessons will be published in October.*

1 | TH | Be thou strong, and shew thyself a man.—*1 Kings 2, 2.*
It is very good for strength
To know that some one needs you to be strong.
—*Mrs. Browning.*
2 | F | A succourer of many.—*Rom. 16, 2.*
3 | S | The labourers are few.—*Matt. 9, 37.* We are but a handful; every one of us must be a hero. *Saying of Alhama, a Moorish warrior.*

4 | S | How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard?—*Prov. 6, 9.*
5 | M | Dreaming, lying down, loving to slumber.—*Isa. 56, 10.*
6 | TU | The wicked deviseth iniquity upon his bed.—*Ps. 36, 4.*
7 | W | I remember Thee upon my bed.—*Ps. 63, 6.*
8 | TH | Jacob awaked and said, Surely the Lord is in this place.—*Gen. 28, 17.*
9 | F | Samson awoke. But he wist not that the Lord was departed from him.—*Judges 16, 20.*
10 | S | The sleep of death.—*Ps. 13, 3.*
When the last sleep finds the eye
So tired it cannot even shut itself.
—*Browning.*

11 | S | Straightway He constrained His disciples to enter into the boat,
12 | M | And He departed into the mountain to pray.
13 | TU | Jesus, seeing them distressed in rowing,
14 | W | Cometh unto them, walking on the sea.
15 | TH | They all saw Him, and were troubled.
He straightway saith, Be of good cheer. (On this day, a Sabbath, 1492, Columbus, after refitting his three ships at the Canary Islands, turned his back on the Old World, "and pushed his prows into the setting sun.")
16 | F | They were sore amazed in themselves;
17 | S | But their heart was hardened.—*Mark 6, 45-56 (R. V.)*

18 | S | Thy thoughts are very deep.—*Ps. 92, 5.*
19 | M | Increasing in the knowledge of God.—*Col. 1, 10.*
20 | TU | Ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your tradition.—*Mark 7, 9 (R. V.)* When Samuel Palmer, a great painter and etcher who died in 1881, was a boy, his father made him learn a portion of Scripture and repeat this sentence every day: "Custom is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools."
21 | W | Grow.—*2 Peter, 3, 18.*
22 | TH | The Spirit of truth shall guide you into all the truth.—*John 16, 13.*
23 | F | Quench not the Spirit;
24 | S | Prove all things.—*1 Thess. 5, 21.*

25 | S | Moses called it, The tent of meeting.—*Ex. 33, 7 (R. V.)*
26 | M | Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?—*John 18, 26.*
27 | TU | Nor standeth in the way of sinners.—*Ps. 1, 1.*
28 | W | Evil company doth corrupt good manners.—*1 Cor. 15, 33 (R. V.)*
29 | TH | Put shameful speaking out of your mouth.—*Col. 3, 9.*
30 | F | I will know no evil thing.—*Ps. 101, 4 (R. V.)*
But if their talk were foul,
Then would he whistle rapid as any lark,
Or carol some old roundelay, and so loud
That first they mocked, but, after, reverenced him.
—*Tennyson's Gareth.*

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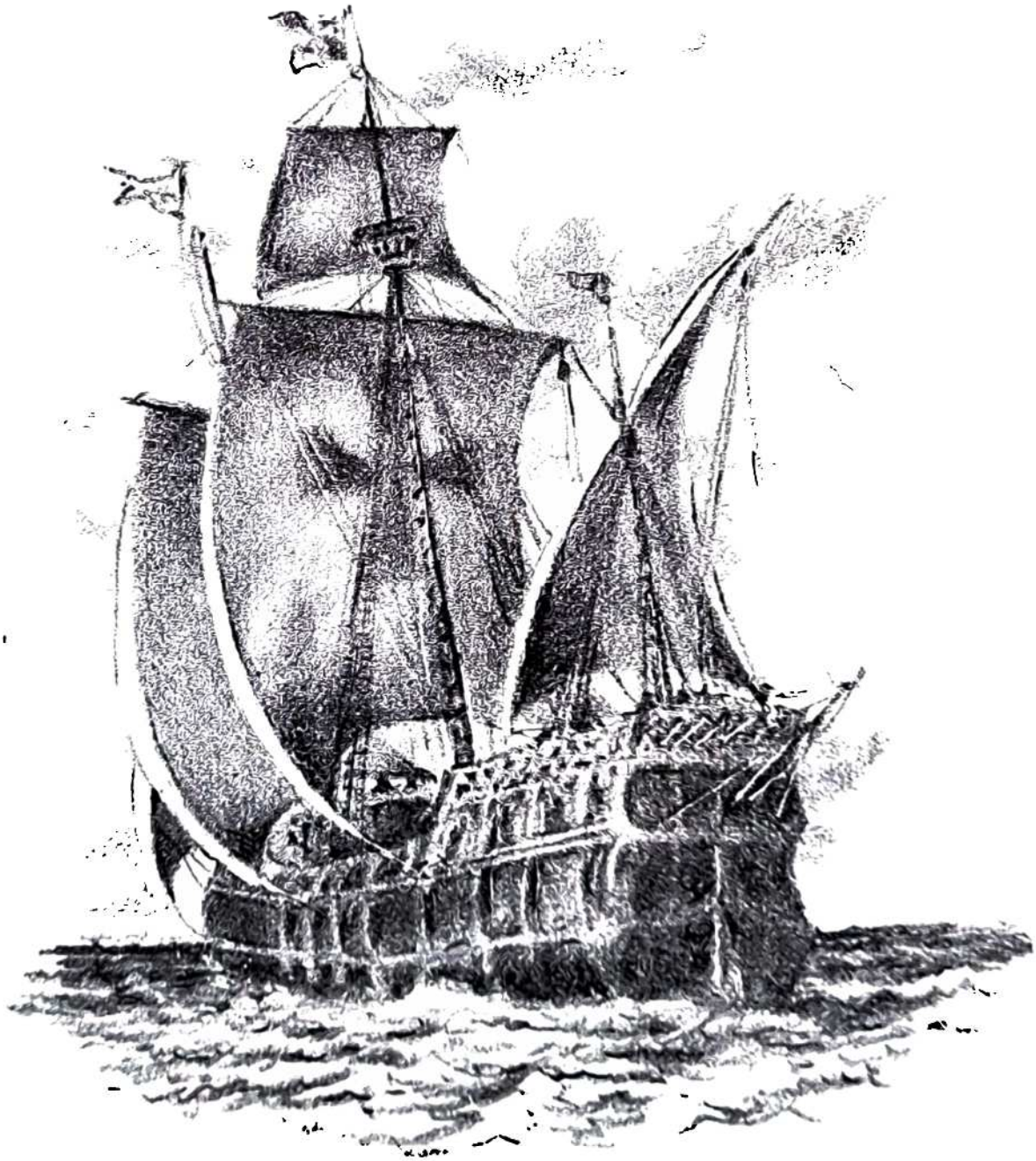
# The Morning Watch.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*



Columbus' Ship.

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# International Sabbath School Lessons.

*October 2.*—Saul of Tarsus Converted.—Acts ix. 1-20. Text, John iii. 3. Quest. 95. Psalm lxx. 1-3.

THIS chapter records one of the great victories of the Saviour. In the first verse of the lesson Saul is breathing out threatenings and slaughter; in the last he is preaching Christ as the Son of God. He had thought he was doing God service in persecuting the Nazarenes; but when the Crucified One appeared to him in the way as the Lord of Glory, he saw in that great light that all he had done had been to wound Him afresh in his people. No wonder he was dead to the world for three days, and when he became alive again was a new man. The kindness of Jesus is conspicuous in sending Ananias to him. His loneliness must have been unbearable, and he could not escape from it. He had earned distrust, but Jesus sent him what he needed, a Christian friend to love and comfort him, and to introduce him to the church. "Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the King's enemies."

*October 9.*—Dorcas Raised to Life.—Acts ix. 32-43. Text, Acts ix. 36. Quest. 96. Psalm lxx. 4, 5.

HERE is 1st, an Aeneid in six lines grander than Virgil's in 10,000; and 2nd, a queen greater than Dido. Dr. Stalker has beautifully said that the widows were themselves wearing the garments Dorcas had made. The Bible's silence about the after-life of persons raised from the dead shows the indescribableness of the unseen. We should spend a second term of life, if we got it, no better than the first.

*October 16.*—Peter's Vision.—Acts x. 1-20. Text, Acts x. 34. Quest. 97. Psalm lxxi. 1, 2.

PETER'S lodging with a tanner shows, 1, that he was poor, and 2, that he was getting rid of old prejudices. A tanner's trade was hateful to a strict Jew—owing to his necessary contact with carcases, etc. Peter had still much to learn. Joppa with its memories of Jonah and his mission to Gentiles; the Psalms with their commands to "All people that on earth do dwell;" countless incidents in Bible history; the promises—all showed that God loved "the world," but even Apostles saw it not. Peter is honoured to open the door to strangers—the power of the keys. We are responsible for our dreams. Peter did just as he would have done awake. He knows better than God. Curses had come out of his mouth, but he prided himself that unclean food had never gone into it.

*October 23.*—Peter at Cæsarea.—Acts x. 30-48. Text, Acts x. 43. Quest. 98. Psalm lxxi. 3-5.

A WONDERFUL summary of the sufferings and work and glory of Christ as Mediator, and of the gracious thoughts and dealing of the Three Persons of the Godhead toward us in time and in eternity. And yet Peter once would not let Christ speak of these things.

*October 30.*—The Gospel Preached at Antioch.—Acts xi. 19-30. Text, Acts xi. 21. Quest. 99. Psalm lxxi. 7-9.

CORNELIUS' reception into the church opened the way for the work of Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles. He had been waiting now for eight years. Barnabas gave up lands and friends for Christ, and in finding Paul got back an hundredfold. The word Christian, says Dr. Farrar, "marks the watershed of all human history." The heathen now saw that Jews and followers of Christ were not the same. Antioch, a wicked city of 500,000 people, now became the headquarters of Christianity instead of Jerusalem.

*November 6.*—Peter Delivered from Prison.—Acts xii. 1-17. Text, Psalm xxxiv. 7. Quest. 100. Psalm lxxi. 14, 15.

## How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
## How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

*Continued from page 100.*

At the age of 50

John Bunyan published the first part of Pilgrim's Progress, 1678.

When he was suffering in England, Cameron, and Cargill, and Peden, and Renwick, were suffering in Scotland; yet I don't suppose they ever heard of one another. The history that we know least is the history that we think we know best—the history of our own times. If we get to heaven, we shall be surprised to find out how many great men and women were living in the world at the same time as ourselves, some of them in the next street to us! perhaps some of them under our own roof! and we never suspected it. We should pray daily for those, both good and bad, who are not known to us, and we should ask God to open our eyes to see all the good that is in the world.

Contrast with the life of Bunyan—a lamp that burneth and shineth, a light shining more and more unto the perfect day, and that shall shine as a star for ever and ever—the description given of a selfish life at fifty and after in Browning's *The Ring and the Book*:

> Themselves love themselves,
> Spend their own oil in feeding their own lamp,
> That their own faces may grow bright thereby.
> They get to fifty and over: how's the lamp?
> Full to the depth o' the wick,—moneys so much;
> And also with a remnant,—so much more
> Of moneys,—which there's no consuming, now,
> But when the wick shall moulder out some day,
> Will lie a prize for the passer by.
> Well, having got through fifty years of flare,
> They burn out so.

Sir Richard Grenville died, 1591. An English fleet, under Lord Howard, had been sent to the Azores to look out for the homeward-bound treasure fleet of Spain. Grenville, who was second in command, was on board the Revenge, a ship of 500 tons, which had carried Sir Francis Drake's flag against the Armada in 1588. Suddenly fifty-three Spanish ships appeared, of which at least twenty were men-of-war. Lord Howard, being greatly outnumbered, gave the signal to his fleet to weigh anchor and escape as best they might. Eleven ships obeyed the signal, but, for some cause or other, the Revenge was unable for the moment to follow. She had a crew of 190, ninety of whom were sick on shore. Sir Richard Grenville first saw them brought on board and stowed away under deck, then weighed anchor, and, contrary to prudence and all good seamanship, went straight for the Spanish squadrons. Their huge ships, each twice as large as his own, took the wind out of his sails, and tried to board him. All that afternoon, and all that night, till daybreak, for

At the age of 50

fifteen hours, he held out against the furious cannonade of the enemy's artillerymen and musketeers. Before morning fifteen huge galleons had assailed him in turn by twos and threes, and all in vain. Some were sunk and the rest were almost willing to make a truce. But as the day dawned the helpless state of the Revenge was but too clearly seen. Her powder was all spent, her pikes were all broken, the masts were lying over the side, the upper works were all shot in pieces, and scarcely thirty of her crew were left alive, and most of those grievously wounded. Sir Richard himself was amongst the dying, having been shot through the body, and again in the head. "The Revenge was settling slowly in the sea; the vast fleet of Spaniards lying round her in a ring, like dogs round a dying lion, and wary of approaching him in his last agony." Her captain, seeing all hope gone, then gave the command :—

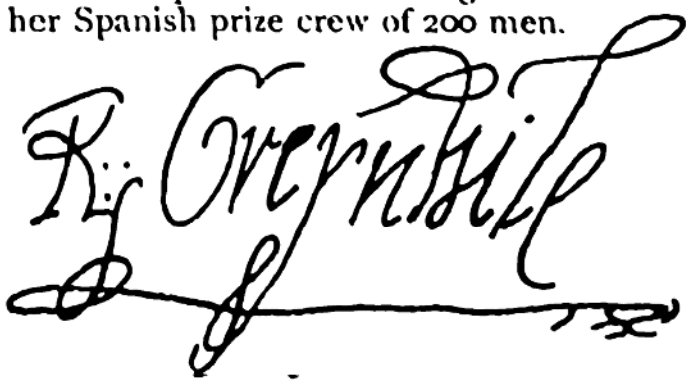
> " Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain !
> Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain !"

The gunner consented, but the others, feeling they had dared and done enough, determined, without consulting their dying commander, to surrender if honourable terms could be got. The Spaniards treated them with great courtesy, and a boat was sent to bring Sir Richard on board. "They might do with his body as they listed, he said, for that he esteemed it not." As they carried him out of his ship, he swooned, but reviving asked the company to pray for him.

In a few hours, feeling death near, he spake these words in Spanish : "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do that hath fought for his country, queen, religion, and honour. Whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty as he was bound to do."

"All England, and all the world," says Mr. Froude, "rang with the story. It struck a deeper terror, though it was but the action of a single ship, into the hearts of the Spanish people, it dealt a more deadly blow upon their fame and moral strength, than the destruction of the Armada itself."

Immediately after the battle, a fleet of merchantmen joined the Spaniards, forming in all 140 sail. Then came a terrible tempest, and, of the 140, only 32 ever saw Spain. And amongst the lost was the Revenge herself and her Spanish prize crew of 200 men.



*Not once or twice in our rough island-story,*
*The path of duty was the way to glory:*
*He that walks it, only thirsting*
*For the right, and learns to deaden*
*Love of self, before his journey closes,*
*He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting*
*Into glossy purples, which outredden*
*All voluptuous garden-roses.*
*Not once or twice in our fair island-story*
*The path of duty was the way to glory.*

*—Tennyson.*

COLUMBUS had three ships with him on his great voyage, the Santa Maria, Pinta, and Nina. The Nina was of 40 tons burden ; the Pinta of 50, with a crew of 18 men. The Santa Maria, in which Columbus himself sailed, belonged to Juan de la Cosa, of Santona, a famous pilot, and the best drawer of maps in Spain. Her tonnage was about 100, and her crew 52 all told. Unlike the other ships she was decked from end to end. She was 75 feet long, 22 feet broad, and 16 feet deep. The Campania, launched on the Clyde four weeks ago, the latest ship built for the American traffic, is 620 feet long, 65 broad, and 43 deep. She will have twelve boilers and ninety-six furnaces, and will carry 120 times as much as the Santa Maria.

The Santa Maria's crew were the scum of Spanish seaports, many of them criminals who were released from jail on the condition that they were willing to risk the voyage. One of the sailors was an Englishman, and one an Irishman. It was looked on as a desperate enterprise. People told them they would sail on and on till they came to the edge of the world, and they and their ship would plunge headlong over a precipice, or, if there was no precipice, there would at least be such a slope as should make return impossible.

Eighteen years had passed since Columbus had conceived his great design. But his whole life had been a course of preparation. He was born in Genoa in 1447. A narrow six-storey building now stands on the site of the three-storey one occupied by his father, Domenico. Over the door is a tablet with these words :—

> "Nulla Domus titulo dignior. Hic, paternis in ædibus, Christopherus Columbus pueritiam primamque juventam transegit."

"No house more worthy of an inscription. Here, in his father's dwelling, Christopher Columbus spent his boyhood and early youth."

Domenico was a poor wool-weaver or wool-comber, and taught his son the same trade. But at the age of 14, Columbus went to sea. Chios in the Mediterranean, the Gold Coast of Africa, England, and Iceland, were among the places he visited. Losing no chance of learning anything connected with his profession, he became, according to the testimony of all seamen then and now, perhaps the most skilful navigator the world has ever seen. So watchful was he, night and day, of every sign offered by sea and sky, so orderly and accurate in everything, that even after days of furious storm, when neither sun nor stars appeared, he knew where he was within a few miles.

He lived in a great age, an age in which God made men think great things. The capture of Constantinople by the Turks had barred the old way to the East, but the Portuguese had found a new way by the Cape of Good Hope. Columbus felt that there must be a third way by the west. If there was no land beyond the Mare Tenebrosum, or

Sea of Darkness, as the Atlantic was called, whence came the branches of strange trees, and pieces of wood carved by no European hand, that now and then were washed ashore after westerly gales? What meant, too, the dead bodies with strange faces that were found on the island of Madeira? So many, so diverse, are God's messengers to men. We know now that America had been discovered before by way of Iceland and Greenland. A Norseman, Bjarni Herjulfsen, in 986, had drifted to the coast of Nova Scotia in a fog, but had not had the curiosity to land. Another, whose monument is now in Boston, Leif Eriksen, in the year 1000, touched at Labrador and afterwards made several trips from Greenland. On one of them he took a bull with him which so frightened the poor Indians by its bellowing that for three weeks they remained in hiding. Nothing, however, came of these discoveries. Then, as now, God was ready but men were not. God had to wait other 500 years.

Columbus sailed on Friday, 3rd August, 1492, at eight in the morning. After spending some time in the Canary Islands refitting his ships, he set sail once more on the 6th September. On the 16th they reached the Sargasso or Weedy Sea. Thenceforward they had delightful breezes, the morning so pleasant that it needed but the song of the nightingale to make them believe they were at home in Andalusia. But the sailors soon began to murmur, and then to curse. Each league they sailed seemed a league nearer destruction. It was with the utmost difficulty their sleepless admiral prevailed on them to go on. By and by strange birds met them, the clouds hung low, a branch with fresh berries was picked up. On Thursday, the 11th October, the Pinta fished up a cane and a stick wrought with iron, while the Nina sighted a stake covered with dog-roses. At ten that night Columbus standing on the poop saw "what seemed like a candle going up and down, and did not doubt that it was true light, and that it was on land." At two o'clock next morning, Friday, 12th October, 1492, a common sailor on board the Pinta, Rodrigo de Triana, called out "Land!"

A few hours afterwards, Columbus, clad in complete armour with a crimson robe over it, and with the royal banner of Spain in his hand, rowed ashore, and was the first himself to leap upon the land. He and all who were with him fell upon their knees and wept. It is now settled, according to Mr. Markham the eminent explorer and geographer, that the part of the New World first touched was the south-east end of Watling Island, one of the Bahamas. The natives crowded round, wondering at their beards and white faces. "Their conversation," says Columbus, "is the sweetest imaginable, they love their neighbours as themselves, and their faces are always smiling." These natives little knew the fiendish cruelties they were soon to suffer at the hands of these white men's countrymen!

Columbus returned to Spain in

the Nina in the following March. His father happily was still living. He made three other voyages, discovering new islands and new coasts, discovering too how ungrateful a king can be. On the third voyage Columbus was actually sent home in chains.

Chains for the Admiral of the ocean! chains
For him who gave a new heaven, a new earth,
Gave glory and more empire to the kings
Of Spain than all their battles.

He died at Valladolid, in Spain, the 20th of May, 1506, in poverty. But, of course, he had a pompous funeral.

*Praise ye the Lord; Angels and creeping things.—Ps. 148.*

WHAT a contrast there is between an angel and a snail! between the living creatures before the throne, that rest not day nor

night, flying swiftly, ascending and descending on ladders of glory, immortal, ever young, full of eyes, beholding the face of God, seeing Christ—and, on the other hand, creeping things, "inching along," cleaving to the dust, wasting their very substance on their slimy way, with feeble eyes on the ends of their horns that do little more than make the darkness visible! Yet for them too God has made tabernacles with many mansions and walls of pearl. And He has made a covenant with them, and is never far from anyone of them, and they hear His voice, and do His pleasure, singing at His footstool.

"HE fears God thoroughly, and he fears neither man nor devil besides," was Dr. Arnold of Rugby's description of a courageous man.

## What the Missionaries are doing over the Seas.

### CHAPTER IX.

*About* AMINA, *and how she saw* Mr. STANDFAST *pass joyfully over the River which has been a Terror to many.*

SHE is a little black maid-servant in the house of a Scottish Missionary at Ikorofiong in Old Calabar. She loves her master and mistress more than she can tell. They have taught her to read and write. Better still, they have taught her the story of Jesus, the Good Shepherd, who laid down His life to save her. She has been in a bright new world ever since she went to stay with them. But, one day in January of this year, something happened in the house which made Amina very sad. For weeks she could do nothing but cry when she thought of it. It was the first time she had seen anyone die; and the life which it pleased God to cut short that winter day was such a noble and useful one that she wished it could have been lengthened out a while. But, since then, she understands better. She can thank God now for allowing her to be there when His servant was crossing the River. She calls him Mr. Standfast, for her mistress has told her about the Pilgrims in John Bunyan's book. You remember Mr. Standfast, I hope. When he was about half-way in, he stood a while and talked to his companions. He said, "These waters are to the palate bitter and to the stomach cold; yet the thoughts of what I am going to, and of the conduct that waits for me on the other side, doth lie as a glowing coal at my heart." Amina is sure that she knows Mr. Standfast.

I.

I knew him too. I was at school with him in Edinburgh when I was a boy. He was a hard worker; he learned his lessons well; he was dux of the school before he left it, and carried off the gold medal which is the prize of the best scholar. But he was very fond of games too. And

he was always so happy and cheerful that you could never be cross when you were in his company. I think that even then he must have been a child of God—a boy who had given his heart and life to the Lord Jesus Christ. Then he went to College, for he had resolved to be a minister. At last he was ready to enter on the work of his life. He was called to a congregation away in the North, in Banffshire, on the shores of the Moray Firth. His people used to wish for the Sabbath to come round that they might listen to him, and they thought that they could not possibly see him too often during the week. Few had such a hearty and ringing laugh as he had, and he did enjoy a game of golf on the Links on a Monday morning. But they loved him most for this, that he reminded them of Christ more than anybody else whom they had ever met. Once the teacher of the Public School in the town was examining the class on their Bible lesson, and he asked them, "Do you know anyone like Jesus?" Immediately a boy held up his hand. "Please, sir," he said, "I know someone who is like Jesus," and then he named Amina's friend and mine. That was the feeling about him all through the district—he made men and women and children think of the Saviour, holy and harmless, going about doing good, glorifying God on the earth and finishing the work which his Father gave him to do.

II.

But after he had been six years a minister in the breezy and busy little town, and had won the hearts of young and old, he made up his mind to go away. It was a great sacrifice to him, for he loved his work and he loved his people. But the poor heathen in far-off Africa seemed to keep calling to him, "Come over and help us," until he could bear it no longer. "Anybody here who likes can listen to the Gospel," he said; "but in Africa there are millions who have not the chance. I must go to them." So he took farewell of his friends and set out for Old Calabar. And for two or three summers and winters he was a good soldier of Christ there, just as he had been at School and College and in the Banffshire village. He learned the Efik language very quickly. He delighted to penetrate into places where no Missionary had gone before him. He never thought of himself. He was never afraid, though you know how terribly unhealthy the West Coast of Africa is, and how fierce and wild many of the tribes are even yet. And God used him much. Both Christians and heathen would have done anything for him. Here is what the other Missionaries said about him after he died: "His wise counsel, his brave example, his holy life, will long be gratefully remembered." Is not that a biography, an epitaph, worth the coveting?

III.

But last January fever laid its hot and fatal hand on him. He was sixty miles from a white man when he noticed it first. He got into his canoe and rowed down the river for thirteen hours, though his lips were parched and his skin was burning.

He managed to reach Ikorofiong, where Amina's master lived. There, you may be sure, everything was done for him that kind friends could plan and try. But the disease had got too firm a hold; he became worse and worse. And now I must tell you what Amina saw and heard the day he went home to God. She was standing with her mistress, helping her in different little ways. In the morning, not long after the sun had risen, the dying Missionary seemed to think that it was the Sabbath and that he was in the church. First he had a short prayer; then he repeated his text, "For He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him;" then, after a while's silence, he lifted his hands and pronounced the benediction. By-and-by somebody asked him, "Are you near the Gate?" "No," he answered, and for a minute there was a cloud over his face; "no, I'm still in the Valley." But the cloud passed away, and Amina heard him say in Efik, "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Soon after this, a wonderful brightness lit up his features, and he cried, "Ah, there's Someone taking me away in His arms." "It's Jesus," he added, "yes, it's Jesus!" Then he lost sight of his friends gathered round his bed—the Missionaries, the white doctor who had come from Creek Town, the little weeping girl. He turned to the King who was welcoming him into the Celestial City. "I will cling to Thee," he said twice with a strong, clear voice, "I will cling to Thee."

"For they who see Him risen afar,
At God's right hand to welcome them,
Forgetful stand of home and land,
Desiring fair Jerusalem."

And so he passed over, and entered the Palace where Christ's servants serve Him and see His face and have His name written on their foreheads.

Amina is not likely to forget her Mr. Standfast. She prays God that, when she comes to the swellings of Jordan, she may bear as good a testimony as he did.

## Bible Questions.

SENIORS.—1. Choose a text to put on a bookcase; and 2. on a lighthouse door. 3. Some rules from Abraham's life for a man in business.

JUNIORS.—1. Find out 5 short phrases in Hebrews in which the word "partakers" occurs. 2. A list of things that men did to Christ on the Cross.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the August number have been received from—

**SENIORS.**—Alexander Adams, Alexander Fulton, Jeanie H. Lang, Alexander Macsween, Mary H. Martin, Mary G. M'Neil.

**JUNIORS.**—Janet Barclay, Gardner Blair, David Blair, Jeanie Crawford, John Crawford, Tina Crawford, A. Culton, James S. Fulton, Robert Hardie, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Maggie H. Kirkwood, Amelia H. Lang, Donald Macsween, Janet Macsween, John Macsween, Edith M. Murray, Mary Murdock, Minnie M'Farlane, Matthew H. M'Neil, Wm. Paterson, Jack Ralston, Margaret Thompson Taylor.

*The names of those who did the September lessons will be published in November.*

1 S | Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.—*Ex. 20, 7.* Captain Richard Hawkins, 1580, finding his sailors to be great swearers gave orders that there should be a palmer or cane which should be in the keeping of any man caught swearing, and that he who had it should give it, and a "palmie" with it, to any one whom he took swearing, and whosoever at the time of morning or evening prayer was found to have the palmer should have three blows given him by the captain! In a few days swearing was unknown.

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2 S | Baptized into Christ Jesus.—*Rom. 6, 3.*
3 M | Disobedient to parents.—*Rom. 1, 30.*
4 Tu | A young man void of understanding.—*Prov. 7, 7.*
5 W | Youth and the prime of life are vanity.—*Eccl. 11, 10 (R.V.)*
6 Th | We bring our years to an end as a tale that is told.—*Ps. 90, 9 (R.V.)* The life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story, and writes another; and his humblest hour is when he compares the volume as it is with what he vowed to make it.—*The Little Minister.*
7 F | Remember from whence thou are fallen.—*Rev. 2, 5.*
8 S | They shall cast their crowns before the throne.—*Rev. 4, 10 (R.V.)*

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9 S | Gathered together praying.—*Acts 12, 12.*
10 M | Gathered to the work.—*Neh. 5, 16.*
11 Tu | Let us exalt his name together.—*Ps. 34, 3.*
12 W | Gathered to the grave in peace.—*2 Kings 22, 20.*
13 Th | Gathered to their fathers.—*Judges 2, 10.*
14 F | Before Him shall be gathered all nations.—*Matt. 25, 32.*
15 S | The bundle of life.—*1 Sam. 25, 29.*

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16 S | The God of Israel will be your rearward.—*Is. 52, 12.*
17 M | The same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.—*Heb. 13, 8.*
18 Tu | Remember not the sins of my youth.—*Ps. 25, 7.*
19 W | Cast thy bread upon the waters.—*Eccl. 11, 1.*
20 Th | Establish thou the work of our hands.—*Ps. 90, 17.*
21 F | The accuser of our brethren is cast down.—*Rev. 12, 10.*
22 S | Chosen before the foundation of the world.—*Eph. 1, 4.*

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23 S | They found Him in the temple,
24 M | Sitting in the midst of the doctors.—*Luke 2, 46.*
25 Tu | He that walketh with wise men shall be wise.—*Prov. 13, 20.* Sir Philip Sidney's "talk was ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind."
26 W | A companion of fools shall be destroyed.—*Prov. 13, 20.*
27 Th | Get wisdom, get understanding.—*Prov. 4, 5.* I gain nothing by being with such as myself; we encourage one another in mediocrity.—*Charles Lamb.*
28 F | Enoch walked with God.—*Gen. 5, 24.*
29 S | Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God.—*1 Cor. 1, 2, 4.*

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30 S | O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust.—*1 Tim. 6, 20.*
31 M | Faithful to the Lord.—*Acts 16, 15.* Every regimental flag-staff in the German army that has been clasped in action by a dead soldier's fingers is encircled by a silver ring, on which is inscribed the man's name and these words: "Died a hero's death with this colour in his hand."

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# The Morning Watch.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

The Residency, Lucknow.

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## International Sabbath School Lessons.

*November 6.*—Peter Delivered from Prison.—Acts xii. 1-17. Text, Psalm xxxiv. 7. Quest. 100. Psalm lxxi. 14, 15.

THIS chapter ends the first half of the book of Acts: Jerusalem and the twelve Apostles pass henceforth into the background behind the Gentiles and Paul. James, the brother of John, was one of the two who said they were able to drink the Master's cup; in his martyrdom he is honoured to do so. Peter's deliverance is a strange lesson on prayer. The Church prayed earnestly for it; yet *he* thought it was a dream; *they* said the girl was mad who reported him at the gate; then they said it was his angel (they believed, apparently, that every one has such a heavenly spirit guarding him. See Matt. 18, 10); and when they saw him, they were amazed. Though they were praying at the very moment (v. 12), anything seemed more likely to them than that their prayer should be answered. What grains of faith, even smaller than a mustard seed, God must be content with. Peter was indispensable to the infant Church; and God saved him till His work was done.

*November 13.*—The First Christian Missionaries.—Acts xiii. 1-13. Text, Luke xxiv. 47. Quest. 101. Psalm lxxi. 16, 17.

HEROD, who slew John and mocked Christ, had gone to Rome to seek the title of king, had been refused it, and was now in banishment. The boy who was his playmate was now a king and a priest unto God. A brother on the right hand and a brother on the left! Manaen would often pray for Herod. John in verse 5 is John Mark who wrote the Gospel. The first missionary journey took its rise in prayer and fasting. God taught them what to ask and made them feel their own sin. "There was a time," said Dr. Duff, when he was ordained in 1829, "when I cared little for the souls of others, but it was a time when I cared little for my own." Verse 4. When friends send us away, they stay behind; when the Spirit sends us, He goes before us and with us and after us. Elymas told fortunes. Fortune-tellers, verse 10, are children of the devil, and to consult them, even for fun, is one of the greatest sins anybody can commit. Some of you boys will be in China or India before ten years are out. A Chinese missionary one said to me, "Tell your people that what we need in China is not so much godly missionaries as godly captains, godly sailors, godly pilots, godly clerks, godly engineers."

*November 20.*—Paul's First Missionary Sermon.—Acts xiii. 26-43. Text, Acts xiii. 26. Quest. 102. Psalm lxxi. 23, 24.

MARK'S desertion, ver. 13, was not only itself a trial, it is also a proof that there were other trials he was afraid to face. Paul and Barnabas say nothing about them; they think only of the good news they carry, redemption, justification, through a crucified, glorified Lord. Ver. 33 shows how God looked forward to the Resurrection; it was to be, as it were, the beginning of another Eternity.

*November 27.*—Apostles Turning to the Gentiles.—Acts xiii. 44-xiv. 7. Text, Acts xiii. 47. Quest. 103. Psalm lxxii. 7, 8.

WE wonder why there is a whole commandment against covetousness and envy. See here what they can do: they can make us angry at seeing men saved! Oh boys and girls, when you feel youselves envying anybody *anything*, run to God at once and ask Him to fill your hearts with love. Ver. 46 shows how people are lost —*they thrust God's invitation from them.*

*December 4.*—Work Among the Gentiles.—Acts xiv. 8-22. Text, Matt. xii. 21. Quest. 104. Psalm lxxii. 11, 12.

## How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
## How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

*Continued from page 112.*

At the age of 50

Ah, what shall I be at fifty
Should nature keep me alive,
If I find the world so bitter
When I am but twenty-five?—*Tennyson's Maud.*

50 The Levites ceased waiting upon the work of the sanctuary, and served no more, their work thenceforth being one of superintendence over their younger brethren.—Num. 8, 25.

51 Sir Henry Lawrence died, on July 4, 1857, in the Residency of Lucknow, of a wound caused by the bursting of a shell two days before at Chinhut—a shell fired from an eight-inch howitzer that had been captured by the mutineers on June 30. A Lieutenant Bonham had made heroic exertions to recover it, and had almost succeeded when he was foiled, partly by a terrible wound he received, partly by the cowardice or treachery of the drivers, but chiefly by the restlessness of an elephant. With the loss of the battle of Chinhut the siege of the Residency began in earnest. On July 2, Sir Henry had risen at early dawn to plant some guns and post some new detachments, and having lain down to rest a little, exhausted by the hard morning's work, being in ill health at the time, was listening to an official document which a Captain Wilson was reading to him. His nephew, George Lawrence, was lying on another couch a few feet off, Captain Wilson standing between them with one knee resting on Sir Henry's bed. A native servant was sitting on the floor pulling the punkah, that is, the movable screen which is used for fanning rooms in the East in the hot season. Sir Henry was in the act of explaining an alteration which he wished to be made in the paper when the fatal shot came. There was a sheet of flame, a terrific report and shock, and then darkness. Captain Wilson fell on the floor stunned, but coming to himself in a little and seeing nothing but dust and smoke, cried out three times, "Sir Henry, are you hurt?" The third time, the answer came in a low tone, "I am killed."

During the hours that passed before death came, he spoke much of Christ's love in pardoning his sins. Of several of his comrades he begged forgiveness for having spoke harshly, and asked them to kiss him. He spoke much, too, about his dead wife, and looked forward, with great emotion, to rejoining her. He urged the officers about him to hold out to the very last. "Let every man die at his post; but never make terms." He told the chaplain he wished to be buried "without any fuss," and in the same grave with any of the garrison who might die about the same time. He wished his epitaph to be, "Here lies Henry Lawrence who tried to do his duty." "I should like a text, too," he added. "'To the Lord our God belong

At the age of 51

mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him.' It was on my dear wife's tomb."

The Residency was a large building with some outlying houses round it, standing in grounds of a few acres in extent, all surrounded by a rampart. It has been kept exactly as it was at the close of the Mutiny. As one gazes at the splintered flagstaff from which "the old banner of England flew," the wall all marked with shot, the gaps made by the shells, and reads the tablets which in every room and at every turn of the road recall the touching but glorious incidents of that never-to-be-forgotten siege, one feels that one is standing on holy ground.

On the afternoon of June 30 Lawrence had written to Havelock, saying that the position of the garrison was very critical. "Unless we are relieved quickly, say in ten or fifteen days, we shall hardly be able to maintain our position." Yet eighty-seven days passed before they were relieved! The sufferings of the 2,000 men, women, and children who were cooped up within the Residency during these eighty-seven days can never be described. Lawrence shared their agony for only a few days, but it was through his foresight in storing up grain, digging wells, getting in powder, raising outworks, clearing away obstructions, that the Residency was saved at all.

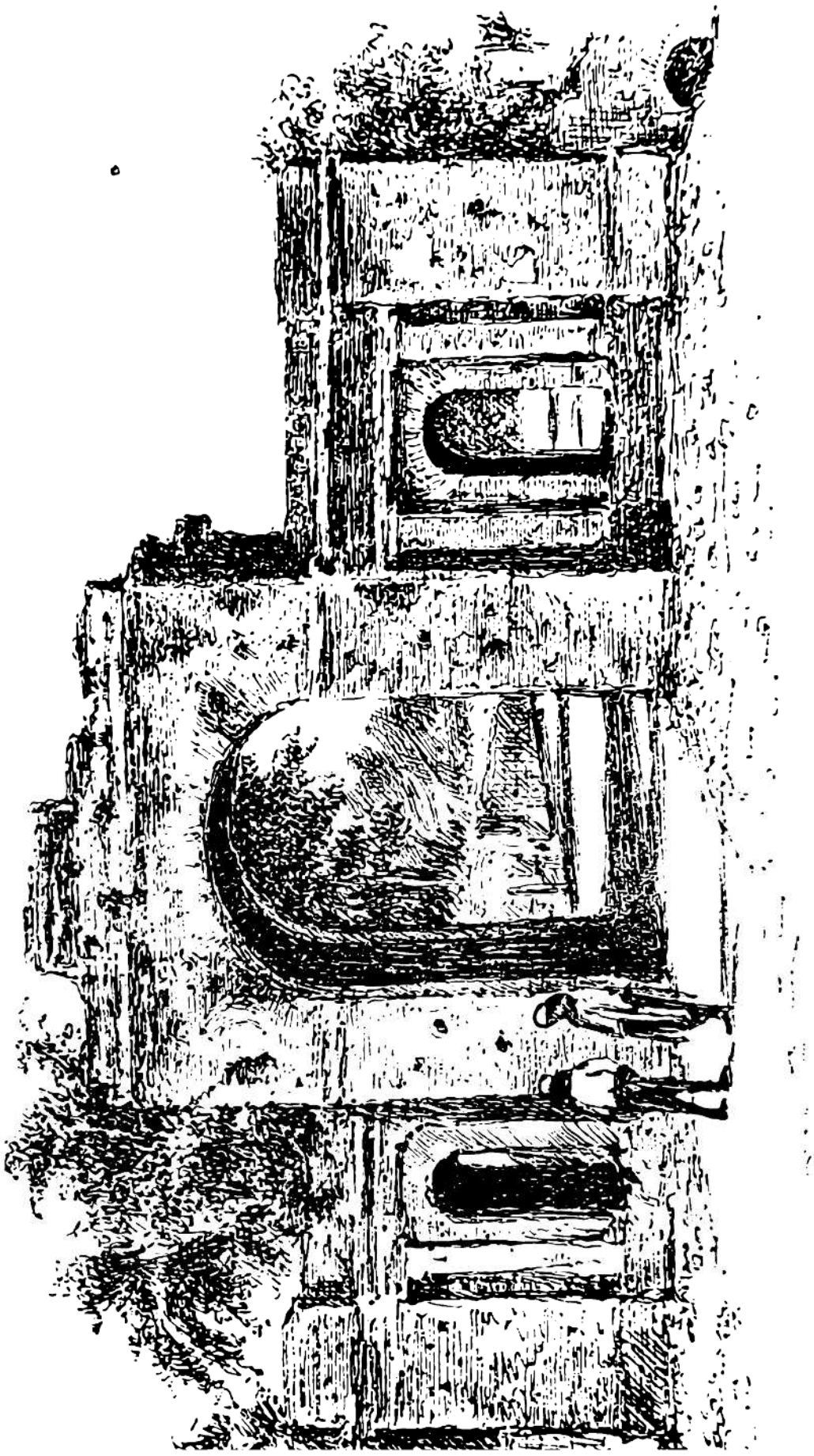
Of the officers who took part in the defence and relief of Lucknow, eighty-five are still living. The 35th anniversary of the relief fell this year on Sabbath, September 25, and it was agreed amongst them that as many of them as could should worship together that day in St. Paul's Cathedral, "to offer up their thanksgiving to Almighty God for their merciful preservation, and for having been permitted to achieve what they did." Forty of them, some with their wives and their daughters who had been born during the siege, were able to be present. It was characteristic of them that the officers wore civilian clothes, and so quietly were all their arrangements made and carried out, that, but for a few words uttered by the preacher at the close of his sermon, almost none of the vast audience would have known of the presence of those heroes amongst them.

Sir Henry Lawrence was the elder brother of the famous John Lawrence, afterwards Viceroy of India. Their father was born in Coleraine, County Derry, being the son of a millowner there. Their mother was the daughter of the Rev. G. Knox, of the County of Donegal, a collateral descendant, it is believed, of John Knox, the Reformer.

It is said by those who have a right to speak that no man was ever so beloved in India, and so worthy to be beloved, as Henry Lawrence. When he left Lahore in 1853, "a long cavalcade of aged native chiefs followed him, some for five, some for ten, others for twenty or twenty-five miles out of the city." He had a sweet, though thin gaunt face, not like Lady Aylmer, a

> Narrow meagre face
> Seam'd with the shallow cares of fifty years,

but the face that shows fellowship with the sufferings of Christ.



LET be thy wail, and help thy fellow-men,
And make thy gold thy vassal, not thy King,
And fling free alms into the beggar's bowl,
And send the day into the darkened heart;
Nor list for guerdon in the voice of men,
A dying echo from a falling wall;
Nor care—for Hunger hath the Evil eye—
To vex the noon with fiery gems, or fold
Thy presence in the silk of sumptuous looms;
Nor roll thy viands on a luscious tongue,
Nor drown thyself with flies in honied wine;
Nor thou be rageful, like a handled bee,
And lose thy life by usage of thy sting;
Nor harm an adder through the lust for harm,
Nor make a snail's horn shrink from wantonness;
And more—think well! Do-well will follow thought,
And in the evil sequence of this world
An evil thought may soil thy children's blood;
But curb the beast would cast thee in the mire,
And leave the hot swamp of voluptuousness
A cloud between the Nameless and thyself,
And lay thine uphill shoulder to the wheel,
And climb the mount of Blessing, whence, if thou
Look higher, then—perchance—thou mayest—beyond
A hundred ever-rising mountain lines,
And past the range of Night and Shadow—see
The high-heaven Dawn of more than mortal day
Strike on the mount of Vision!

So Farewell!

—*Tennyson*—"*The Ancient Sage.*"

*Signature at the ages of 42, 62, 82.*

MRS. LINDSAY was a bonnie woman when she was young, but she seemed to get bonnier as she drew near the other world. Her face was sweet and gentle, and her eyes were as blue as a little child's. She had lived in a little village in Dumfriesshire till she was over 70. Her children were all married, but they came once a-year to see her, each family in their own month, for she had twelve children, and each month she wrote a letter to the eleven who were absent, as long as she was able. As she got older the letters got shorter, and latterly they were only, as a rule, a verse of Scripture. But somehow, verses, once she quoted them either in speech or writing, seemed filled with new meaning and never could be forgotten. The villagers looked on her as their chief ornament, and well they might, for she "dwelt on high." There were two noble families in our neighbourhood who had guests the whole year round. And I have heard it said, that every Sabbath evening some one of them was sure to say, "I saw a remarkable old woman in church to-day with some very young children, evidently her grand children. Who is she?"

We had a publican in the village, called Grapes after the sign that swung over the door of his inn, a man whose heart was harder than a nether millstone. Mrs. Lindsay was the only person on earth he feared, and there were many in our village, whose fathers and husbands were dead, whom he might have feared. Many a time the sight of her cap made him turn on the road. She had, not once or twice, said words to him the memory of which made him shake. Her frailty latterly was very great. She then sat in a little summer seat in her garden. Two years after she was dead the publican was passing her cottage one day, when suddenly he saw an old woman come out of the arbour. She was only a visitor, but for a moment the publican thought it was Mrs. Lindsay coming to speak to him. He was with Sandy Glen at the time, and in the middle of a story too, but at the sight of her he bolted from his companion without a word and ran. Sandy was a fine mimic and many a time afterwards convulsed his comrades at the cross as he told the story. "Oh Boys, Boys," he would say, "Grapes thought it was granny Lindsay risen from the dead." It became one of our village sayings; we would say of a man, "he just ran like Grapes when he saw Mrs. Lindsay's ghost."

But Mrs. Lindsay was still living at the time I wish to speak about. Her failing strength had made it necessary that she should no longer live in her own house, and she was now living with her eldest daughter's husband, the head gardener on a great Yorkshire estate. Her memory now seemed at times to leave her altogether. We used to think she knew the whole Bible off by heart, and certainly she knew the Psalms. But now there were days when she could scarce repeat one text. She

spoke almost without ceasing of her own unworthiness, but it was simply because she was seeing Christ all the day.

Her faith was very strong. It didn't seem to depend on texts at all; it was as if she *knew* Whom she believed. "Suppose God after all were to cast you off at the last," a visitor who loved her very much asked one day, "what would you say to Him?" "Oh," she answered, "surely, surely, He would put something in my mouth Himself to say to Him!"

A week before she died she was crying in her bed, "There is a Psalm I am trying to remember and I can't." Her daughter repeated some of her favourites to her, but none of them would do. Suddenly a pair of stock doves that had

greatly interested her, for she had never seen any in Scotland, and they had their nest in an old rabbit hole in the wood close by, rose from a branch, as is their wont, with a great clapping of their wings. "What noise is that?" she asked.

"It's the doves, mother, from the wood."

"Oh," she said, "it's a verse about doves that I was trying to recall."

"Is it,

'O that I like a dove had wings?'"

"No, it's not that, but it's this; I remember it now:

'Though ye have lien among the pots,
Like doves ye shall appear,
Whose wings with silver and with gold
Whose feathers covered are.'"

Then she repeated the lines,

'Whose wings with silver and with gold
Whose feathers covered are.'"

But as she said them she saw her daughter smiling, and said, "You are thinking I'm vain, but it's no me that's saying that; it's Himself!"

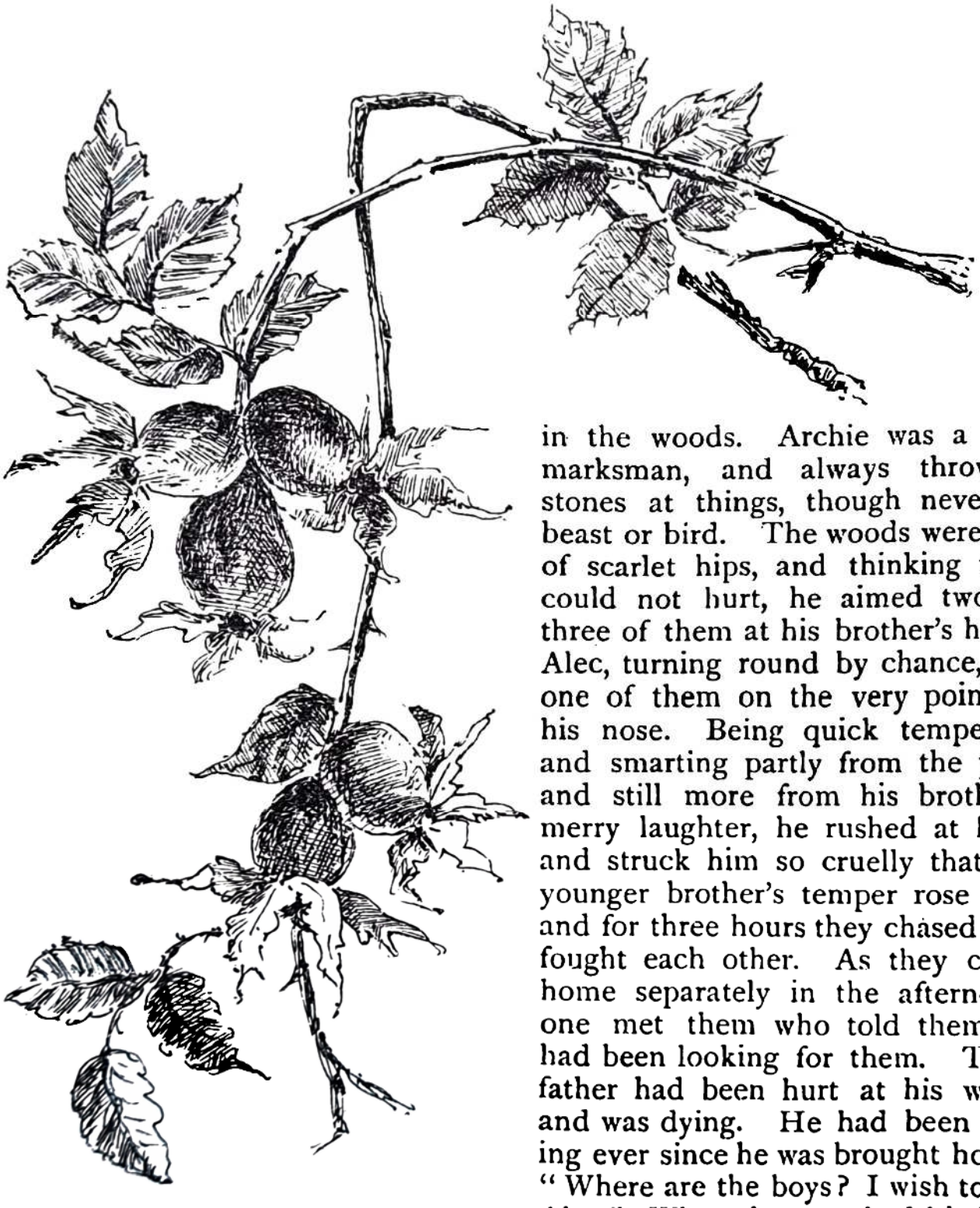
I FIND the 8th of Romans good reading in dull spiritual weather. —*Gilmour of Mongolia.*

DR. JOHNSON used to say that mysteriousness about trifles commonly ended in guilt, and that those who began by concealing innocent things had soon something to hide which they dared not bring to light.

WHEN the Spaniards at the Isthmus of Darien, 370 years ago, were quarrelling as they were dividing some gold amongst themselves, the son of Comogre, an Indian Chief, dashed the scales in which the gold was with his hand, and scattering it about said, "What is this, Christians? Is it for such a little thing that you quarrel?"—*Helps' Spanish Conquest.*

QUITO, the capital of Ecuador, has such a delightful climate that it is said to be perpetual summer there. The people in consequence have neither industry nor forethought. When Mr. Whymper the traveller was there, his guide, who came from Switzerland, said to him one day, "It would be good for the people in Quito to have a winter."

JOHN LILBURN, noisy John as Carlyle calls him, a writer of pamphlets in the time of Cromwell, was so fond of quarrelling that it was said of him that, if he were left alone in the world, "Lilburn would quarrel with John, and John with Lilburn." He died in 1657, aged thirty-nine. At his funeral there was a dispute among the mourners, both in his house and on the street, as to whether there should be a pall or cloth thrown over the coffin or not. "As coals are to burning coals, and wood to fire; so is a contentious man to kindle strife."



## I.

IT was on the 14th of October, a glorious autumn Saturday, and the two brothers, Alec and Archie, had gone out to roam in the woods. Archie was a fine marksman, and always throwing stones at things, though never at beast or bird. The woods were full of scarlet hips, and thinking they could not hurt, he aimed two or three of them at his brother's head. Alec, turning round by chance, got one of them on the very point of his nose. Being quick tempered, and smarting partly from the pain and still more from his brother's merry laughter, he rushed at him, and struck him so cruelly that the younger brother's temper rose too, and for three hours they chased and fought each other. As they came home separately in the afternoon, one met them who told them he had been looking for them. Their father had been hurt at his work, and was dying. He had been crying ever since he was brought home, "Where are the boys? I wish to see Alec." When they reached his bedside, he was unconscious, and never spoke more.

## II.

Twenty years afterwards, Alec was sitting in rags on the stump of a tree in a lane in the south of

England. He had become a prodigal, and was now brought very low. He had offered to work "for a boy's wages," "for his meat," "but no man gave unto him," they didn't like his look. He was now fairly crushed, but he was determined not to beg. As he sat on the tree stump, he saw a red hip lying on the ground and over his head a bush that almost seemed on fire with them. He had eaten them often of late, and now plucked some and held them in his open hand. At that moment two men passed, and one said to the other, "Isn't this the 14th?" That was all Alec heard, and then there rushed into his mind the memory of that day twenty years before, and chiefly his father's words, "I wish to see Alec."

After a while he fell asleep from weakness and sorrow. Oh how pinched his face looked! and yet there was something sweet in it. At least so thought a farmer, a good Samaritan, who drove past. "That's the man," he said to himself, "who offered yesterday to work for a boy's wages; he's terribly spent; and he looks as if he had been weeping."

III.

The next twenty years were different from those last. Ale "a new man." He has been long and I think he was almost glad the time came for him to aris go to his father, for the sins youth had brought him sore ing. His sons were godly me came to great honour. Their never told them while he live full story of his life—it wa terrible for him to speak of—b left a writing about the wild bush for them to read when h gone. His sons, I have said, to great honour, and do you w that, when in process of time had to choose a crest, they a brier bush?

"And what is to be our mo said the younger.

"How would *Domus L* do?" said his brother, "a Bush was the making of our Ho

"Would *Domus Domini L* not be better, that is, God dw the Bush?"

## Bible Questions.

FOR JUNIORS AND SENIORS.—1. Mention some things a boy or girl ought for every day. 2. Mention some of the things that Saints do in Heaven. 3. Giv reasons why we should take hold of Christ *to-day*.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edi not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those wh correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the September number have been received

1 Tu Whether we live or die, we are the Lord's.—*Rom. 14, 8.*
2 W Bringing every thought into captivity.—*2 Cor. 10, 5.*
3 Th Steadfast, unmovable.—*1 Cor. 15, 58.* During the Mutiny a bullet struck a British soldier on the back of the head and lodged in his brain. He turned round, and descended a stair with his rifle at the slope. On reaching the court below he halted, stood at attention, carried arms, ordered arms, unfixed his bayonet, stood at ease, and dropped dead.
4 F Perfect and entire, wanting nothing.—*Isa. 1, 4.*
5 S When I awake, I am still with thee.—*Ps. 139, 18.*

6 S My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.—*Matt. 3, 17.*
7 M Who went about doing good.—*Acts 10, 38.*
8 Tu Which of you convicteth Me of sin?—*John 8, 46 (R.V.).*
9 W Behold how many things they accuse Thee of.
10 Th But Jesus no more answered any thing.—*Mark 15, 4 (R.V.).*
11 F Not this man, but Barabbas.—*John 18, 40.*
12 S Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man!—*John 19, 6.* When M. Aemilius Scaurus, a distinguished Roman, was accused by one Varius of stirring up rebellion, he made no defence, but simply said, "Varius the Spaniard accuses Marcus Scaurus, the Chief of the Senate; choose ye, O citizens, which ye will believe."

13 S I was a stranger.—*Matt. 25, 35.*
14 M The Lord loveth the stranger.—*Deut. 10, 18.*
15 Tu Ye know the heart of a stranger.—*Ex. 23, 9.*
16 W He passed by on the other side.—*Luke 10, 31.*
17 Th The heart knoweth its own bitterness.—*Prov. 14, 10.*

Like driftwood spars which meet and pass
Upon the boundless ocean-plain,
So, on the sea of life, alas,
Man nears man, meets, and leaves again.
—*Matthew Arnold.*

18 F A cup of cold water only.—*Matt. 10. 42.*
19 S Then said Boaz, Whose damsel is this?—*Ruth 2, 5.*

20 S I was sick, and ye visited me.—*Matt. 25, 36.*
21 M Thou shalt love thy neighbour.—*Matt. 5, 43.*
22 Tu Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house.—*Ex. 20, 17.*
23 W Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer.—*Lev. 19, 16.*
24 Th He that flattereth his neighbour spreadeth a net.—*Prov. 29, 5.*
25 F Barnabas, which is, The son of consolation.—*Acts 4, 36.*
26 S Let thy foot be seldom in thy neighbour's house; lest he be weary of thee.—*Prov. 25, 17 (R.V.).* In Samoa the word *soua* bears the sense of being overcome as with fire, flood, or visitors; and the verb *alovao*, which means literally to hide in the wood, is used in the sense of avoiding visitors.—*R. L. Stevenson.*

27 S Thy courts.—*Ps. 65, 4.*
28 M This tabernacle.—*2 Peter 1, 13.*
29 Tu Our sepulchres.—*Gen. 23, 6.*
30 W A far stretching land.—*Is. 33, 17 (R.V.).*

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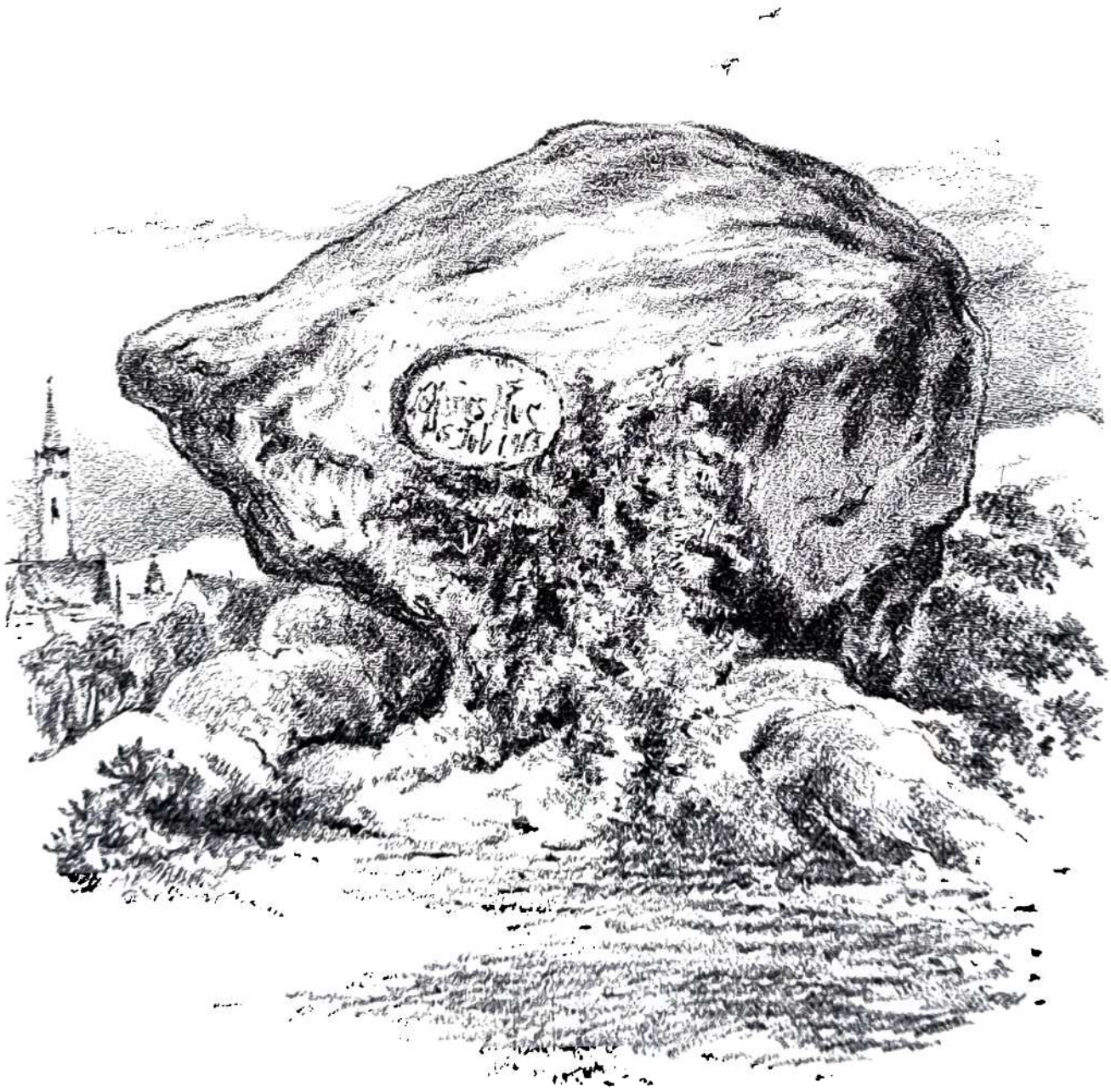
# The Morning Watch.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*



**John Huss' Monument at Constance.**

so searchingly, so tenderly, so earnestly: "I will provoke you to jealousy, you favoured Scottish boys and girls, by them that are no people."

Listen to Him. One question He asks you and me is this: "Have you ever, for yourselves, taken the Lord Jesus Christ to save you and to teach you and to keep you? Have you trusted Him, and found how blessed it is? Many whom we think "no people," many who belong to "a foolish nation," have done that.

In Greenland, in the summer of 1738, a Missionary called Beck was sitting in his tent. He had been six years in the country, and he had not seen a single convert yet. That summer day he was busy writing a translation of the Gospels, when a band of savages from the South entered. They were as inquisitive as little children; they asked him what he was doing, and how the book could speak as he said it could. He began to tell them about the creation of the world, and about God and sin and immortality. They listened with a stare; they did not understand a word—it was too high for them. Then he told them of Jesus who had come down from heaven to die. They drew closer to the table, and were very still; and, when he took up the manuscript before him and read about the Cross, one of them, Kajarnak, stepped forward and said, with the tears running down his cheeks, "How was that? Tell me that again, for I would fain be saved." And the Missionary had to repeat the story of the Good Shepherd who laid down His life for the sheep. That night Kajarnak stayed with him; and, before many days had passed, he was baptized as a Christian. The love of Christ had broken every barrier down.

From East and West and North and South incidents might be gathered of how the Saviour has found His way into heathen hearts. What about you? Has He conquered you yet? Does He lead you in triumph after His chariot wheels?

And listen again. Another question God asks us is this: "Are you following in the footsteps of the Lord Jesus Christ? Is He your Captain and King? Are you doing all the day long what will please Him?" There are many, brought up among those who seem to us "no people," who are living epistles of Him.

Not many months ago, in the far West of China, just on the borders of Tibet, a terrible riot broke out. There were two young English Missionaries in the place—Mr. Cecil Polhill-Turner, who was a soldier in the Queen's Guards before he gave himself to Christ's work among the heathen, and his brave and gentle wife. The people were full of rage at them. There had been no rain for weeks, and every green thing was parched and burnt. They blamed the "foreign devils" for the drought, for that was what they called the Missionaries. They seized them, and tore their clothes from them. Probably they would have killed them outright, if some Chinese officers had not rescued them and taken them to the Yamun, the magistrate's house. Then the mob

crowded round the Yamun, crying out that the strangers must be given up to them. They wanted to tie them to a rock or the stump of a tree, and leave them in the hot sunshine to die, that they might feel for themselves what an awful thing the drought was. The magistrate did not know what to do. At last he thought about two native Christians in the town, men who had been heathen a very short time before. He sent for them. He said, "Will you allow yourselves to be scourged and beaten instead of the Missionaries? I cannot save their lives unless you do." And the two men answered at once, "Yes, we will." They were beaten till even that savage crowd was satisfied; they would have died if it had been necessary; and so Mr. and Mrs. Turner went free.

Dear children, the old knights said about King Arthur,

> "We never saw his like,
> There lives no greater leader."

Is that what you and I are saying about King Jesus? Are we prepared, like those Chinamen, to go through the fire and the flood for His sake?

And listen again. God asks another question. "Are you doing all you can to advance the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ?" That is the work of many who belong to what we may think "a foolish nation."

You have heard of John Williams, who was martyred in the South Seas fifty-three years ago. Once he came across a poor lame beggar called Buteve, a cripple whose hands and feet were eaten away by disease and who could only move on his knees. Whenever the man saw him, he shouted in his loudest and gladdest tones, "Welcome, servant of God! you have brought light into this dark island." Williams had never spoken to Buteve before, and he wondered how he had found the Pearl of great price. "I will tell you," Buteve said; "as the people come home from worship, I sit by the wayside; and one gives me one piece of the Word, and another gives me another; and I gather them together in my heart, and pray to God to make me know, and so I get to understand." These natives of Raiatea freely received, and then they freely gave; they broke the living Bread for Buteve to eat. Or here is another story. When the Missionaries went first to Burmah, they found a wild race there, called the Karens. They were a nation of slaves. They were sunk as low as they could be. But one of them, named San Quala, trusted Jesus. Then he longed to tell his countrymen the good news. In one year he had planted nine Churches, with 741 members; in three years the nine had grown into thirty, with two thousand members. He would take no payment. The British Government offered him an appointment with a large salary, because he was making the people good subjects of the Queen as well as good soldiers of Christ. But he refused it though he was very poor; he would not leave the work he loved so well. And the Karens are now an educated, law-abiding, Christian race.

Girls and boys, if you have given

your own selves to the Lord and have discovered how gracious a Lord He is, have you ever told anybody else about Him? Have you ever prayed with your whole hearts that His Kingdom may come? Have you ever seriously asked yourselves whether He may not be wishing you to carry the message of His Cross to the heathen far away? There are altogether about 36,000 Protestant Missionaries in foreign lands. But only some six thousand of these are white men and women from Britain and the Continent and America; the remaining thirty thousand are those who were once heathen themselves. The fire burns in them, and they cannot stay. So God provokes us to jealousy by them that are no people.

And now good-bye; and may He bless you all, and use you all in His service and for His glory.

THIS is Jeanie Gordon saying the 20th Psalm to her Grandfather. I like Jeanie, though she wastes a great deal of my time. For I often watch her from my window teaching the little ones to play, and keeping school. Some of them have learnt to read without suspecting it!

I like her Grandfather too. He was very ill lately but got better. "You see," he said to me, "God wasn't ready for me."

"You mean that you weren't ready for Him?" I said.

"No," he answered, "I mean what I said, though what you said was true too. But God is not ready either, though it is another

*The Tomtit or Blue Titmouse.*

kind of unreadiness from mine. Didn't Christ Himself say, "I go *to prepare* a place for you?"

HUSS was burnt at Constance on his forty-second birthday, 6th July, 1415. He handed on from Wickliffe to Luther the torch that kindled the Reformation. When he was condemned, he looked the Bishops, and the Emperor Sigismund, who had promised to protect him, in the face and said, "You shall answer to God and to me in a hundred years."

## Bible Questions.

SENIORS.—1. Compare Lot's treatment of the Angels with the Jews' treatment of Christ. 2. Show from John xxi. some of the changes made on Peter by his fall.

JUNIORS AND SENIORS.—Choose from the Psalms, or from Christ's own Words in the Gospel, three Promises, three Prayers, and three Resolutions for the New-Year. Choose a text for the last moment of the year.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the October number have been received from—

**SENIORS.**—Alexander Adams, Alexander Fulton, Alexander Macsween, Mary Martin, Lizzie Calder Pollock.

**JUNIORS.**—Janet Barclay, Gardner Blair, David Blair, Jeanie Crawford, John Crawford, Tina Crawford, A. Culton, Frances Dick, James Guthrie Dick, James S. Fulton, Robert Hardie, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Amelia H. Lang, Donald Macsween, Janet Macsween, John Macsween, Minnie Martin, Lizzie M'Cready, Wm. A. Paterson, Lizzie Calder Pollock, Mary A. S. Pollock, Alexander Young, Robert Young.

*The names of those who did the November lessons will be published in January.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | TH | If I say truth, why do ye not believe Me?—*John 8, 46.* |
| 2 | F | The Spirit of truth shall guide you into all the truth.—*John 16, 13.* |
| 3 | S | Buy the truth, sell it not.—*Prov. 23, 23.* "Nay, sir, if you are born to object, I'm done with you."—*Dr. Johnson to Sir Alex. Macdonald: Tour in the Hebrides.* |
| 4 | S | Search the Scriptures.—*John 5, 39.* That was the message sent with the Bagster's Bible she had got as a wedding-gift from her husband to Mackay of Uganda, then a boy of sixteen, and from home, by his dying mother. |
| 5 | M | Thy testimonies are my counsellors.—*Ps. 119, 24.* |
| 6 | TU | Jehoshaphat said, Enquire at the Word of the Lord to-day.—*1 Kings 22, 5.* "An excellent rule in excavating is never to dig anywhere without some definite aim."—*Flinders Petrie's Ten Years' Digging in Egypt.* |
| 7 | W | He that seeketh findeth.—*Luke 11, 10.* |
| 8 | TH | There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed.—*Mat. 10, 26.* |
| 9 | F | God is a revealer of secrets.—*Dan. 2, 47.* |
| 10 | S | God is not far from each one of us.—*Acts 17, 27 (R. V.)* |
| 11 | S | They shall enter into the King's palace.—*Ps. 45, 15.* |
| 12 | M | To give us a nail in His holy place.—*Ezra 9, 8.* "How willing I should be to be a nail in His footstool."—*Gen. Gordon.* |
| 13 | TU | They shall hang upon Eliakim every small vessel.—*Is. 22, 24 (R. V.)* |
| 14 | W | They brought unto Him little children.—*Mark 10, 16.* |
| 15 | TH | The mother of Jesus.—*John 2, 1.* |
| 16 | F | Built upon the foundation of the Apostles.—*Eph. 2, 20.* |
| 17 | S | He that overcometh, I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God.—*Rev. 3, 12 (R. V.)* |
| 18 | S | The hour of prayer.—*Acts 3, 1.* |
| 19 | M | The hour of temptation.—*Rev. 3, 10.* |
| 20 | TU | The eleventh hour.—*Matt. 20, 6.* |
| 21 | W | The hour the thief would come.—*Luke 12, 39.* |
| 22 | TH | Such an hour as ye think not.—*Matt. 24, 44.* |
| 23 | F | The hour of His judgment.—*Rev. 14, 7.* |
| 24 | S | For ever and ever.—*Rev. 22, 5.* |
| 25 | S | One thing is needful.—*Luke 10, 42.* |
| 26 | M | One thing thou lackest.—*Mark 10, 21.* |
| 27 | TU | One thing have I desired of the Lord.—*Ps. 27, 4.* |
| 28 | W | One thing I do; I press on.—*Phil. 3, 13 (R. V.)* |
| 29 | TH | I will not go up into my bed until I find out a place for the Lord.—*Ps. 132, 3.* When the "Great Eastern" had laid 707 miles of the first Atlantic Cable, and 1,028 were still to do, some fun was caused by the publishing of a newspaper on board. An hour afterwards the Cable ceased to send signals, and every one's spirits sank. In his diary that day, Sir D. Gooch, who was on board, says, "I think I will not let fun enter my thoughts for an hour, until this work is either completed or a failure." |
| 30 | F | Give the more diligence to make your calling and election sure.—*2 Peter 1, 10 (R. V.)* |
| 31 | S | REMEMBER ME WHEN THOU COMEST INTO THY KINGDOM.—*Luke 23, 42.* |

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